PICTORIAL REVIEW

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PRESIDENT.

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Who Cares for America?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

SOME one has estimated that there are about one million people in this country who are definitely and seriously interested in America—her standards, her ideals, and her general welfare. About half of these socially minded people are paying the salaries of the other half to work on foundations, commissions, bureaus, and welfare organizations of one kind or another.

That leaves something more than a hundred million of us who are being used as laboratory specimens. We are being counted and charted and studied and classified and prescribed for, whether we know it or not. We represent the beetle on the pin. And most of us are wholly unconscious of what they are doing to us or for us.

Many socially minded people care immensely about only one phase of social sickness. Those interested in improving the physical well-being of the race seem to know or care little about saving the souls of people. Those who are passionately interested in securing proper wages and hours of work for the industrial classes only too often seem indifferent as to whether the objects of their concern have a daily ration of carrots or caviar. Many of these perfectly sincere specialists are seeking to apply hot plasters to the seat of present acute pain, which is a symptom, while neglecting to prescribe for and treat the cause, which is the disease.

* * * * * *

HERE we have Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, retired, telling the world that "women have no business meddling in the bloody, mathematical, mechanical, scientific, noisy, uncomfortable business of war"! He says that "women have an insatiable desire to meddle in things they do not understand," and he adds that "women not only recoil from war, but the extreme delicacy of their nervous systems makes them incapable of even thinking about war in a rational way." Does Admiral Fiske really care for America? Has he looked the question of war squarely in the face, or is his a sort of submerged submarine view-point?

Is our Secretary of the Navy thinking of America, or merely of his job, when he puts the weight of his official position behind silly and half-true statements calculated to lull the public into false security regarding the horrors and probabilities of the next war?

* * * * * *

ON THE other hand, some of the finest and best-trained minds of this generation are engaged in ferreting out scientific truth for the benefit of humanity. But about a hundred million of us average people never hear of them. We can not blame the scientists. Their attitude is that it is their business to investigate and experiment, but not to apply the knowledge. Most of them consider their job is finished when their report is carefully filed or neatly printed in some ponderous and impressive volume destined for the shelves of some library on the supposition that, once in a blue moon or so, some other investigator may come along and look it over.

Take, for example, the report of the Ventilation Commission of the State of New York. Some investigator had taken stock of us while we slept, so to speak, and had found out that we and our families are subject to many preventable illnesses that mean loss of time and money and often death, and that a large proportion of these illnesses are caused by poorly ventilated living- and school-rooms. It was then that Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, one of America's greatest philanthropists, decided to find out all that science has to tell about ventilation so that we and our families would live longer and be more fit while we live.

So a commission was appointed, a commission of experts headed by Dr. Winslow, professor of public health at Yale. We were not consulted about this, of course. We didn't know we needed to know all there is to know about ventilation. Through her interest in the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and with the lofty and sincere purpose of helping humanity, Mrs. Anderson gave the $75,000, which was spent during the four years occupied in this investigation. And then it took another $8,000 to print the report!

And now any school janitor or any tenement mother, who may accidentally find out why the children take cold, can get this report *at the price of fifteen dollars!* Yes, it is heartening to know that janitors and mothers can readily procure this book if they have fifteen dollars to spare and if they have the time and the technical knowledge to wade through and to understand the six hundred closely printed pages of scientific information concerning ventilation contained in this magnificent volume.

* * * * * *

AND yet a woman child health expert says that all the report contains that the school janitors and the tenement mothers need to know could easily be encompassed within a two-page leaflet! Why, then, we rise to ask, in the name of the sniffling public, doesn't some kind-hearted person put it there?

There is another fact of interest in connection with this report. Tho it was completed in 1918 *its recommendations have not been followed in the schools and other public buildings that have been erected since its completion.* If you are an interested taxpayer it might pay you to learn why the laws of nearly half of the States make it practically impossible to follow the recommendations of this report, *upon which nearly $100,000 has been spent!*

Science has indeed rendered distinguished service to humanity within our generation by ameliorating human suffering and prolonging and saving human life, but the practical application of science is lagging far behind the knowledge it is acquiring. In the last quarter of a century tuberculosis has been pushed from first to sixth place in the list of causes of death, but no inroads were made until antituberculosis societies had been formed in every city and hamlet of America for the purpose of disseminating, *among the whole population*, the information science had on the cause, prevention, and cure of the disease. "Antispit" campaigns and "swat the fly" movements actually got into society, and it was then the death-rate began to fall.

There has never been a time in the history of the world, perhaps, when we knew as much or cared as much about children as we know and care to-day. Never has there been so much scientific information available regarding their moral, mental, and physical well-being. There are no less than sixty national organizations dealing with child welfare experiments. Those of us who really do want to know how to do the best for our children are bewildered among the maze of theories that confront us on every side.

How do we know whether our children should be brought up under the Dalton Plan or the Batavia Plan or the Winnetka Plan or the Platoon Plan? We have a vague idea that the average child requires different training from that required for the superchild or the subnormal child. But most of us don't know which class our children are in, nor what to do for them if we are able to classify them.

* * * * * *

SO FAR as we have been able to learn, Mr. Lewis E. Myers of Valparaiso, Ind., is the only philanthropist who has concentrated on making available for every-day use by every-day people the knowledge science has accumulated on the nature and needs of the child.

We discovered Mr. Myers—came upon him in the midst of his great work. This was two years ago. When asked to tell of his plans he replied, "We have nothing to tell yet. When we actually do something we will let you know." Did he want any publicity? He did not. Here at last was one man who didn't want publicity! Mr. Myers employs no press-agent, and has no staff worthy of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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Once in a while you may be so fortunate as to hear these great artists sing—and sing the particular songs you most want to hear.

That's once in a while.

The particular function of the talking machine is to give you the music you want to hear—when and by whom you want to hear it.

The qualities which draw people to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Bori sing will draw you to these Victor Records:

Romeo and Juliet—Juliet's Waltz Song Snow Maiden—I Know the Song of the Lark	542	$1.50
Danza—Tarantella Napolitana Villanella (Sibella)	546	1.50
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John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records.

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Ah! Moon of My Delight Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	6197	2.00

To hear these Victor Records by Jeritza is to understand at once how, given the necessary talent, a prima donna may today take by storm audiences long used to perfection of performance.

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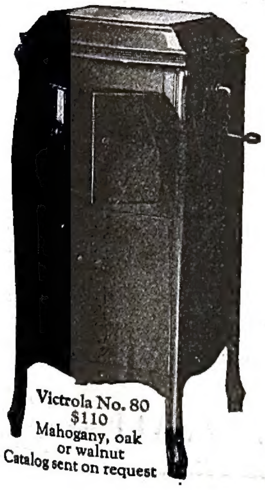

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$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut
Catalog sent on request

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRADE MARK
Victrola
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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request

Now in ONTARIO *and* MICHIGAN, *too!*

America's favorite laundry soap also takes first place across the border

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W. G. Ratterman
ONTARIO
P AND G THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP
P AND G
THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP
PROCTER & GAMBLE

"P and G The White Naphtha Soap is almost as much of a necessity in my home as bread. It is wonderful. I have used it for all purposes for the past sixteen years."
—Mrs. R. E. B., Detroit, Mich.

"When I began using P and G, my soap troubles ended. My clothes come out clean and white, now, with no soapy odor. P and G can be used equally well in cold, lukewarm or hot water. It makes the water lovely and soft, and produces a fine suds. I find, too, that it is not hard on the hands, which means much to a housewife who is continually using soap and water. My best colored fabrics are regularly washed with P and G and they come out just as nice as when new."
—Mrs. W. B., Toronto, Ont.

THIS remarkable soap continues to pile up its triumphs. P and G has long been the largest selling laundry soap in America. The women of Michigan gave it first place many months ago. And now come the progressive housewives of Ontario.

Wherever there are especially difficult laundry problems, P and G The White Naphtha Soap meets each need better than any other soap made. This is not merely our opinion—women everywhere have said so in letter after letter.

Truly, no other laundry soap combines so many remarkable qualities. Just read this list:

P and G is *white*, and keeps white clothes white.

It makes rich suds in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold.

It is safe for colored clothes.

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum—only the *very* dirty things need rubbing at all.

It rinses out promptly and thoroughly, leaving no hint of grayness or soapy odor.

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

You'll be surprised at its small cost—*less* than that of your present soap.

What do all these qualities mean to *you?* Less work, less worry, more time, more energy, finer washing results, longer wear from clothes, greater economy.

Yes, even though your work be done by a laundress, you will find it profitable to provide her with P and G. You will quickly prove that there is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN ALL AMERICA

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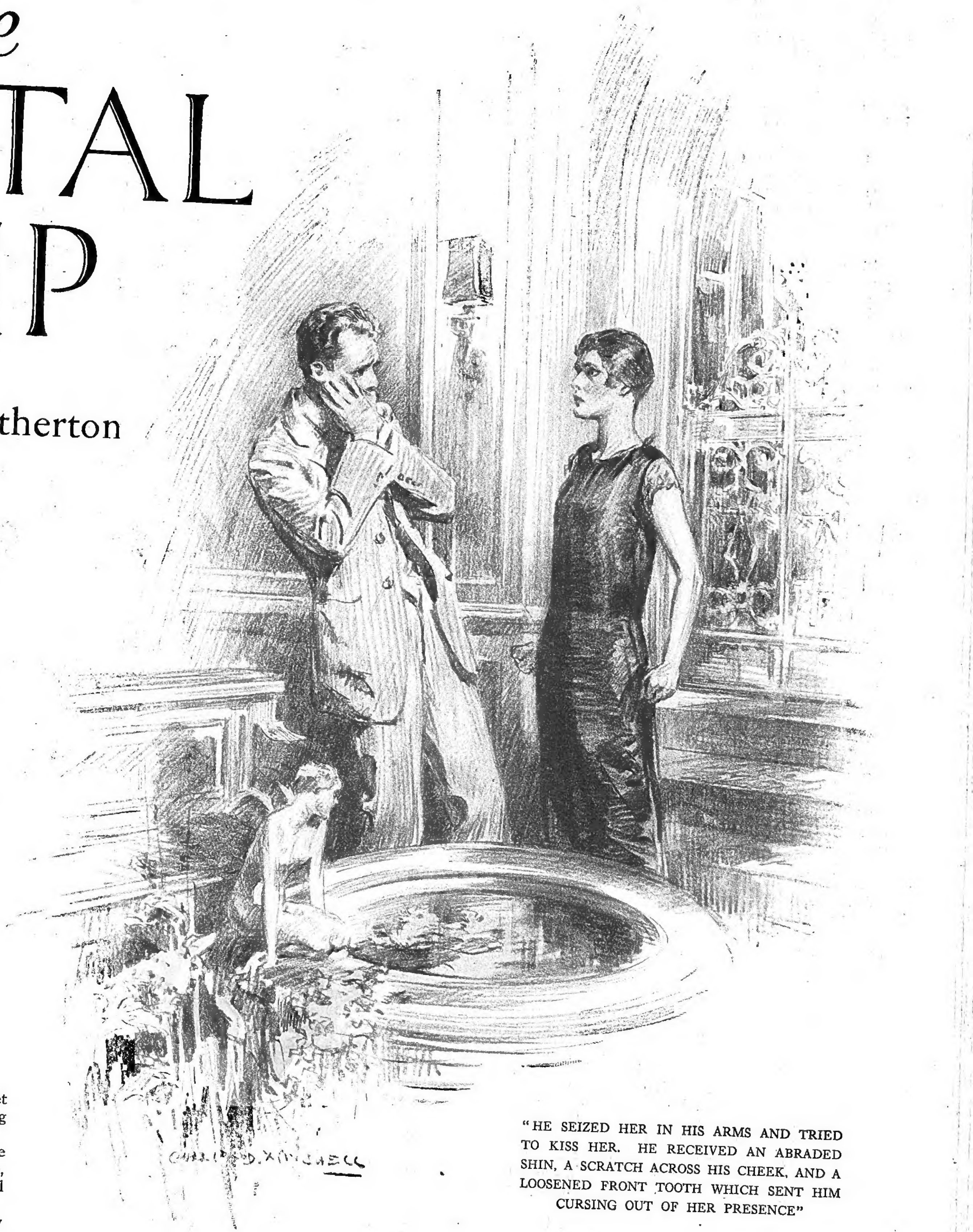
The CRYSTAL CUP

By Gertrude Atherton

Here Are the Opening Chapters of Another Great Novel by the Author of "Black Oxen." You Will See What Life Did to a Young Woman Who Was Afraid of All Emotion, Who Shut Her Mind to the Appeal of Romance, Who Refused to Believe that Love Was Anything but Friendship Glorified

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



"HE SEIZED HER IN HIS ARMS AND TRIED TO KISS HER. HE RECEIVED AN ABRADED SHIN, A SCRATCH ACROSS HIS CHEEK, AND A LOOSENED FRONT TOOTH WHICH SENT HIM CURSING OUT OF HER PRESENCE"

"Into a crystal cup the dusky wine
I pour, and, musing at so rich a shrine
I watch the star that haunts its ruddy gloom"
—*George Sterling*

OLD age will be served," said Mrs. Carteret grimly. "But I suppose you think I'm a long time dying."

Gita made a face in the heavy shade of the bed-hangings, but replied politely, "I am glad to be here, Grandmother, and when it's my turn to die I'll take all the time I choose."

She had a crisp, clear voice and a staccato delivery which she made no attempt to modify in the sick-room, and the old lady frowned.

"I never cared for your mother, but she had a soft, low voice, 'an excellent thing in woman.' Why did you not model your own upon it? And you do all you can to distort and destroy the Carteret beauty in your attempt to look like a boy. The Carteret women were all dashing brunettes, but feminine. Otherwise they never would have had men crawling at their feet, generation after generation."

"If men crawled at my feet—which they don't do these days, anyhow—I'd kick them out of the way. And if I were a man myself—and I wish to God I were—I'd see women to the devil before I'd make a fool of myself——"

"I don't like your language. I don't like your voice. I don't like your bobbed hair——"

"My hair is not bobbed."

"Bad enough, whatever it is. I don't like your 'brooding brows,' to quote an expression I read in a silly novel. I don't like your boyish, defiant bearing; it is not ladylike. I don't like your ugly tailored suits—I've never seen you with a single feminine adornment——"

"You never will. Haven't I told you I hate—loathe—being a female?"

"Fiddlesticks! I don't pretend to know what bee you've got in your bonnet, but if you'll take my advice you'll pluck it out before it's too late——"

"It's not in my bonnet. It's inside my skull."

"Don't interrupt me. You've no manners. But you're a Carteret all the same, in spite of your ridiculous airs and notions, and you look—could look—exactly as I did in my youth—I was your grandfather's second cousin and a Carteret to my finger-tips—except that you are not tall enough. I was five feet eight, and you must be quite three inches shorter. I was the beauty and the belle of my day, and that is more than you will ever be unless you take heed before it is too late."

But now she looked more like an old bird of prey than the remnants of a woman; and Gita decided it was not worth the mental effort to repad that face with firm, young flesh and give it the pedestal of a swanlike neck or any of the other absurdities of archaic youth. She looked longingly through the window at the sunlight, but she had made up her mind to "do the decent thing," as the old lady had rescued her from poverty and Heaven knew what not. Besides, she admitted grudgingly, blood was blood, and her grandmother had no one else. *Noblesse oblige.* Moreover, she rather liked this new-found relative, with her sharp, sarcastic, if superannuated mind. If she had been affectionate life would have been unendurable once more.

The old Carteret Manor was not far from the island covered by Atlantic City, and behind the Old Shore Road. It was surrounded on three sides by pine-woods, but open to the sea on the East. There had been a storm the night before, and from this high window Gita could see the tossing spray that hid the horizon. She forgot her grandmother until the old lady spoke again.

"They named you Gita, anyhow!" she said triumphantly. "The first daughter of every son was always named Gita, but it would have been like your father to break the tradition, especially as your mother disliked me. There have been many Gita Carterets! And you are a Carteret through and through. Not a trace of your mother, thank Heaven——"

"I won't hear a word against my mother! My mother was an angel and a martyr, and as for my father—I don't care if he was your son——"

"He was a scalawag. I'll not deny it. Many of the Carteret men were. My sympathies were with your mother, altho I liked her as little as she liked me. She was no wife for Gerald—I told her so—but for that matter, only a Carteret could handle a Carteret. Nevertheless, young lady, it behooves a child to speak of its parents with respect."

Miss Carteret gave an unladylike snort.

"Oh, yes! And there is one thing you have *not* inherited, and that is the Carteret grand manner. Even your father had that, and when he was most intoxicated. You have neither manner nor manners."

"Both are out of date."

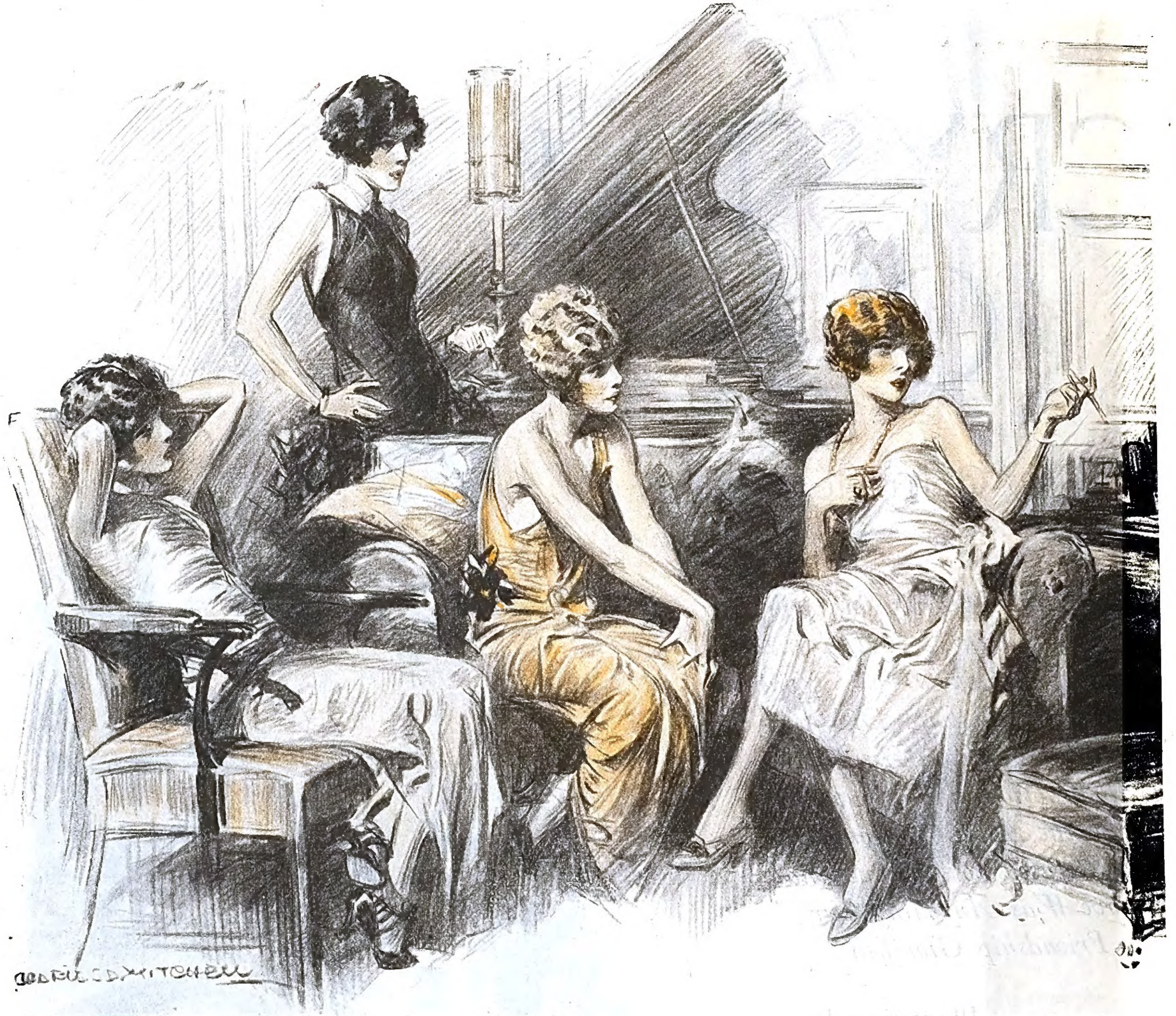
"Are they? I am not so sure. The world is not entirely composed of what you call the younger generation. Are you a specimen of the flappers all these magazines and novels are full of?"

"I am not. Silly little *females!* Besides, I'm twenty-two."

"I can't make out whether you seem to hate men or women more, and you won't give any reason."

"I don't hate women. I only resent being one. If you had been my old grandfather I'd have starved in the streets before I'd have come here."

"Nonsense, don't talk like that. You have a good heart, anyhow. No, you needn't snort. It's a hideous noise, and a good heart is no disgrace in even a modern young woman. I like you in spite of everything, and I wish I could have had the bringing-up of you."



"SHE DRIFTED INTO A SEMIINTIMACY WITH GIRLS WHO FILLED HER AT FIRST WITH WONDER AND WERE VERY MODERN YOUNG PEOPLE, WITH THE WISDOM OF THE

"And don't I wish you had!" the girl exclaimed with unexpected passion. "I wish my mother could have died when I was born, and that my father had brought me to you and then blown out his cruel brains."

"Well, I do not. I despise cowards. And that is another thing in you that pleases me. You have a high courage. All the Carterets have had that."

"One more reason for being a Carteret!"

"You are an impertinent minx. But I thought your parents were happy for a few years? I was given to understand that, altho I never saw your mother again, and Gerald only came home twice."

"Before my time, then. I can remember back to the age of four, and one of my first recollections is my father's knocking my mother about."

"What an expression! I suppose you mean he struck her. But I never thought he would so far forget himself. Still, he always had an ungovernable—yes, a vicious—temper. But what a handsome dog he was! I was so proud of him. He was the youngest of ten, and I am afraid I spoiled him. Is that the secret of your hatred of men?"

"Among others."

"Well, I should hope you had a better reason than that. You should have too much common sense to judge all men by one. What are your other reasons?" she asked curiously. "I don't understand you at all. Too many years between us, I suppose. I don't understand any of the modern young women, and you appear to be the most singular of them all. No doubt it's because you are a Carteret. You are not a fool, at all events. Do you smoke cigarets?"

"I do."

"Well, don't you ever dare bring one in here, or smell of one. Do you drink cocktails?"

"No. 'Fraid of bootlegger stuff."

"I don't mind you drinking a glass of wine with your dinner. There is some old Burgundy and port in the cellar, and, no doubt, a case or two of champagne. Tell Topper to bring up anything you like."

"Thanks, Grandmother, but I really don't care about it. It's time for your medicine."

She came out into the light, and Mrs. Carteret looked at her with a frown. "You *could* be a beauty," she said plaintively. "Why won't you, my dear? And at least don't stick your hands in your pockets again when you are in my presence—like a whistling schoolboy."

"Well, I can't just now." Gita's somber face broke into a smile that revealed her even, white teeth, and for the moment she looked feminine and roguish in spite of her cropped head and her rigid spine. "Let me lift you a little higher. You nearly choked last time."

She thrust her arm under the pillow and held the glass to the old lady's sunken lips, then lowered her gently and returned to her chair in the shade of the curtains.

MRS. CARTERET sighed. "You have your good points, Gita, and I do wish you could have come to me before. But eighty-two is a great age. Too old for a woman to live to by thirty—forty years. Your generation won't live as long."

"I should hope not. But I wish you wouldn't die. I haven't any one else. Why don't you try this rejuvenation thing?"

"Not I. Thirty years ago, perhaps, if they hadn't been so long discovering it. But I've had enough of life. Eighty-two! All the friends of my youth, all my children, dead. Nobody left but you, and I do not love you. You came to me too late and you are too different, if you *are* a Carteret. But it is kind of you to say that, my dear, and I am glad I can leave you independent, if not wealthy. You will have the old place and about eight thousand a year, altho it may be less, what with the inheritance tax and all." A look of sharp anxiety came into her eyes. "You won't sell the manor, Gita? I could not rest in my grave."

"I shouldn't think of selling it. Sometimes I think I'd like to live here alone for the rest of my life."

"Nonsense! But it doesn't take much to keep it up, aside from the taxes. The grounds went to ruin long ago, and the greater part of the house has been closed since taxes and prices began to go up and my income down. Carteret Manor was a great domain in the seventeenth century, and even in your great-great-grandfather's time; but we were always an extravagant and improvident race. There's nothing left of the old manor now but forty acres. Most of that is in woodland, altho there are two farms, rented to decent folk. The rest of my small fortune is in securities, and there is a house in Atlantic City. Mr. Donald will be over from Philadelphia again in a day or two and I'll tell him to have a talk with you. If I thought I could live a year longer I'd transfer everything to you, but I'll not live a month, much less a year. There's something else. I've wanted to speak of it ever since you came, but this is the first time I've had an opportunity for a real talk with you. Moreover—I suppose you'll spit fire."

"Fire away. Don't mind me."

"Well, it's this: I don't like the old name to die out. But you and I are the only Carterets left, and unless you do as I ask the old name will be forgotten—like many another old name."

"Well?" Gita's crisp voice rose a key.

"I should die content if you would promise me to ask—yes, insist, that your husband take our name——"

"I'll never marry! Never! Never!" Now Gita's voice was harsh and defiant.

"Fiddlesticks! All girls say that. I said it myself—and did not marry until I was twenty-seven. I was too fond of being a belle. My father was one of the founders of Atlantic City and put more than a penny in the old United States Hotel. Ah, what gay times we had! That old hotel was the scene of my triumphs, season after season. People of quality went to resorts in those days. Now they avoid them as they would the plague if one may judge from the hordes of tourists on the board walk."

"Well, why not?" demanded Gita, who was growing restless. "It is a public walk and even tourists want to enjoy themselves, I suppose."

Mrs. Carteret, recalled, drew her scant brows together.

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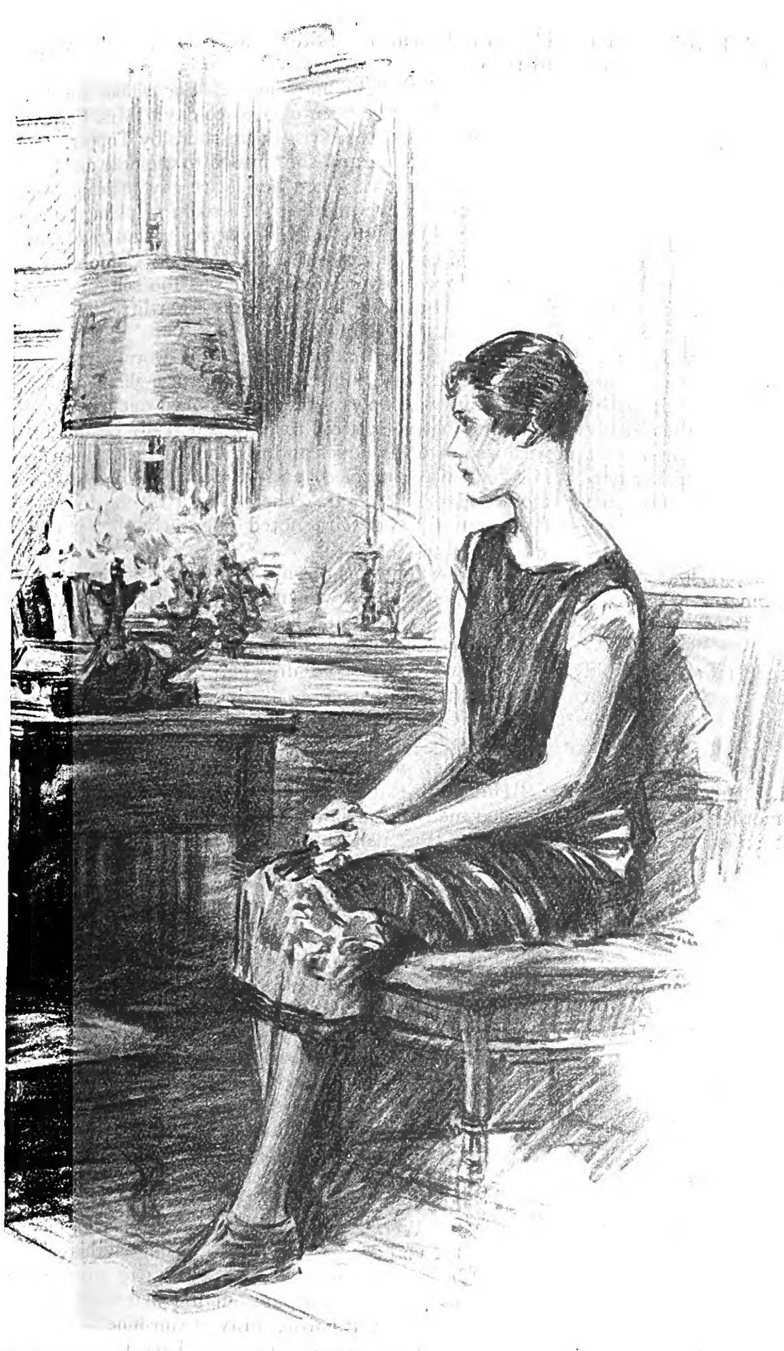


THEN WITH EMULATION. THEY
SERPENT"

"I am merely regretting a time when the beach and even the board walk were a promenade of fashion, of beautiful, well-dressed women and handsome men. They were better to look at, and I happen to dislike common and undistinguished people. I hope you do not think yourself 'democratic,' among other things?"

"Certainly I do. About the only decent treatment I've ever had has been from 'common' people. It was gentlemen that made my mother's life unendurable. And we hardly set up to be aristocrats on five cents a year."

"Your mother should have written me she was in such dire straits. I knew that your father was living extravagantly in Europe, but I never suspected he was spending his capital. He told me on both his visits that he was temporarily hard up. The first time I lent him a large sum of money. The second time I refused, under the advice of Mr. Donald's father, and reproached him with extravagance. He flew into a terrible temper, flung himself out of the house, and never even wrote to me again. Well, he died soon after. But I would never have permitted his wife and child to suffer."

"My mother would have starved before she would have taken a cent from a Carteret."

"She should not have permitted her child to starve. However—there is one question I should like to ask before we go further.

"Answer me truthfully. Have you actually no pride of race?"

"I think such things ridiculous."

"You do? And would you rather be just a common young woman with rudely modeled features and a blowzy prettiness, without an atom of distinction? Answer me that."

Gita moved uneasily. "It is good enough as a background, I suppose, but I'm no snob."

"No Carteret was ever a snob. But they were aristocrats. Vulgar people do not know the difference. and you are not vulgar, absurd as you are. You begin where they left off instead of struggling from the gutter upward. You realize that, I hope?"

"Yes, I realize it, Grandmother. As you say, there are a few things I don't have to overcome. I know the proper use of forks and I dislike a common voice and bad table manners. Being a Carteret, so far, hasn't been of much use to me, but I am quite willing to make use of what little it may do for me in the future. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not at all. But I trust to time to bring you to your senses."

"What next?"

"I was about to say, when my mind wandered to the past—as an old woman's will—that my intention never to marry died a natural death when your grandfather came back from Europe, where he had been in the diplomatic service for years. I married him six weeks later. You have had an unfortunate experience which has given you all sorts of distorted views and ideas, but you will get over them in time. Wait until the right man comes along."

Gita set her lips in a straight line.

"I shall never marry. Might as well make up your mind to it, Grandmother."

The old lady sighed heavily. "Well! I sha'n't live long enough to see you come to your senses, but just mark my words: you are a woman, and trying to look like a boy doesn't make you one. You have a graceful body and a lovely round throat and your eyelashes would make any boy ridiculous. Oh, yes, you are a girl, my dear; you are a girl. Now run out and take a walk. It's time for my nap. And I hear the starched petticoats of that nurse."

Gita stood with her hands in the pockets of her sport skirt surveying the old manor-house from the drive. It was built of oblong blocks of rough stone, obviously cemented together, after the fashion of certain Northern colonial mansions—a great square box of a house surmounted by a gabled roof; without architectural beauty, but solid and imposing. The gardener was as old as her grandmother, and the lawns were thin. But the pine-woods on three sides of the shrunken garden were beautiful and dim and old; and Gita was conscious of a thrill of pride in her inheritance.

"Why not? It's all I've got. And perhaps a background is something to lean against, anyhow."

She sauntered out of the park and across the bridge of the Thoroughfare, a narrow body of salt water dividing the mainland from the most famous of its islands. Atlantic City amused her, but she did not turn toward the town. Some distance to the south, below the hotels, the board walk had been demolished during an uncommonly heavy storm. Since the disaster this end of the promenade was deserted by idle saunterers.

Gita made straight for this solitary spot and sat down on the sands, embracing her knees and staring out at the tossing ocean. She felt small and desolate and forlorn. What was a dilapidated, old manor to a girl who had been deprived of a far more significant birthright? If she could have grown up in that old place, a Carteret of the Carterets, she would have been a normal, innocent girl, full of hopes and day-dreams and all sorts of delightful nonsense. Now at twenty-two she had not an illusion left. And her mother, the one person she had ever been able to care for, was dead.

More than once she had taken herself to task, scowled ferociously at her distorted ego. Common sense dictated that she should ignore her unfortunate experience of life and readjust herself. Other girls had had unfortunate childhoods—but not hers—not hers.

Her earliest memory was of Paris—an old detached house in Passy—a constant uproar down-stairs that kept her awake in the nursery under the roof—ribald laughter and singing, brawls, banging doors all over the house. Sometimes she would hang over the banisters, fretful but curious—her mother, with white, desperate face, running up the stairs, snatching the child, darting into the nearest room, locking the door—Gerald Carteret, pounding on the door, commanding her to return to his guests and not make a silly little fool of herself—her mother's terrified sobbing, then quailing obedience lest he keep his threat and break down the door.

And moving, always moving. As Gita grew older she learned that her father and his guests not only drank and caroused, but gambled; that his friends persecuted her mother, whom they called the "blond madonna." Gita begged her mother to leave her father and return to San Francisco, but her mother's parents were dead and her only relative was an aunt, whom she had never liked. She had no desire to return so ignominiously to the city where, in her first season, she had captured the handsome and dashing young Easterner, visiting polo friends in Burlingame. Moreover, a wife's duty was to her husband, no matter what he might be. Even at the age of ten Gita sniffed. But her lovely mother was the one perfect being in a too-imperfect world; and Gita accepted her verdict. But she conceived a strong distaste for husbands and abominated her father, informing him more than once she wished he were dead. He would grin or scowl down at the small child, straight and defiant, and toss her toward the ceiling or slap her, according to his mood.

Carteret was an unlucky gambler on the whole, and lived on "the interest of his debts" after his own and his wife's patrimony expired. When debtors became too pressing he bundled his family out in the night and set up in another capital. When fortune ran with him, he was charming and generous; when luck gibed he struck his wife, his child, the servants. He raved like a madman, then collapsed at his madonna's feet and implored her forgiveness.

Gita hated him increasingly, hated the other men who persecuted her mother and in time herself. Herself! These were the ugliest and most indelible of the memories.

THAT life, in which the War made no appreciable difference, ended abruptly when Gita was sixteen. Gerald Carteret died of typhoid fever in a French provincial town where he was in hiding from his creditors. Gita sold her mother's engagement-ring, and buried him thankfully; then sat for three months at her mother's bedside frantically exercising her will to keep life in that exhausted body.

Mrs. Carteret recovered, and the two faced starvation. Then for her child's sake Millicent wrote to her aunt, and received in return much scornful criticism, sound advice, and a promise of a hundred dollars a month.

After that, life was a succession of *pensions*, with poor food, dingy company, and always some idle man who made love to the still beautiful and indestructibly charming Millicent.

Constant peregrinations interfered with Gita's schooling, but she received an education of sorts. She was quick at languages and had ample opportunity to pick them up. As men noticed her on the streets as well as in the *pensions*, she abandoned her graceful carriage, throwing back her shoulders and striding along like a stiff young soldier on parade; and finally cut off her abundant black hair.

"I should have been a boy, anyhow," she told her mother. "Then I could have taken you out of this miserable, poverty-stricken life and given you lovely gowns and delicate food, and I could stand up to these awful men that annoy you."

When Gita was seventeen the old aunt died and left her small fortune, and the house in California, to her only remaining relative, Millicent Sears Carteret. The heiress decided at once to take her child to San Francisco, where she could finish her education properly and, for the first time, have associates of her own kind.

In San Francisco Gita was almost happy for two years. She enjoyed her school and the cool electric climate. She drifted into a semiintimacy with girls who filled her at first with wonder and then with emulation. They were very modern young people, with the wisdom of the serpent, a fixed intent to do as they pleased, and a canny ability to take care of themselves. Gita, with her extensive knowledge of the nocuous side of life, at times felt old enough to be their grandmother, at others like their sister.

Her mother had inculcated obedience as the first law of nature, and the only time Gita had ever defied her had been when she had tried to transform herself into a boy. She had been as severely chaperoned as was possible in the circumstances, and admonished against all things unladylike. It had been unnecessary to warn her against too free a manner with men, as she hated all men. But the consequence was that she had not the most elementary knowledge of flirtation.

Flirtation, however, she was informed by her new friends, was out of date. Past was the day of subtle methods, of practised coquetry. The girls called the boys up on the telephone as often as the boys called them, and even took them out to restaurants and paid the bill. This was the day of fifty-fifty, of equality of the sexes. Gita looked in vain for romance, still in a measure the mainspring of fiction. But these girls laughed at the word.

One young married woman told Gita casually that her husband, after a more or less desultory wooing, had suggested they "hitch up," and she had accepted him, because his type pleased her, and she was in the mood to marry, and wanted a family. By this time Gita had ceased to blush at a frankness which would have horrified her mother and at one time herself.

But altho, after she finished school, she went out to dinners, she refused to go to parties, since that would have meant dancing, and she recoiled from contact with even these innocuous young men. The girls, with whom she was popular, tried to give her "points," but desisted when they understood that her dislike of men was sincere, altho they did not guess the cause.

If she could have brought herself to tell the story of her life to these wise maidens, no doubt they would have blown the chaff from the wheat with their laughing common sense. But Gita would rather have gone out into the breakers and drowned herself than reveal the festering sores in her soul to any one. And no less than three experiences with married men, fascinated by her vivid youth and intolerance of their sex, extinguished any possibility she may have unconsciously cherished of forgetting the past.

Upon only one occasion did she appear to attract a boy. He had made an average record in the War and was the son of a rich man, but the other young men disliked and criticized him. The girls, however, retorted that he was too good a dancer and mah-jong player to lose.

One night he met Gita at a dinner, and more than once she saw him watching her. Later, with considerable finesse for a San Francisco youth, he lured her into the conservatory, and after telling her admiringly that she looked the real thing, seized her in his arms and tried to kiss her. He received an abraded shin, a scratch across his cheek, and a loosened front tooth which sent him cursing out of her presence to find an exit at the back of the house.

They met some weeks later, and he said airily, "My mistake. Sorry. Hope you'll forget it." But she looked exultingly at the gold band across his front teeth and knew that he hated her.

The girls discussed her psychoanalytically and decided she had a complex. Ann Melrose came nearer the truth than any of them. "She is so precocious on one side of her that she may have had a desperate love-affair at the age of sixteen, and the man turned out a rotter. Did something that horrified her. But if she doesn't mend her ways she'll never give any other man a chance. She's about as approachable as a hedgehog and as adaptable as a wire fence. 'Fraid she's got too much brains and not enough common sense. Something gave her a bad twist, but she's a game kid and as straight as they come. Wonder how she'll turn out."

When Gita was nineteen misfortune once more fell upon them. The trustee of their small estate absconded with all but the house, which was mortgaged, and life was gray once more. They took in lodgers, dismissed the cook, and did their own work. Gita saw less of her friends, altho they ran in every few days. One of her mother's beaus proposed for the fifth time, but Millicent had had her fill of marriage. Moreover, she knew that if she married again she would lose her daughter.

The business enterprise was not a success. The lodgers either made love to their pretty landlady or did not pay their rent and had to be evicted. So Millicent sold the house for little more than the mortgage and accepted the position of housekeeper to one of her friends in San Mateo, while Gita taught French and Italian to a class of youngsters hastily assembled.

Gita saw her friends constantly once more, altho she refused to go to dinners or luncheons. Her clothes barely held together and they dared not offer her presents. But she learned to ride, to play tennis, to swim, and her naturally robust health, which had been impaired by too much confinement and indoor work, was restored.

By this time Millicent's strength was failing. Gita took her to a sanitarium on the California desert, paying the expenses with the few hundreds left from the sale of the house. On her death-bed Millicent wrote to Mrs. Carteret.

THE tide was coming in. Gita realized that she was cold and rather tired. She ran along the beach to quicken her blood and then took a trolley to the mainland. As she walked up the avenue of the manor she saw a motor standing before the door of the house and hoped she would be able to slip up to her room unseen. The elderly and middle-aged daughters of her grandmother's contemporaries did not interest her. She had been at the manor a month and met no one of her own age.

As she was stepping carefully over the old rugs of the hall she sniffed a familiar aroma, and then observed that the door of the drawing-room was open and that a blind, evidently, had been raised. She had entered this room only once—on the day after her arrival when curiosity had led her to explore the cradle of her ancestors. She had felt no inclination to enter it again. It was immense and dark and dreary, paneled with mahogany to the ceiling and crowded with ill-assorted furniture representing every period from 1660 to 1880.

She heard a light movement. For whom could the drawing-room have been opened to-day? Mrs. Carteret's friends were escorted directly up-stairs by Topper. Curiosity overcame her and she tiptoed to the door and looked through the crack. Then her heart gave a leap. A girl was standing in the middle of the room wrinkling her nose. Gita forgot that she hated everybody and remembered the unfailing kindness of her friends in California. She had not loved any of them and was too self-centered for intimacies, but they had given her what little tolerance of life she had ever known.

This girl looked rather jolly. She wore a very smart tailored suit and the prevailing hat, of a shape once identified only with sport. Her face looked out triumphantly from its austere setting, for it was a really beautiful face with its flower-like eyes and regular features. The bright, fair hair was shingled, and a cigaret projected from a mouth like pink coral. There was a touch of orange in the costume, and Gita noted vagrantly that it clashed with the lips.

Gita hoped she was not married, but it was impossible to tell a young married woman from a girl. Gita was not interested in babies and housekeeping. But a girl!

However, there was but one way to find out.

She entered the cold drawing-room and held out her hand with a smile.

"I am Gita Carteret," she said. "I hope you have come to see me."

The other girl removed her cigaret and shook hands.

"Have I? Rather. I'm Polly Pleyden, and as you've rescued me from melancholia I'm that much more glad to see you. Was just thinking of laying myself out to see what it would feel like."

Gita's eyes sparkled. "Isn't it—just—? And we can't talk in a mausoleum. Come up to my room."

"Good! I've been walking about to keep myself from freezing to death. Topping old house, tho. Not many of them left. Most of the old houses about here were built of wood and have vanished long since. Glory! Do you sleep in that?"

They had entered Gita's bedroom. Large as it was, a four-poster seemed to take up fully a third of it, and high-boys, chests, an immense wardrobe, heavy chairs and sofas, covered with horsehair, left little space for movement. The windows looked out into the wood. Gita had jerked off the bed-hangings on the night of her arrival.

"Well," pursued the irreverent Miss Pleyden, "if you ever get hard up you can sell this old junk. There are imbeciles who will pay any price for mahogany. I'd pass out if I had to sleep in this room. And hardly a ray of sunshine!"

"I only do sleep in it! Take this chair. I've tried them all and it's not as hard as the others. Have one of mine?"

"Thanks. I prefer Happy Stars. Debased taste. One of the fell results of the War. Jolly old war. Did *us* a good turn."

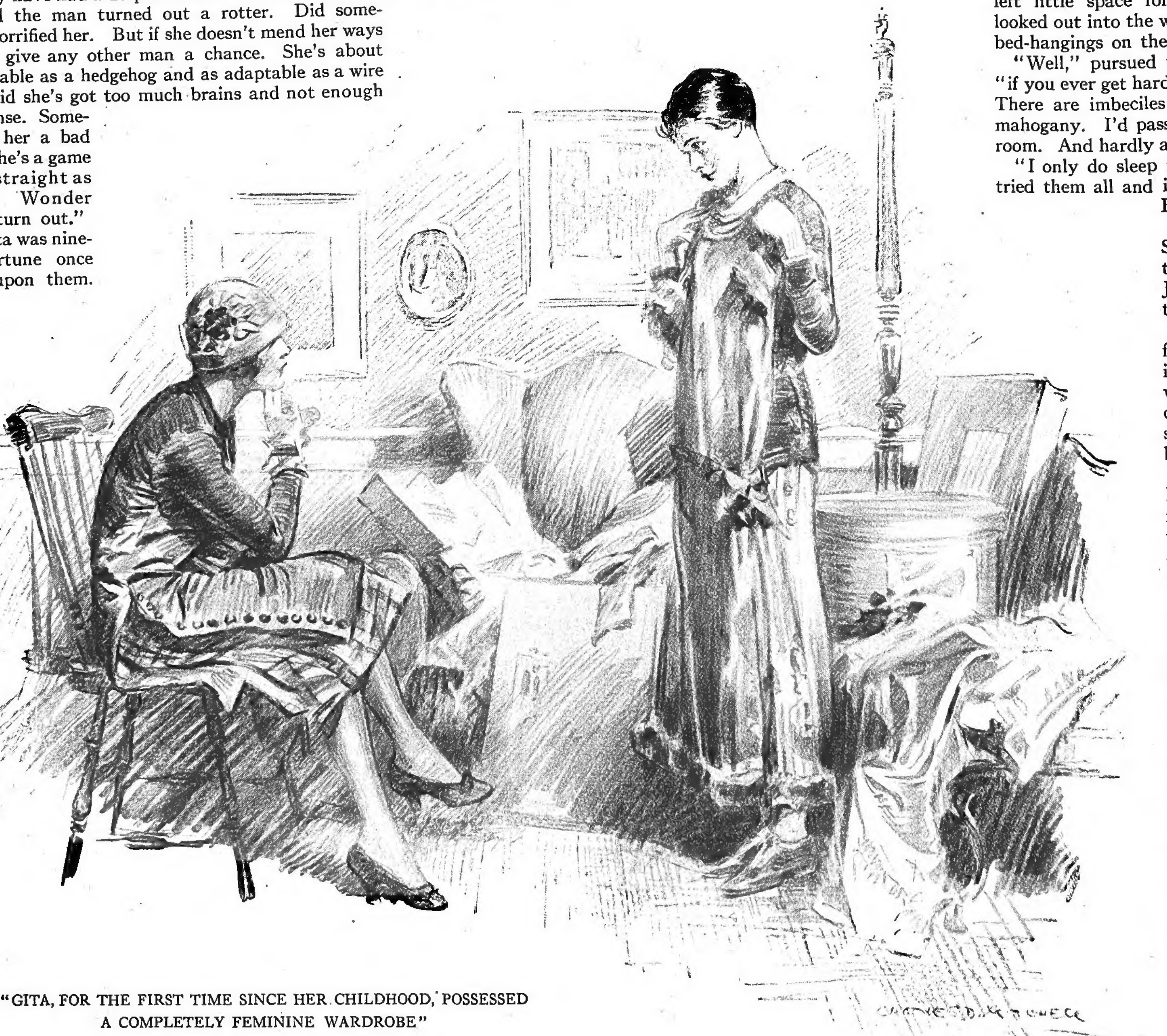
Both girls smoked in silence for a moment, secretly appraising each other. Miss Pleyden wriggled until she made herself comfortable, and Gita had seated herself on the one unbroken spring of a sofa.

"Going to stay long?" asked Miss Pleyden. "I hope so. I must give you a party and have you meet our crowd. We do our little best to amuse ourselves."

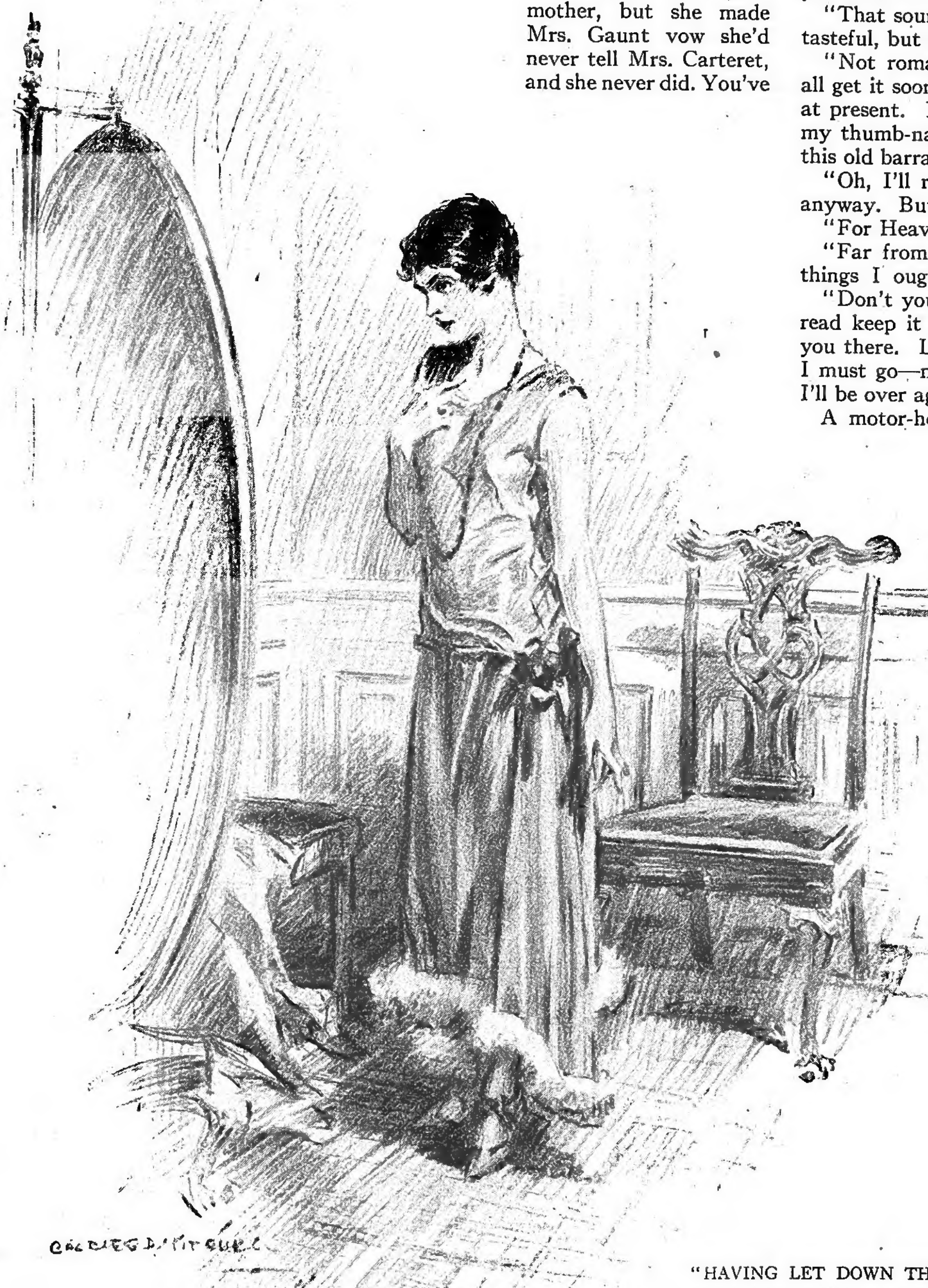
"You look as if you amused yourself!" said Gita, smiling. "But I can't go anywhere at present. My grandmother won't live much longer, I'm afraid, and I must remain on tap."

"I should hope not. Over eighty, isn't she? Well, you'll molder if you have to live here much longer. Mother says she's leaving everything to you, and I hope you'll sell this old tomb and buy something over in Chelsea—no, I take that back. Even I'd keep this house if I had it. All it needs is new furniture and not so much woods."

She took off her hat and threw it on the floor. Gita, now that this fashionable extinguisher was removed, saw



"GITA, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER CHILDHOOD, POSSESSED A COMPLETELY FEMININE WARDROBE"



"HAVING LET DOWN THE BARS AND MADE A BONFIRE OF THEM, HER VANITY WAS ACTING LIKE A HUNGRY BEAR AFTER A LONG WINTER'S SLEEP"

how really beautiful she was. She had a charming little head, alertly poised; her forehead was low and full, her delicate nose a straight line, her curved mouth soft and pink, with happy corners. She looked sweet and innocent and utterly charming and as cool and pure as an arum-lily.

"Surely you go out occasionally?" asked Miss Pleyden anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I go for a long walk every day. The salt-marshes fascinate me, and I never saw anything like the board walk. It is rather amusing."

"Amusing is the word for it until you've tired of looking at people you never see anywhere else. Ever see the Digue at Ostend?"

"Oh—yes!" Gita scowled. She had particularly unpleasant memories of Ostend. Her father had gambled his last sou in the Kursaal and been obliged to sneak out in the night as he could not meet his I O Us. And one of his friends! Gentlemen! Carterets!

"Well, don't look so tragic about it. I'm going to call you Gita and you must call me Polly—at once. Time was, I'm told, when we Atlantans were cold and formal, but that's ancient history. Our poor parents try to keep it up, but they've given us up. And then you are one of us," she added, sincerely casual. "Are you engaged?"

"No! Life's hard enough without looking round for ways to make it harder."

"Oh, come now, life's a jolly nice proposition. I hear you've had a lot of trouble and I'm sorry. Trouble never was meant for youth. We'll change all that when you—ah—you're free. No use blinking facts. Old people have to die, and not such a bad idea at that. My granny was a real affliction. We had to kiss her twice a day and she just wouldn't wear her false teeth. What's your type?"

"Type?"

"Men."

"Oh!" Gita's black brows met. "I don't like any type."

"Wow! Wow! That'll never do. I haven't the least respect for men, but life would be a desert without them. When I've exhausted the girl racket and am ready to marry I'll pick out a New-Yorker with a few millions, dark, good looks, and a pastmastership in the art of love-making—about thirty, say. It takes an American that long to acquire any sort of technique. Then when that phase has run its course he'll know enough to let me go my own way. I certainly shall let him go his. Meanwhile a boy and a girl, blond and brunette. That's the perfect life."

Gita laughed for the first time since she had left San Mateo for the desert. "Wonderful if life were as simple as that! Why are you so sure you are going to have your own way in everything?"

"If you know what you want and go for it you get it." Miss Pleyden had a crisp, metallic voice, which, Gita inferred, expressed her ego more veritably than her lovely shell.

"That may be," said Gita, "all things being equal. Life has always dandled you on her lap and fondled your golden curls. But when she kicks instead of kisses you and you have to fight her every inch of the way you don't get what you want, not by a long sight."

Polly Pleyden gave her a long stare. "Now, that is the last thing I should have expected you to say," she remarked. "You look high-spirited and courageous. You don't mean to tell me you've given up——"

"No!" Gita spat out the word. "I'll fight till I die. But I've no illusions. I'm not one of life's pets."

"Look here, Gita Carteret, I'm not going to pretend I don't know a lot of what you've been through. All your grandmother's friends, including my mother, have talked of nothing else since you got here. Mrs. Gaunt, mother's crony, ran across your mother once, some time after your father's death. Met her in some provincial town or other and carried her off to lunch. She said your mother was the loveliest thing she had ever looked at and far too good for Gerald Carteret, who seems to have been the last word. Well, she got a few things out of your mother, but she made Mrs. Gaunt vow she'd never tell Mrs. Carteret, and she never did. You've had a rotten life, and I don't wonder you're bitter. But—how old are you?"

"Twenty-two." Gita, angry at first, had softened at the tribute to her mother.

"Well—that's old in one sense, these days. Jane Bull had had three affairs, married, and settled down to a baby before she was twenty-three. But on the other hand it's only a bit over three and one-tenth of the allotted span. Between our new way of looking at life and science we can be young about thirty years longer than any generation that's preceded us. What is more, your troubles of one sort, at least, are over. You'll have an independent income when the old lady shuffles off.

"For all you know life may have done her worst by you at the start and have relented for keeps. Don't go on making faces at her."

"You are very kind," said Gita, almost humbly. "But I don't think it is possible to forget the impressions of one's plastic years."

"I believe the will can do anything—in spite of Coué. Fancy that's what's the matter with you. Too much imagination, plus habit."

"Perhaps. But I assure you I have no intention of brooding too much, and now that I have the chance of ruling my own life I intend to get something out of it. But men will play no part in it, altho I'll be glad to talk to any intelligent ones I may meet. I haven't met many so far."

"I think I can guess the reason for your hatred of men," said Miss Pleyden, who appeared to be disconcertingly shrewd. "But that will wear off, now that you are in a position where they no longer can take advantage of you. As I told you, I haven't any respect for the lot I run with, but there must be men somewhere that have glamour enough to make a girl feel she's 'head over.' And what you want is a thumping love-affair."

"That sounds almost romantic." The subject was distasteful, but Gita was forced to smile.

"Not romantic—merely undiluted nature. Fancy we all get it sooner or later, altho nothing's worrying me less at present. But what I haven't seen I could inscribe on my thumb-nail. You're built for it. Just you refurnish this old barrack and leave the rest to me."

"Oh, I'll refurnish it if there's money enough—air it, anyway. But I'll stay here for a time and read——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't tell me you're intellectual!"

"Far from it. Been too busy. But there are many things I ought to read."

"Don't you dare queer my little game! Or if you will read keep it dark. It's what you don't know that gets you there. Life's the book, anyhow, when you're young. I must go—mother's been calling on Mrs. Carteret—but I'll be over again in a day or two."

A motor-horn had sounded discreetly. Miss Pleyden caught her hat on the point of her swagger-stick, tossed it to the other hand, settled it carefully on her head, opened her vanity-case, and applied her lip-stick. Then she sprang to her feet and laid her hand on Gita's shoulder. "You're all right," she said emphatically. "I had an idea you weren't. Well, never mind what I mean," as Gita jerked up her head. "In some things, I fancy, you're as green as mint. Dear old Dr. Freud would say you were heading straight for the rocks, but there's a thing or two he didn't know when he set to work on the sub. You see, I know a thing or two myself, even if I never let on, owing to a perfect policy. There's another toot. We'll have to go down."

GITA felt inclined to dance as she swaggered about the dilapidated old garden, her hands in her pockets. She felt uncommonly buoyant. Whether she liked Polly Pleyden or not she hardly knew, but the creature was certainly stimulating. And the future looked less gray. Certainly if the other girls were as amusing as Polly she would have a lot of fun with them. What would it be like? For a moment her feet in their heavy boy's shoes danced on the path. Then she saw Topper approaching and tried to look indifferent and dignified.

"Mrs. Carteret would like to see you, Miss," said the old butler.

She ran into the house and up the stairs, and for the first time showed a smiling face at the door of the sick-room. The old lady was sitting up in bed, an old-fashioned jewel-casket open beside her. She gave her grandchild a sharp glance.

"So! What you needed was young folks," she commented dryly. "Polly Pleyden is a frivolous, fast, pert, painted minx, but I suppose she's better than nothing. If she'd been properly brought up she'd have called a day or two after your arrival. But never mind Polly. Come here. I've something to show you."

Gita, more interested in the contents of the casket than in her grandmother's opinion of Polly Pleyden, came to the side of the bed and bent over a tray of necklaces, bracelets, rings, and brooches. The settings were old-fashioned, but the stones—diamonds, rubies, emeralds—were of fair size and perfect clarity. Her eyes sparkled and she touched them lingeringly with her finger-tips. In jewelers' windows she had not given them more than a casual glance. But to be as close to them as this!

"Lift out that tray," said Mrs. Carteret.

The next held a rope of pearls, large, evenly matched, very white, and with a sheen that gave Gita a curious thrill. There was a sense of life, of mystery—strangely remote and desirable.

"I always wore them at night until lately to keep them from dying. They are to be yours, of course. Put them on."

Gita lifted the pearls over her head reverently and ran to a mirror. "Is it really for me?" she gasped. "How can I thank you, Grandmother? I never knew that pearls were beautiful before. But these! Mine!"

"Ah! You're not a boy, after all? Good!" Then, as

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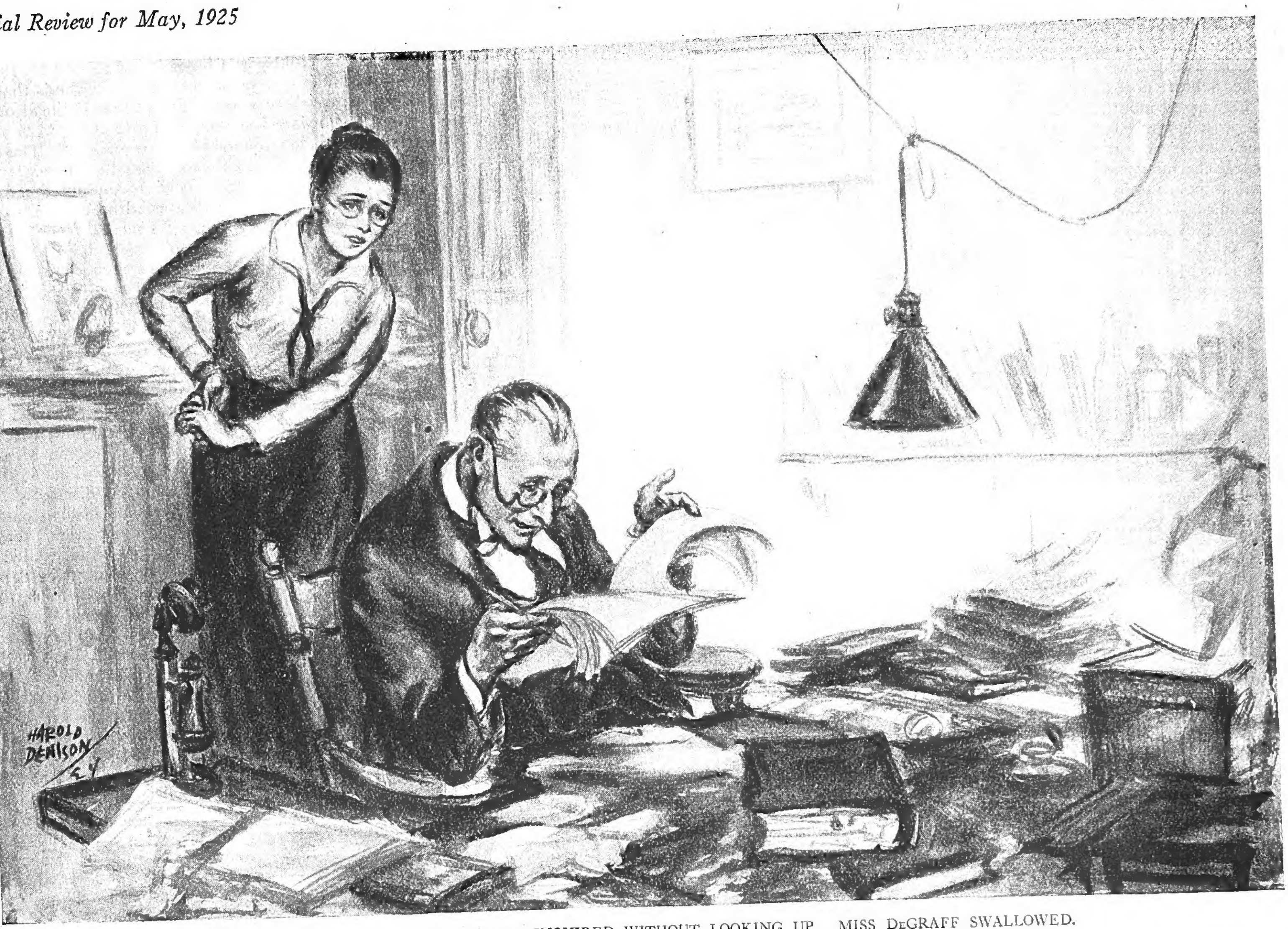


"'WHAT IS IT, MISS DeGRAFF?' HE INQUIRED WITHOUT LOOKING UP. MISS DeGRAFF SWALLOWED. 'THAT CHAPTER, "THE LOVE-LIFE: HOW TO LIVE IT,"' SHE SAID."

Miss DeGraff's Geranium

The Illuminating Circumstances That Attended Its Journey from an Office to a Bungalow

BY ROBERT McBLAIR

Illustrations by Harold Denison

MISS DEGRAFF never said much, but she knew exactly what she liked and what she didn't like. She hadn't been an old maid forty-two years for nothing. Forty-two years is used advisedly. Miss DeGraff was born an old maid. And she had lived the part with appalling exactitude. For the last twenty-five years she had risen in the morning, cooked breakfast for her sister and herself, gone down-town in the subway to her stenographic job, worked for eight hours, with half an hour for lunch; gone home again in the subway, cooked dinner for herself and her sister, fed the canary, put out the cat, and gone to bed.

For twenty-five years she had worn plain white shirtwaists with plain straight cuffs and plain soft collars, enlivened only by a narrow necktie of black. For twenty-five years she had worn low-heeled black shoes, round instead of pointed, and with plenty of room for the toes. And for twenty-five years she had turned in stenographic copy that was as accurate and neat as print.

This morning there was something Miss DeGraff didn't like. That should have been plain to Mr. Johns from the way she spoke to him when he came in, hung up his dilapidated derby, and rushed across the room to his private office, putting on his eyeglasses *en route*. But as she saw his narrow back in baggy gray tweed disappear within his doorway, Miss DeGraff realized that he hadn't noticed at all.

She glanced down at the manuscript that she had begun to copy. The chapter-title shouted at you in capitals. It told the world: "THE LOVE-LIFE: HOW TO LIVE IT."

Miss DeGraff's sturdy frame shuddered slightly as she turned the manuscript upside down. Her round, smooth face had flushed a salmon-pink. Loosening her collar, she rose, filled a glass with ice-water at the cooler, and poured it around the roots of the wizened geranium in the tiny red pot on the window-sill. The earth, parched by the heat of the radiator beneath, drank thirstily of the ice-cold draft. But the geranium remained dry and sallow.

The man at the store had told her that it was sure to bloom. But, altho she had kept it over the radiator, where it would be warm, and had fed it with ice-water when it seemed overheated, it had failed to grow at all. In fact it had begun to fade. The fuzzy smoothness of its pungent green leaves was gradually wrinkling and growing sallow. The plant had reached its maturity—without ever having bloomed—and was going the other way.

By the time the earth in the pot had gorged itself Miss DeGraff decided that Mr. Johns had finished opening his mail. She took off her paper-cuff protectors and cleaned her steel-rimmed spectacles. Her black hair, streaked slightly with gray, was drawn straight back from the moon of her face and involved in a species of knot at the rear of her head. She felt of it nervously. When you have been taking orders without question from a man for fifteen years, it is rather difficult to tell him that you won't. Miss DeGraff opened the door to Mr. Johns's private office.

Mr. Johns, pencil in hand, was revising manuscript in an attitude of hurried concentration. The black thread from his glasses was carried neatly over his large pale ear and brought down precisely around his tall white collar. His pale-yellow hair was brushed from his prominent forehead into the attitude of a pompadour vanquished by thinness. The tip of his tongue protruded raptly at the corner of his mouth.

"What is it, Miss DeGraff?" he inquired in a deep voice without looking up. Miss DeGraff swallowed.

"That chapter," she said.

"Anything you can't make out?" Mr. Johns bent nearer the page and wiggled his tongue.

"Can't write it."

"Can't read it, you mean."

"Write it."

Mr. Johns withdrew his tongue into his head, turned and stared at Miss DeGraff through the glasses that trembled on his saddle-nose. His face was pale and dish-shaped. His jaw protruded. His eyes were the color of dry geranium-leaves.

"Can't write it?" he inquired. "Why not?"

Miss DeGraff made what was for her a rather long speech.

"I don't think you ought to ask me to write it."

"Oh!" Mr. Johns closed his wide, pale mouth and looked out of the window. Miss DeGraff waited while he thought.

A few years earlier she wouldn't have dared to talk to him like this. Then he had been president of a mammoth jobbing corporation which had struck a favoring tide in the fluctuating business life that followed the War. Then he had been a person wonderful and fearful to behold. Wealth and efficiency incarnate. But, with an astounding suddenness, the business had failed. Their office-space shrank from forty rooms to two. Miss DeGraff stayed on alone to receive the abusive mail and tell people that the company was in the hands of a receiver and that no, she didn't know where they could find Mr. Johns.

When Mr. Johns began coming to the office again his face had grown hollow beneath the cheek-bones and baggy beneath the eyes. His voice had a funny flat sound. His yellow hair was thinner. He reminded Miss DeGraff of her geranium.

But presently a queer change took place. He came in one morning with some of his old rush, and gave her a manuscript to copy. It was the beginning of a book

And the book was called "How to Make the Most of Your Life."

There was something sort of pathetic about that. Miss DeGraff could see the situation as plain as day. The structure of existence had tumbled down upon Mr. Johns's shoulders and all but knocked him out. Now he was finding an escape. In order to protect himself, perhaps to keep from going mad, he was building up a perfect, if imaginary, world on the site of his broken dreams.

Miss DeGraff knew how he felt. Mr. Johns would have been surprized to learn it; but she did the same thing herself. Getting up in the morning, cooking breakfast, going down-town to work—day in and day out the same. But she had a life apart from that. Sitting next to some nice man in the subway going home, Miss DeGraff sometimes would imagine that she and the man were married. If he carried a bundle it was perhaps something pretty he had extravagantly bought for her. Mr. Johns would have been surprized to know of some of the silk things that Miss DeGraff imagined her husband was buying. The man beside her in the subway would perhaps have been astonished. But her round, smooth countenance never gave away her dreams.

"Let me see," said Mr. Johns, turning back from the window. "You have written the chapters on 'How to Revise Your Religion,' 'The Care of the Skin,' 'Your Stomach Your Friend'?"

Miss DeGraff had written these chapters. They had told her what Mr. Johns thought he should eat for breakfast, dinner, and supper. ("A single apple, well chewed, is all that you need for supper.") They told her how he cleaned his teeth. ("A gentle upward and downward motion, achieved by turning the forearm at the elbow.") How he bathed. ("Care should be taken to have the water not too hot and not too cold. First the entire surface of the skin should be covered with lather.")

Having no imagination himself, Mr. Johns left little to the imagination of others. His treatise was nothing if not specific. Miss DeGraff while writing had been conscious of a degree of intimacy which was hardly decent. She felt, moreover, that should she proceed to type the next chapter—"The Love-Life: How to Live It"—she could no longer consider herself a lady, could scarce believe longer in her maidenliness.

"I fail to see why you should object," Mr. Johns was saying. "All the chapter contains is——"

"Please!" Miss DeGraff raised a hand.

"Apparently you have already *read* the chapter," persisted Mr. Johns. "It's no worse to type than to read it."

The gold of Miss DeGraff's silence became tinged with pink. But her spectacled black eyes were unyielding.

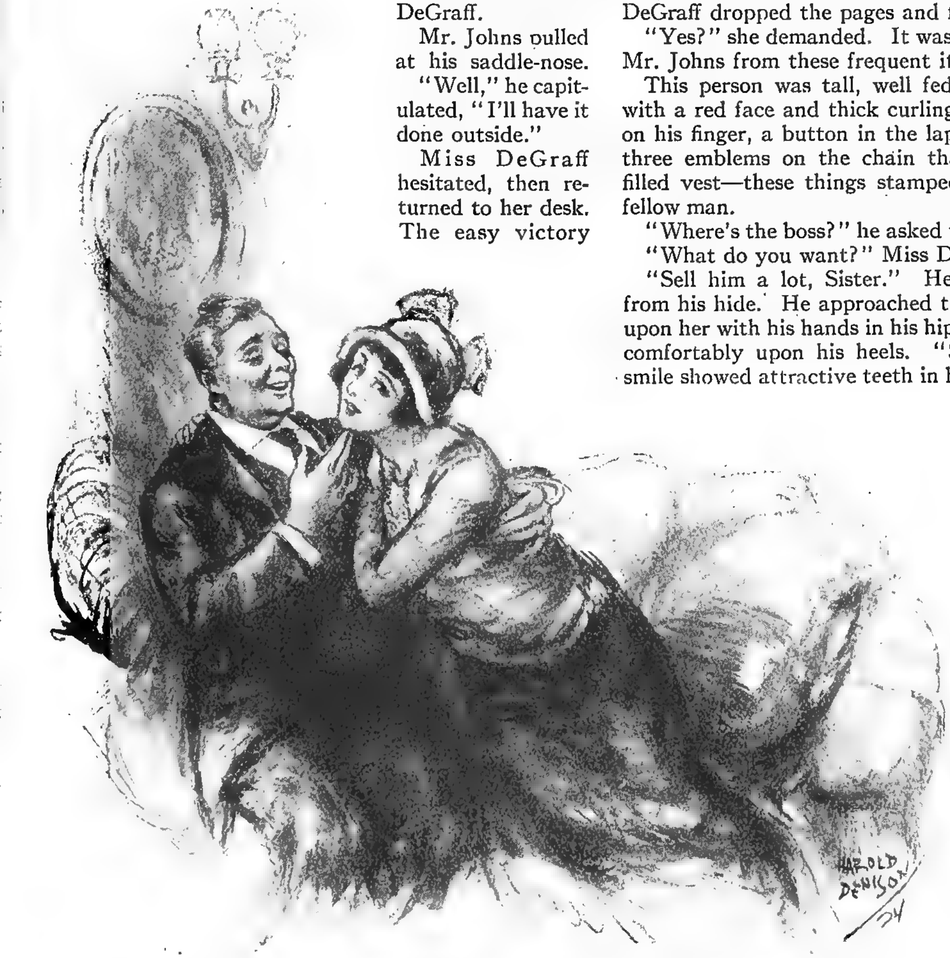
"It's a scientific work, Miss DeGraff. You can go ahead and write it just as if it were written by a doctor."

"But you are *not* a doctor," said Miss DeGraff.

Mr. Johns pulled at his saddle-nose.

"Well," he capitulated, "I'll have it done outside."

Miss DeGraff hesitated, then returned to her desk. The easy victory had made her uneasy. Furthermore, she had really read only the first two pages of this explosive chapter. She stood still for a moment, fingering her narrow black tie. Then she crossed the room and thrust her graying black head into Mr. Johns's office.



"'OH, MR. BOB!' SHE SAID, AND FELT A TEAR PLASH OVER. 'I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL MY FAULT. A WOMAN WHO BOBS HER HAIR AND WEARS SHOES LIKE THESE HAS GOT TO EXPECT IT.'"

"Are you going to be here this afternoon?" she asked.

"No."

"It's part of my job," Miss DeGraff conceded. "I'll write this chapter, but not while you're in the office." She closed the door quickly and retreated to her desk in a faint perspiration.

Presently Mr. Johns went out. Miss DeGraff thereupon rolled a sheet and carbon into her typewriter.

"*We will first consider women,*" she began to copy. "*To a woman, life and the love-life are one and the same. But there are thousands of women who, with unpardonable stupidity, fail to recognize this. They stand still, with empty hands, and let life go by them. We have shown, in earlier chapters, how the soul must depend for its health upon a healthy body. For proof as to the necessity of a normal love-life we need but point to the bloom on the cheek of a healthy wife or a mother.*"

Miss DeGraff loosened her collar, went over to the cooler, and drank two glasses of water.

"*Far better,*" the manuscript went on when she returned, "*that a woman live her own life, even if in defiance of all the conventions, than see life go past her, know her spirit to remain stunted and immature. . . .*"

For the first time in twenty-five years Miss DeGraff forgot to go out to lunch. In fact she was rereading the chapter when the door opened and a man came in. Miss DeGraff dropped the pages and flushed.

"Yes?" she demanded. It was part of her job to defend Mr. Johns from these frequent itinerant visitors.

This person was tall, well fed, and carelessly dressed, with a red face and thick curling white hair. A seal-ring on his finger, a button in the lapel of his blue-serge coat, three emblems on the chain that hung across his well-filled vest—these things stamped him as a friend of his fellow man.

"Where's the boss?" he asked with congenital affability.

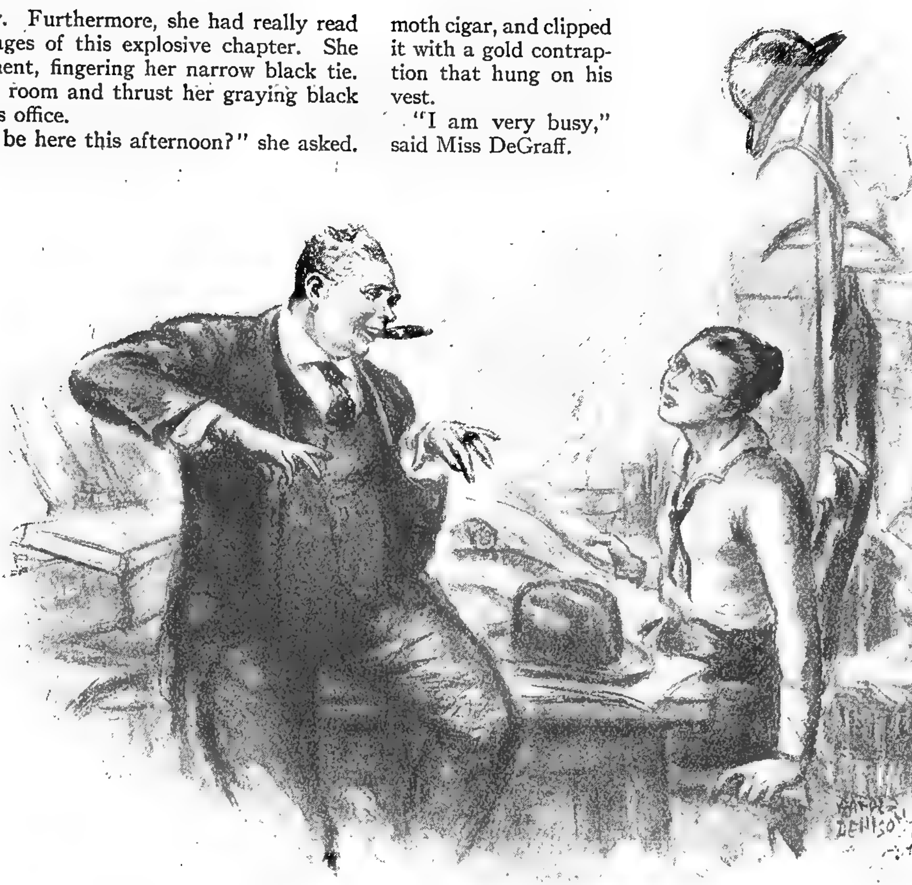
"What do you want?" Miss DeGraff repeated sharply.

"Sell him a lot, Sister." Her arrows had rebounded from his hide. He approached the desk and looked down upon her with his hands in his hip-pockets, straddling back comfortably upon his heels. "Sent me a postal." His smile showed attractive teeth in his red, clean-shaven face. His blue eyes were merry. The kind of man who tells jokes. The kind of man who assumes a friendliness between the sexes and who, for that reason, Miss DeGraff had always harried with a hate born, perhaps, of fear; born perhaps of an unknown regret for all the things in life that she had missed.

"A lot of what?" snapped Miss DeGraff. "You will have to state your business and get an appointment."

"Certainly, Sister." The large gentleman sat down on the edge of her desk, took out a mammoth cigar, and clipped it with a gold contraption that hung on his vest.

"I am very busy," said Miss DeGraff.



"'LISTEN, SISTER,' SAID MR. BOB BATTLE. 'I KIND OF LIKE YOU, IF YOU DO TREAT ME ROUGH. YOU REMIND ME—WELL, WE WON'T GO INTO THAT'"

"I see you are, Sister." He peered at the littered desk through the smoke and flame of his match. "Gee, that's a good slogan, all right! 'How to Make the Most of Your Life.' It would go mighty good—wait a minute." He mused with shut eyes and uplifted finger. "Live in Bob's Suburbia," he murmured, "and Make the Most of Your Life."

"Kindly state your business!" cried Miss DeGraff, rising and putting her hands protectingly on the pages. "Or leave this office at once!"

A hurt expression came over the gentleman's red face. He leaned forward, the cigar in a corner of his kindly mouth, and laid his large warm hand on both of hers.

"DON'T think that, Sister!" he begged with emotion. "Don't think Bob Battle would steal your stuff. Perhaps I'm no better than I ought to be. I'm a bachelor, a man of the world—I have my faults. But nobody ever accused Bob Battle of stealing their slogans. I don't have to!"

He lifted his hand from hers and dived into an inside pocket; came out with a handful of printed folders and maps.

"Sit down and lemme show you," he commanded impetuously. He rose and pushed a chair under her, so that she sat down with unintentional promptness. "See here," he explained, placing a chair beside her. "I got slogans of my own. '*You Can't Buy a Little in Bob's Suburbia—He Will Only Sell You a Lot.*' How's that? You see how it is, don't you? Here's the lots we have for sale. Over here, where those Xs are, is where the houses have already been built. And see that house? That's the Summer hotel. Cheapest rates within a hundred miles. Get the idea? People come there for a vacation. They like the air and view. And all around them are the lots of Bob's Suburbia. You see now, Sister—anybody who can think up a scheme like this don't have to steal *your* stuff."

He had a nice masculine smell of harsh soap and stale tobacco. Miss DeGraff looked down at her hands. She hadn't heard much of what he had said.

"Listen, Sister," said Mr. Bob Battle. "I kind of like you, if you do treat me rough. You remind me—well, we won't go into that. Why don't you come out to the hotel sometimes? I live out there, you know. I'll buy you the best dinner you ever sank a tooth in. I'm on the wagon—but maybe I can find *you* a bottle with golden bubbles." He hit her a terrific blow in the ribs with his elbow, and suddenly roared with laughter. "How 'bout it? Will you come?"

Miss DeGraff got up and went over to the window, where he couldn't see her face. She had read of such proposals, but this was the first time in her forty-two years that any man had said anything like this to her. Her heart had swollen in her chest, making it difficult to breathe; she could feel her pulse in her throat. Behind her Mr. Battle was getting to his feet.

"I'll leave a folder for the boss," he said. "It's a nice

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What Becomes of the Ziegfeld Follies Girls?

An Interesting Article by the Man Who Has Made the Follies a National Institution

BY
FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

Photo by Hill's Studio

MR. ZIEGFELD, MRS. ZIEGFELD (BILLIE BURKE), THEIR DAUGHTER PATRICIA, AND TWO OF HER ANIMAL FRIENDS AT THE ZIEGFELD COUNTRY HOME

When I look back upon my own youth and think of how much has happened to me in the last few years, I am carried away with the mystery and thrill of it myself.

I suppose that I was somewhat interested in the stage from the very first, but I took the natural boy's way of showing it by trying to run away with Buffalo Bill's circus. This was my first adventure into the amusement world, but it whetted my appetite.

The story of how I started out on a real career has been told before, but I think my readers will not mind my retelling it. The turning-point in my career was in 1893, when I went to Europe as a representative of the World's Fair in Chicago, for the purpose of bringing to America military bands from various countries in Europe. I brought over three bands comprising two hundred and sixty men, representing France, Germany, and England. I also brought over von Bülow of Hamburg, Germany, who had been engaged by my father, Dr. F. Ziegfeld, president of the Chicago Musical College, to appear in a series of concerts at the Trocadéro during the World's Fair.

Photo by Strauss Peyton

FANNIE BRICE HAS POWERS AS A COMÉDIENNE THAT ARE EXTRAORDINARY. SHE DEVELOPED INTO STELLAR RÔLES IN THE "FOLLIES"

When I arrived at Hoboken with my nearly three hundred musicians, they all played the national anthem. As I walked down the gangplank a telegram was handed to me saying that the First National Regiment Armory in Chicago, where I had intended to have my foreign musicians play, had burned down. For the moment I was almost bowled over. But I swiftly collected my wits and secured Battery D on Michigan Avenue, which was transformed into a concert hall where the von Bülow band played, together with several other high-class artists.

The first few months my band played at the Trocadéro during the fair were not very profitable. Abbey, Schoefel & Grau, then the foremost theatrical firm in America, were presenting a spectacular production at the Auditorium Theater, called "America." The group of gentlemen who had backed the Trocadéro project became discouraged. I was then manager of my father's musical college, which was known as the largest musical institution in America, having nearly seven thousand pupils. I got the idea that the Trocadéro could be made a paying venture if classical music could be eliminated and a more popular entertainment devised. I finally made a proposition to take over the place, which the board of directors of the Trocadéro Company, composed of the leading citizens of Chicago, accepted. I had previously devoted myself entirely to the musical institution, and had had no theatrical experience. I had $5,000 of borrowed money, and started for New York. I had assumed all contracts then existing with the musicians I had brought from Europe, and I went to New York to look for attractions.

I ran across Mr. Abbey, the head of the Abbey, Schoefel & Grau firm, which had imported Sandow, the strongest man alive, to play at the Casino Theater. I had seen Sandow in Europe when I took the trip to bring over the military bands.

In my conversation with Mr. Abbey in New York, I asked him if I could engage Sandow for Chicago. He consented, but asked for $1,050 a week. I knew he was paying Sandow $500 a week, but I was looking for what I considered a sensation to start off with in Chicago. I still had the $5,000, which I had intended to spend in advertising.

I finally agreed to take Sandow on a basis of ten per cent. of the gross. I figured wrong, tho, because I calculated on a fifty per cent. increase on what they had been doing at the Trocadéro during the classical music season. I went back to Chicago and spent my $5,000 advertising Sandow. The day the seat sale opened, upon arriving at the Trocadéro I found a line two blocks long waiting to buy tickets at the box-office.

Sandow arrived in Chicago. As my connection with the Chicago Musical College had frequently brought me in contact in a social way with Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. George M. Pullman, Mrs. Armour, and a great many other society people, I had a very brilliant audience at the opening. It was a tremendous success. After the performance I took the ladies back to see Sandow, who had the most wonderful physique of any man alive. Mrs. Pullman and Mrs. Palmer expressed a desire to know whether Mr. Sandow's muscles were really as strong as his feats on the stage led them to believe. I told the ladies they could find out for themselves, and Sandow allowed them to feel his muscles.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

GILDA GRAY, WHOSE EXOTIC DANCE CREATIONS WERE A FEATURE OF THE "FOLLIES" IN RECENT YEARS. SHE IS ONE OF ITS MOST NOTED GRADUATES

Photo by Raymor

INA CLARE IS A NOTABLE SUCCESS ON THE STAGE. SHE WAS LONG A "FOLLIES" STAR

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This created such a sensation that thereafter we issued invitations to one hundred persons nightly to visit Sandow's dressing-room.

The first week's receipts were $32,000, and Abbey, Schoefel & Grau, instead of getting $1,050 a week for Sandow, got more than $3,000. But, as my profits were big, I didn't complain.

I at once decided to give up the musical college management, and resigned as the manager of my father's institution. I went to California with Sandow at the end of his Chicago run at the closing of the World's Fair. He created the same sensation in every city that he visited, and I brought him right back to New York, where he had been a failure with Abbey, Schoefel & Grau, and he became a sensational hit.

That started me off on a career as a theatrical producer which culminated in the "Follies" series. Since then they have grown to endless proportions. Indeed, they have grown so rapidly that they have become a general symbol for popular entertainment. One disadvantage, however, has resulted from this growth, for scores of imitators now are using the name without permission, and I have been amused to find the word "Follies" attached to all kinds of places, from restaurants and dance-halls to tabloid acts in third-rate vaudeville circuits.

There have been many descriptions of the "Follies," but I think none fits them more accurately than "Life's Shop-Window," for as we try to present them with the glorified girls, the galaxy of stars, and marvelous scenic effects and costumes, we hold up to the world all the elaborateness and beauty that are to be associated with a shop-window of life.

This much is certainly true: that the scores of girls who have come to the "Follies" and have taken part in them have been bountifully repaid in titles, wealth, and fame. I really believe it is true that most of them would not have gained these rewards had they not joined the "Follies." For we have tried to make the "Follies" something more than mere entertainment. We have made them a source for self-development along artistic lines. We have stimulated the members of the cast, no matter how humble, to a greater endeavor, and we have insisted on such a high standard of music, training, and talent that it is impossible for any girl to remain in the organization who does not attain this standard.

As a producer I personally have taken a great deal of pride in the fact that the standards of the "Follies" have been so high, because, by nature and disposition, I always strive for the best and aim to make those around me strive similarly. When a girl comes to me for a position in my companies, I find that I can usually make a quick inventory of her ability—even her latent ability. This power is perhaps partly instinctive and partly the result of years of quick judging of strangers.

But when I once get the idea that one of my girls has ability, I am never satisfied until I have made her conscious of the fact so that she will do everything within her own power to develop herself. After all, that is what most of us need—a goad, either from without or from within, that makes us persevere, and finally gain the highest of which we are capable.

Photo by Russell Ball

MARION DAVIES STARTED IN A HUMBLE POSITION IN MR. ZIEGFELD'S COMPANY, AND IS NOW A STAR IN SOME OF OUR MOST FAMOUS MOTION-PICTURES

The amusement world is always influenced by the element of chance, and yet I feel that here, as in every other line of activity, the deserving one gets his full reward. I have been particularly proud, for instance, of the fact that I have been able to lift some of my obscure chorus girls to the highest point of fame. Such, for example, was the case of Mary Eaton. She came to me after a very brief experience as a child actress and in stock, and entered the ranks of the "Follies" almost unknown. But she had already been expertly trained as a dancer, and when I gave her a special opportunity she acquitted herself with such extraordinary ability that further success was inevitable.

I immediately outlined a course of study for her, and she applied herself diligently, studying singing, dancing, voice, literature, art, diction, and languages. She then went from one position to another in my company until she became the principal feature dancer and one of the "Follies" stars. Then, finding how persistent she was and how real her ability, I decided to take her one step further, and I made her the feature supporting artist with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots."

Similarly I have had girls like Evelyn Law and Martha Lorber, who have considered themselves feature dancers; but I have given them the opportunity to play in sketches, recite lines, and even sing, with the idea of showing them that there is no limit to the possibilities for the worker.

MAE MURRAY HAS RISEN TO FAME AS A MOTION-PICTURE STAR

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY EATON, ONCE IN THE "FOLLIES" CHORUS, IS NOW A MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR, STILL UNDER MR. ZIEGFELD'S MANAGEMENT

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

NITA NALDI, A DISTINCT PERSONALITY ON THE SCREEN, WAS GRADUATED FROM THE "FOLLIES" CHORUS

I feel that from time to time I shall undoubtedly be discovering more talent, and that, through the Ziegfeld principle of constant study, the amusement world will be made richer by the appearance of new talent. I have often been asked where the Ziegfeld girls come from. My answer is—from all over the country. There seems to be no particular district or town upon which I can depend, just as there seems to be no one nationality or blend of nationalties that produces beauty. All nations, and all parts of the country, have the beauty potentialities.

I found one of my prettiest girls at the cigaret-counter in a New York hotel. Another was running an elevator in a Milwaukee business-building. These two I happened upon just by chance. But most of the "Follies" girls apply here at the theater, and register. There were seventeen thousand candidates tried out here last season. Of these I took one hundred. This was a rather large percentage. As a rule, only one in a thousand is taken on.

No one class or profession produces the beauties, either. The girls in the "Follies" have recently filled out questionnaires. From their replies I find that the fathers of "Follies" girls are machinists, artists, wagon-builders, real-estate operators, accountants, superintendents of penitentiaries, merchants, athletes, electricians, building-contractors, tugboat captains, printers, bankers, traveling salesmen, musicians, exporters, and architects.

One girl's father is a clergyman; another's is a surgeon; and still another's is a college professor. A very large proportion of the

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Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE IS ANOTHER "FOLLIES" BEAUTY WHO HAS BEEN IN PICTURES AND ON THE STAGE

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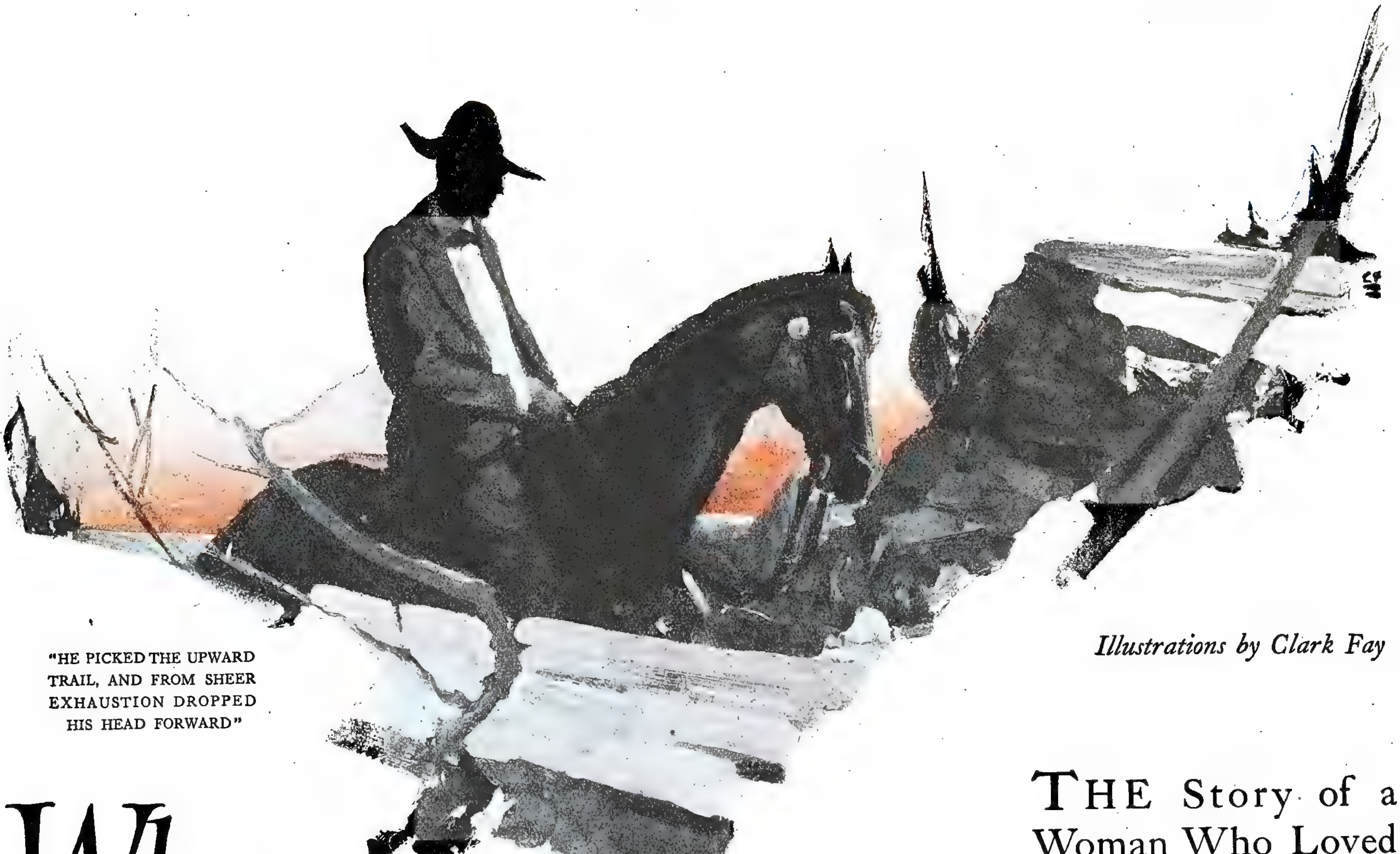

"HE PICKED THE UPWARD TRAIL, AND FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION DROPPED HIS HEAD FORWARD"

Illustrations by Clark Fay

Who Follows—?

THE Story of a Woman Who Loved in Primitive Fashion and Did Not Count the Cost

BY MARIE VAN VORST

DOD PURDY'S daughter was the pride of Orchard, with a face as sweet as a confectioner's cake in the window, frosty cheeks, and eyes like plums. A man might have warmed his hands and heart at her bright hair, but she combed it straight back and parted a thin highroad down through the glow, smoothing it fiercely on either side of her face, twisting it into a braid around her ears, strangling it in at the neck to smother the flames. When she saw her frosty fairness in the glass, the cold line of her nose, the vermeil of her mouth she decided it did not matter anyhow how she wore her hair.

The store in Orchard was not good enough for the minister's daughter, who bought according to the advice in the columns of the *Fashion Journal* from Richmond, and created out of the parsonage a "snappy little maisonnette," according to the *Journal's* advice.

Since his wife and three children had gone through the Pearly Gates with the help of tuberculosis, the Reverend Theodore Purdy concentrated his interest in the present life and his hopes of paradise in Miranda. He was Orchard-bred, understood his townspeople, and gave them, hot from the pulpit, as much as they would stand from a native.

In the red-covered pew with its pastry-like woodwork, a row of Bibles and hymn-books before her, Miranda had attended her father's services from the time she was big enough to sit up in a pew. The congregation regarded her as the best-educated and most expensive young lady in Orchard, and she was a brilliant outsider to them, altho she was the minister's daughter.

The parson "depicted" heaven for his flock through Miranda; avoided hell in order not to disillusion Miranda with God's goodness; promised happiness to the people through Miranda in order that her visions should be bright. They sang hymns she loved, and Purdy prayed softly and mellifluously so that Miranda should be soothed by prayer. He outspread the benediction over her head, dispensing the "grace of God" to Orchard through Miranda.

Miranda wanted to be married. To this human and healthy end she dressed, moved, dreamed, and had her being. She could order her suits from Richmond, but she could not order a man for herself. Being a parson's daughter, she was a thing set apart. It would have been better, perhaps, had she been the butcher's daughter and married a farmer.

Weepy and effusive, very cordial to the bride, and shy under the happy hand-clasp of the bridegroom, she celebrated all the weddings, watching the little brides go down the aisle, and quivering with understanding, but with much feeling to their joy.

Of Orchard's five hundred souls there were married souls, baby souls, decrepit souls, and few eligible young men, but she looked keenly at the men from the logging-camp as they swung in, leaning on the counter of the store.

Whilst she waited for the marriage-boat to sail up to the port of Orchard, she kept house for her father brightly, effusively, mixed up *Journal* recipes, and dreamed of [illegible]es as she wiped the dough from her fingers—cleanly, [illegible] breasted, slender-hipped, a thin, bright figure with the fire hot in her cheeks. Mauve and scarlet lights shone on her tightly plastered hair, and only when unbinding it at night did she unprison the flames. In the daytime the sun shone on it like the sun of the pavement.

One evening after a prayer-meeting, Purdy called her to bring in ice-water.

Miranda had been "trying on." When she had nothing to do in the house she "tried on" up-stairs an old dress, a new dress. This, the last creak and dazzle and whisper from the Richmond department store, showed her in low neck and elbow sleeves. Gently undulating from the waist over the hips and back, meeting the silk of her stocking above the ankle, it flowed round her in apricot lusciousness, paler than the tones in her hair. She carried in the ice-water pitcher and a glass to her father's study.

"Two glasses, Daughter!"

On the other side of the table from her father a young man sat staring down at his hands.

"Swell and cute!" Black eyebrows, "like as if he was in mourning for something"; his eyes the same, his hair blacker. "Swell and cute!" Miranda decided as she set the tray down before her father.

Talking passionately, his thin hands clicking and unclicking, clasping fingers fumbling over fingers, the man leaned his angular length across the study-table. Miranda was accustomed to hear her father do the talking, but this stranger sent fearlessly ardent words, like live things, from between his lips.

MIRANDA wound her hands in the girdle of the apricot dress, pulled it down with the cruxes of her thumbs midway till the gauzy stuff molded along her. She might have been a statue draped by a film—the round bust, the undefined abdomen, the light, delicately molded hips, the striking whiteness of her skin against the apricot, the clear carmine of her mouth, the plum-like eyes, and the flat, tied-down, hardly-defined lines of that colorful, suggestive hair around her face.

The man looked up as if his head turned with a snap, so sharp was his gesture. Miranda was drinking him in with growing curiosity.

"Shall I go get a slice sponge-cake, Father?"

The parson, swimming in the excitement of listening to Jim Beale, the labor agitator who had put Empire on fire, shut mills and opened mills at his will, said irritatedly:

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"Ne' mind, Miranda! Nobody's eatin' now!" And the man swerved his eyes back like the light of a signal-flash.

Miranda went out, but not farther than the door. There she knelt down, put her ear against the keyhole and hugged it, listening. Through the door she smelled something never smelled in the parsonage before—a *cigaret!*

"Swell," she thought to herself, "cute and swell. Nobody in Orchard's ever smoked in father's study!"

She heard the words "capital and labor," "scale of wages," "overtime," and over and over again, like something alive, the words "human flesh, human cattle," and then from lips other than her father's, where the word usually sat enthroned, "*God*, God, God's *creatures!*" The voice held her spellbound.

She sprang like a rabbit when chairs scraped and almost fell over on her face, catching her dress and crashing tremblingly into the kitchen. Seizing up the fresh-baked sponge-cake and a knife, she ran back with the cake in her hands.

The study-door opened. Her father and Beale, talking and gesticulating, came out together. They could not pass her as she stood there with the cake, holding it up to the stranger on her hands, like Isis offering a libation.

"Fresh baked!" Her face crinkled, broke, and melted into her first smile of womanly groping and seeking.

Jim Beale took the piece in his hand, his thin face lighted already by one flame, darkened now with another.

"Ain't you the kind kid! Thank you! This *is* a little bit of all right!"

He put the cake in his mouth quickly as if to show how good he found it, swallowed hastily, jammed his hand on the parson's arm, and went out with him.

Jim Beale sat tensely forward in the corner of the stiff pew listening to Dod Purdy's sermon. Miranda gave him the hymn-book, hymn found, turning the pages swiftly with her gloved fingers. She slid up nearer to him, sharing the book as the organ broke in on them and the country choir rose. They stood side by side.

> The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain;
> His blood-red banner streams afar—
> Who follows in His train?

They gripped the hymn-book as tho it were a little raft on which they swam through music together, and he relaxed under her melodious singing.

The congregation did not know quite what to make out of the Reverend Purdy's sermon that Sunday morning. He did not intend it for them. He was preaching to one individual, "giving it" to Jim Beale, the trouble-maker, who was trying to lead his brothers where capital and law and order did not want them to go; but toward the end of the sermon the minister's voice softened as he saw Miranda, and he blessed the assembled flock through his daughter.

"The love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

Beale, in a corner of the pew, was splendid to Miranda. His high collar, his clean, store-tied tie, bright stockings, boots of the newest advertisement type made him seem to her like a transcendent but substantial picture out of the *Journal's* men's clothes column. She fastened her warm young approval, her groping, seeking, normal young approval upon him, upon his strangely black eyebrows, his bright, star-like eyes (blue and gray mixed together), his sleek, thick black hair.

On the way home she chattered and tittered and clucked at him brightly, gaily, as her dishes clattered when she washed them. She asked him a thousand questions to which he replied vaguely. He was trying to remember Dod Purdy's sermon, to find out what the minister meant in it. He wanted to find out what *was* the difference between God's love for His creatures and any real love for any creature. The son of God—the Son of God! Vital things!

Miranda flittered and fluttered, clittered and cluttered, clicked and clacked of dresses, styles, shoes, stockings, recipes, movies, until he finally looked down at her amiably as a big dog might at a flippant lap-dog nipping his hind legs. But, glancing down at her, he saw the full-blown beauty of her.

They passed the store. The people on the porches looked at Miranda and Beale walking along together after church and reckoned that the minister must have got "a holt of Jim Beale."

Miranda ended her monolog at the door of the rectory:

"You-all go into the parlor. I got to dish up dinner."

She thrilled as she dished it up for the first young man who had ever eaten inside their doors. Flapping in and out through the swinging doors, pushing them with her elbow, fetching in the dishes, and clearing the plates, she felt as tho she were serving at a triumphal feast.

Beale pleased even the commonplace mind of Purdy. He told jokes, and Miranda laughed between the swing-doors and the kitchen, holding hot biscuits in her hand. She stopped to laugh at his jokes, and thought, "*Now* he *will* look at me?" And Beale did.

The minister and his guest sat on the porch until four

"YEARNING OVER HER, HE KNELT DOWN AND CALLED HER NAME SO SOFTLY THAT WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES SHE HEARD ONLY THE RUSHING WATER"

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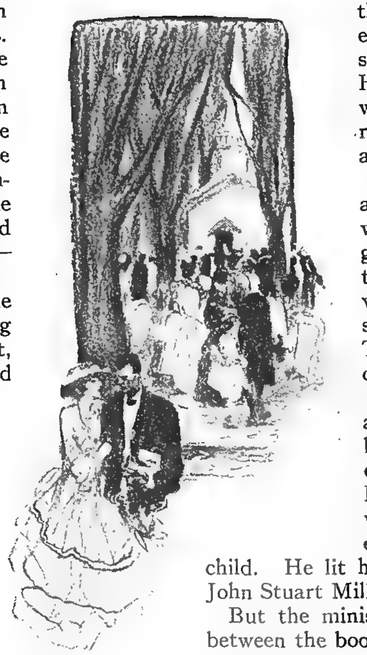
o'clock service. Orchard saw it through the bushes. An awful distinction surrounded the minister's porch that day where the labor leader rocked and talked and smoked.

When she had washed her dishes, hurrying and crashing and smashing the work through, she put on her best dress, sat on the steps of the porch below them, leaning against the pillar, and stared at Jim Beale. He was grand, just grand. Her thoughts gathered around his sleek, dark head in jumbled forms that soared with his words. They pulsated and took form in vague shapes. Courtship—wedding—church crowded with Orchard folks—father in his black clothes and clean tie in the pulpit—Beale and herself—Mr. Beale and Miranda Purdy—arm in arm coming down the aisle—Mr. and Mrs. Beale—she in a white dress and veil and flowers—upstairs, her room changed—changed.



She carried these thoughts back to the kitchen and let the dish she was holding fall with a crash. As it broke at her feet, the door swung in. Beale stood there, red under his pallor, from his argument with the minister.

The Reverend Purdy had gone over to service, and Beale had come in to see what the crash meant. There he stood, a visitor from another town, invited by the parish of Orchard in order that the minister should persuade him to give up violent methods—there he stood smiling down at the minister's daughter.

"Say! I certainly thought the house was coming down and that it was judgment day!"

Miranda, looking up at him, saw her husband.

"Who follows——?"

Miranda Purdy followed him wherever he went, up and down, up and down!

The next day he rode from Empire to Rusthollow, rode and climbed.

They had put him (to be maimed or to come out whole, as his chance should be) into the mills at six years of age. His mother had died tubercular, spinning. His father had died tubercular, spinning. Beale spun till he was twenty, always thinking about the hands in the mills. He went to a night-school at Empire on the trolley, stole a ride to Washington, and saw a prominent labor leader. He stepped out of the mills and into the labor organization.

Miranda followed him up the stiff, gay climb from Empire to Rusthollow. He had taken a foal in payment of a loan, and the mare grew from a filly into a soft-nosed perfection under his hand. He kept her at the sawmill, where the folks looked after her for him, and he heard her soft whinny from the lean-to.

Beale rode her through red and yellow sumac up the trail. The torches of the leaves burned their brightness on either side for him. He was glad to leave the mills and rest from the agitation he had roused. Up there he mused and suffered with all the agony of the fanatic and steeped in the passionate horrors of unaccompanied natures.

MIRANDA PURDY had hardly left his thoughts since they had picked up the broken china together. She had absorbed him since she chittered and chattered at him, giggled at him with her maddening little giggle, confidential and hopeful, as, sitting on the table, feet swinging, she had continued her astounding monolog of nothing for an hour.

Beale's need for women had been sublimated into a passion for his kind. He was striking for his dreary, calico-gowned, opium-smoking sisters. Disciple and apostle, he had never before been a lover, and he had never been so close to a girl caparisoned for the fray. The texture of Miranda's apricot-silk dress clung to her flesh. The languid clasp of her hand had startled him. When they had both stooped at once to pick up a piece of the broken dish, hands, arms, heads touched. Now Miranda, holding a bit of the broken dish, seemed to follow him everywhere he went. She parted the flames of the sumac-bushes and chattered to him with the birds.

Not a soul in Empire or Orchard knew just where the fanatic had his roost. His bay mare climbed up toward it in the wine-like effervescence of the upper airs. The warfare into which this son of God had gone was the warfare between the mill-hands and the bosses. Beale had been the very first man to move discontent in the spinners and weavers of the Empire section. He had spent many nights in the county jail. His first attempt at a strike was strangled by the State Militia, and he was now at large on good behavior.

Beale had a one-room cabin on a ledge over the Rusthollow cataract. Down below they said he lived somewhere with a woman, and many of them thought he lived in Richmond. Only the Falloners, whose warm friend he was, knew where he hung out. He fed from their vegetable garden, slept on a mattress wrapped in an army blanket, and the Falloners and the Frosts had a holy awe of him. They were his only neighbors, and they did not think him a lunatic nor a hermit. He was their son of God. He went down to Empire to meet the mists: "Jim's gone down to do sutthin' for the hands!"

He rubbed his horse down, foddered her, and left her with her nose on the ledge of the opening of her rude stable. Her soft eyes followed him as he went into his rude shack, but Miranda Purdy followed too. He had never come into his place with a woman or the thought of a woman. Miranda was Beale's fate, and she came along too.

He pushed in brutally to his shack with a wakening irritability and distress. The window opened on the cataract side and gave entrance to the mountain's voice, to the wet, sonorous, demanding, impersonal voice of the cataract. The magic of the sound was blown in on the stainless air. The music was shot through with the dew of the waters.

He had eaten supper with the Falloners, and the children's dirty little hands had been all over his face and the children had climbed all over him. Beale had organized Empire and the strikers well. Every hand within a radius of twenty miles would be out on Saturday—every woman—every child. He lit his lamp, sheltering it, and tried to read John Stuart Mill.

But the minister's daughter held the red hymn-book between the book and the lamp, her thumb in its brown-kid glove across the page. Miranda sang, breathing against his ear, "Who follows—?" *She* followed! He slammed his book; walked his cabin floor—to and fro—to and fro.

"TO MARKET, to market, to buy a red hen."

She went to market and for eggs bought potatoes; went to market, and for potatoes bought apples. She broke more china in the next fortnight than in a year; answered questions upside down; started to dress, and sat, one stocking off and one stocking on—diddle, diddle, dumpling!—a beautiful cataleptic in a trance. Before her Jim Beale's pale face hung like a saint's pictured face in mid-air. She would have been glad to lift it up by the black hair like Salome, and kiss it on the mouth.

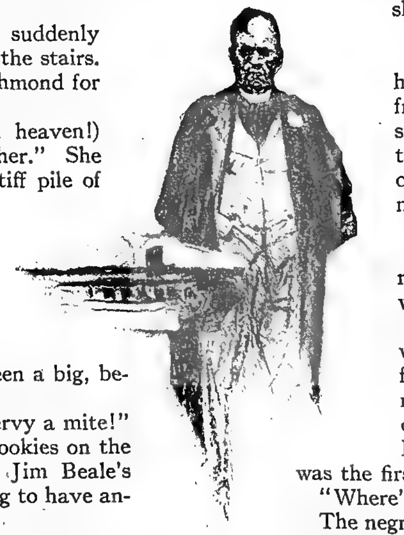
Her father preached *at* Jim Beale, and the Orchard folks understood what he meant. The minister's daughter was no longer the upright, jaunty, feather-and-plume, kid-and-furbelowed thing of ribbon and gewgaws. She bent her head in the pew; she confused the hymns; the book was upside down; her voice remained suffocated in her thorax. She heard Jim Beale preached against. Her little brain began to open as tho a divine broom had swept the cluttering furbelows into a corner and cleared the room, swept and garnished the soul-room of Miranda for whom would enter.

One day the Reverend Purdy, suddenly conscious of her, stopped her on the stairs.

"I reckon I'll send you to Richmond for a spell, 'Randa!"

(Richmond! Miranda's usual heaven!)

"I don't want no change, Father." She halted, carrying on her arm a stiff pile of his shirts, ghost-like, starched deformities.



Purdy said slowly, "You forget so many things; break so many things. I reckon you're a'mighty jumpy." The light from the lamp shone on the sole survivor of what had been a big, beloved family.

"I ain't tired a mite—ain't nervy a mite!"

"Set a dish of lemonade an' cookies on the parlor-table, 'Randa, anyhow. Jim Beale's coming back after prayer-meeting to have another talk."

She leaned against the wall of the staircase, the shirts in her arms. The anathemas hurled at him on the Sunday before had consigned him to the infernal regions.

"Jim Beale's a mighty interesting young man. He's a power! Under God," he said with slow satisfaction. "I believe I've got a hold of him, 'Randa!"

"Yes, Father?"

"I reckon he'll be wax in my hands"—Purdy passed one of them across his self-contented lips—"and if he comes out like I think he will, I reckon he'll go into the ministry." Purdy put his hat on; he was starting for church. "If he does, I shouldn't have no objection if he an' you saw it that way!"

Purdy came to a hurdle and then stopped and turned aside, to return later and hover near it. His controlled face broke into a smile.

When the door closed behind her father she sat down on the stairs. She could not go on; her heart-beating was like the loud ticking of a clock. The prayer-meeting bell banged and boomed into silence. From the window she saw the lighted vestry. Would Jim Beale lead in prayer?

"*If she and him thought like that!*" father would not be against it! Somehow, the pictured face of Jim Beale as a minister did not get into the frame. Instead, the labor leader's black eyes and black hair and bright mouth hung in mid-air, a saint's face—she had seen saints' faces on cards. What if her father should *not* get "a hold of him"?

She carried the shirts into the best room, and put them on the bed to look them over next day, and went to make the lemonade.

WATER off a duck's back, marbles down a greased alley, so the religious influence slipped off Jim Beale. Excelsior, Granton, Captown, Burmah Mills, like straw bundles along his way, with each a fuse under it. In his lodging-house parlor his landlady tilted in a rocking-chair. "Maw's girl," who had "fever an' agy," played on the organ.

Beale must have touched a thousand hands during the week, slipping his own thin, magnetic hand into theirs, passing his magnetism like coin. The sticky moonlight outside was hot, yellow, humid heat shifting in. Five thousand hands out on Saturday following Excelsior, Granton, Captown, Burmah Mills! Beale looked down at his hands, stained by cigaret-smoke and by old toil, the third finger on the left off at ten years old, in a spinning-frame. Opposite him, the lodging-house keeper rocked in the other rocker, her slimpy, pallid wrapper, washed out of all color into no color, dangling around her legs. Two dark grooves of snuff-tracks drained down either side her mouth. She was dipping.

"Say, Jim!" she switched the dope-stick from one end of her mouth to the other, "say, Bub! Yo'-all sutin'ly ain't neveh goin' t' call no strike hyar this month?"

The girl playing on the organ picked out "pretty music" from a prospectus that the organ man had left.

"Handle her light, Hannah—I ain't paid off the first instalment yet."

Her son, smoke-gray, hair, eyes, skin, clothes all one color; young, aged, a thousand years old; in the mills since six years old—spinning-frames, spool-room, weave-room—cotton clung to his hair, to his clothes. He spat some of the dark drool from his dope-stick on the floor.

"Say, Bub! Jim Beale ain' neveh goin' t' call no strike?" his mother asked him, whining.

Who follows—? Who follows——?

The girl picked out the notes, squeaking the treble away up, leaving her bass suddenly.

Beale and the boy looked through each other, into each other, met and understood. The boy's gray, colorless eyes grew darker in the black velvet richness of the other man. The two brothers fused and infused.

"Yo' betcher, Maw! We're all out on Saturday!"

She cried out, "An' I jest gotta bo'ding-house full. Three outer six paid some money! Overtime shif's running ev'ry night. Heavens!"

Who follows in His train?

The thin music made Jim's heart cloggy and heavy. It thumped against him, and the blood from his loins rushed up into his face. He smelled Miranda's scented soap, advertised in the *Journal* with a girl holding violets, three cakes for a dollar. She had written to Richmond for it.

Who follows—?

Beale stretched his arms out wide in the room, cutting the humid moonlight like a bat with outstretched wings.

In the next room two boards sagged on wooden horses, the tin plates and knives and forks running down the line on either side. A negro boy was putting big enamel soup-plates down the middle with the hands' supper. Beale sat down before one of the plates. He was the first man at the sagging table.

"Where's others, Bill?"

The negro said hoarsely, "They're out seein' th' nigger chase—whole street's gone after Runsey's coon."

"Maw" sidled in and took her place at the end of the board, and the girl from the organ sat down at the other. Mother and daughter—two queens at a feast! Rancid fish swimming in grease, salt pork, sassafras tea—bugs, mosquitoes cluttered the oil-lamp over the table so the light was dimmed.

The boy was the last to come in. He stood over the food.

"I seen that cold, greasy, swollen hell-hound of Boscombe," he said, "goin' round with the new gyurl from the Grant'n Mills. He ast me was yo' to our house, Jim!"

Jim Beale pulled a piece of corn bread off the platter and stuffed it in his mouth and mumbled, "I guess he smelled the strike!"

Beale washed his supper down with sassafras tea, wiped

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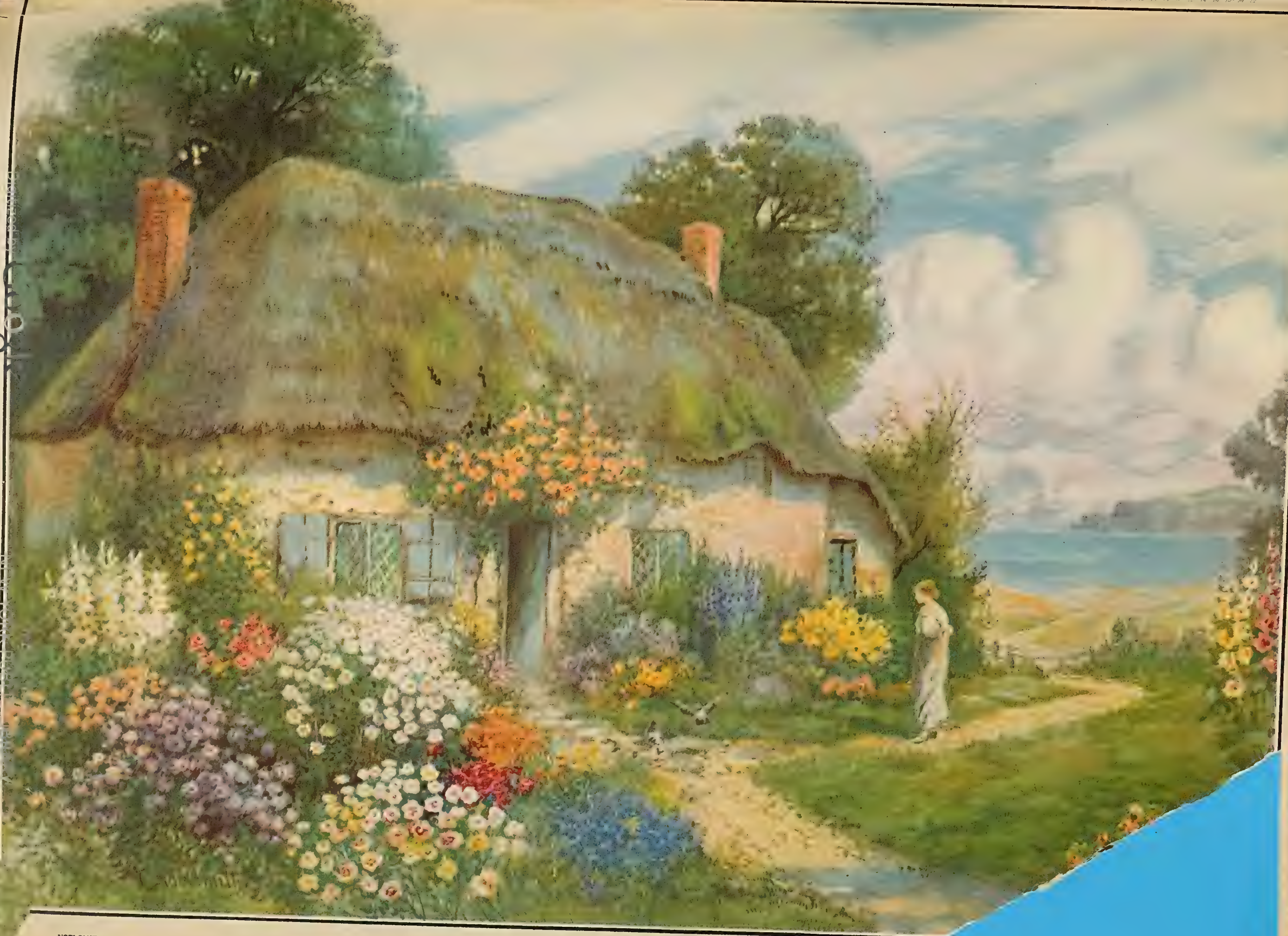
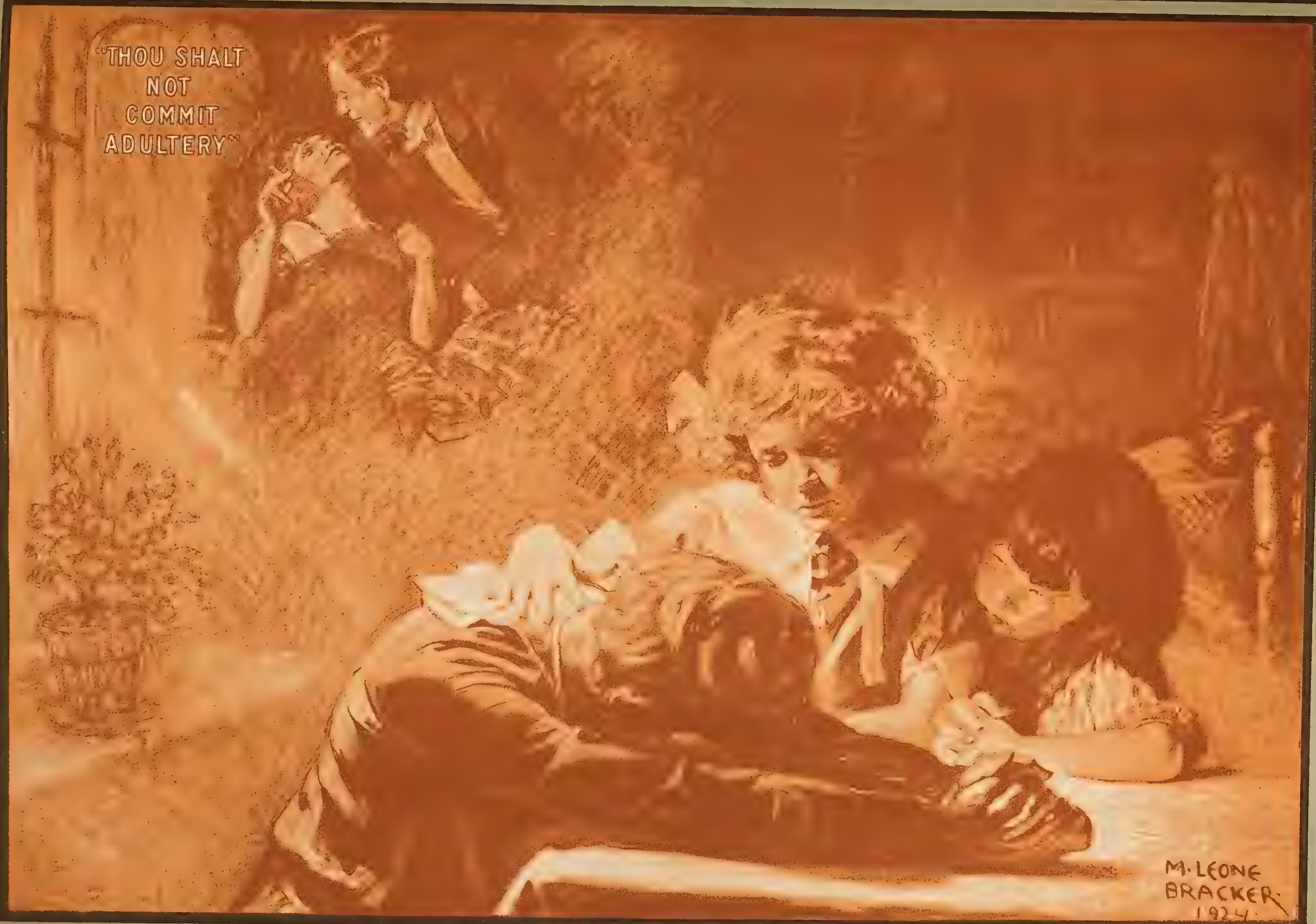


NOELSMITH

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA


"THOU SHALT
NOT
COMMIT
ADULTERY"
M·LEONE
BRACKER
1924

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery"
SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

e Won't Be Afraid to Marry Then

What Do You Think of the Ideals Held Out in This Article for the Younger Set Ten Years Hence? ¶If It Be Easy to Get a Divorce Is It Going to Work Out for Good or Ill in Society at Large? ¶Does It Seem Likely to You That "If There Is a Dignified Exit Out of Marriage More Will Dare Enter It"?

By Bessie Beatty

JANE is a potential member of the younger generation of 1935.

At the moment she is eight. In the year 1935 she will be eighteen.

I like to speculate what Jane at eighteen will think about things. Marriage, for instance. Divorce, heredity, astrology, and lip-stick. Eugenics. All those questions that have to do with the manners, morals, ethics, superstitions, and ideals that have occupied the thought and marked the conduct of men and women down the ages.

Watching Jane's thoughts as they come tripping off the end of her wise little tongue, I seem to get odd glimpses of a strangely different to-morrow.

The other night at dinner (Jane has just reached the dignity of a seat at table) mention was made of some family cousins now dead.

"They celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary," my sister remarked.

"Think of it!" I said. "Fifty years together, and they loathed each other all of the time!"

Jane looked up from her plate, and the pucker that always comes between her two clear gray eyes whenever she is confronted with another of the, to her, irreconcilable facts of life, was deeper than I have ever remembered it.

"But why did they go on living together if they didn't love each other?" she asked with astonishment. "Why didn't they get a divorce if they weren't happy?"

It was our turn to be astonished. Jane still believes in fairies. Her reading is all chosen for her. The few motion-pictures she sees are viewed in advance with the eyes of family censorship. Curiously enough, I can't recall, strange as it may seem, that there has been in the immediate circle impinging on Jane's home a single divorce.

Where did she get such an idea?

Somewhere along the journey through her eight little years she has gathered the notion:

That people marry because they love each other.

That they stay married because they keep on loving each other.

Last, that they get a divorce when they have ceased to love and come to loathe each other.

But how to answer her question about Cousin Louisa and Cousin John, "Why didn't they get a divorce?"

Why, indeed? I couldn't say to Jane, "It wasn't done in those days." To the reasonable mind of a child that would seem an utterly unreasonable reason. She would merely counter with another reasonable question:

"Why wasn't it done?"

And I could only have replied, "I don't know, dear."

Instead I said, "Perhaps they stayed together for the sake of the children."

"But they could have seen each other just the same, couldn't they? If their mother and father didn't love each other——?"

Now, what are you to do with a child like that? And she is significant, not so much in herself, but because she is a specimen of that rising young army which will be ready to take over the world in 1935—ten short years ahead.

I thought of Cousin Louisa's household as it was described to me, and tried to picture Jane, tender, sensitive, intelligent little Jane, a daughter of the family.

To begin with, it was a big, heavy, morose house. The sort of house that more than any other needs love and laughter to keep it alive. Inhabited by Cousin Louisa and Cousin John and tneir hatred of each other, it became a sullen, defiant house, daring any one to be happy within its precincts.

Cousin John seldom recognized his own children as such. When he was displeased, and displeasure was habitual with him, he began his sentences with, "Your son, Madam—" or "Your daughter——"

There were no violent scenes. Cousin John and Cousin Louisa were too well bred for that. Instead there were cruel, withering sarcasms alternating with long periods of frozen silence which the family dared not break and dared not keep.

The two had neither a taste nor an opinion in common. As one withered and shriveled the other grew more and more bitter and cold. A tenacious yellow leaf clinging to the family-tree long past the Autumn of release and a biting Winter wind bent on its destruction.

But they stayed together, and the children grew bitter and shriveled and timid and cold, with them, each after the manner of his own individual reaction to environment.

Cousin John made Cousin Louisa break up her eldest daughter's first love-affair, and she never had another. The eldest son and the second daughter (in her picture as a child she has something of Jane's sensitive, questing look about the eyes and mouth) had seen enough of marriage. They wanted none of it and they never had it. The girl, fearing, distrusting, disliking her father for what he did to her mother, transferred her feeling to men in general. Only the youngest survived. She ran away from home at seventeen and married "very badly." Her father never spoke to her again, but she escaped a living death and burial in that perpendicular coffin of brownstone which was her home.

But there were no scandals in that family. No divorces. They preserved their respectability intact to the end. Cousin John and Cousin Louisa both died after the celebration of their golden jubilee, in the belief that they had sacrificed themselves for their children.

Jane's suggestion would have shocked and horrified them. I doubt whether they had the slightest idea how, through their own maladjusted and unhappy relationship, they warped, twisted, spoiled, destroyed, the human material they were responsible for bringing into the world.

Cousin Louisa's generation knew endurance and fortitude to be virtues, and doubtless they are; but I have an idea Jane's generation will find happiness a virtue too.

It is reasonably certain that if Jane's mother and father were free to-morrow, they would promptly marry each other again. Fortunately for every one concerned, they do not need a divorce. Otherwise I have no doubt Jane would lead them down to the Court of Domestic Relations and see that they got it.

I can conceive of Jane being fairly happy for six months of the year with a reasonably peaceful and happy father. I can picture her spending six fairly happy months with a reasonable, peaceful, and happy mother. I can not imagine her spending the whole or even a brief part of her little girlhood in a home where hatred has taken the place of love, without its doing ghastly, devastating things to her personality.

I don't think Jane to-day would thank her parents for enduring each other in an atmosphere of hatred for her sake or any other reason.

To begin with, she would know. Most children do. She might say nothing aloud about it, but her sensitive, subtle mind would be steadily absorbing impressions. Impressions to be stored away. Impressions to be turned over in the quiet of the night when grown-ups are asleep. Or crowded down into the depths of her unconsciousness to creep out again in later life and perhaps blight her own chances for a happy marriage.

Memories of tears. Words. Silences. Not tangible sorrows to be shared together; sickness, poverty perhaps, death even. Endured together in love, these may put forth the finest bloom of a lifetime's planting. But vague shadows of trouble, unnamed and unnameable. More real than death itself, and as completely mysterious. Ghosts to haunt the peace of a child and sometimes to destroy it irreparably.

Or suppose Jane's parents were of another sort. Suppose their failure expressed itself in ugly quarrels, escape into the semioblivion of drunkenness, or even in violence of one sort or another.

Thousands of the Janes of to-day are forming their impressions of marriage in just such homes as these. Would it be surprizing if they in 1935, having been the victims of homes kept together for their sakes, should reverse the order of affairs and declare for "divorce for the sake of the children"?

Greater changes in social opinion have come about in a lesser time.

It is not many years since Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the first woman in New York society to ask for a divorce, faced social ostracism for her act. Mrs. Belmont told me that the first Sunday she walked down the aisle of a Fifth Avenue church, after her intention had been made public, the friends of a lifetime turned their heads away in their pews. She related going to a dinner at which her hostess was the only woman in the room who spoke to her during an entire evening.

It's a far cry from that day to the moment of Jane's perplexity. Measured in terms of social concepts, it will be an even longer distance to the day of Jane's maturity.

Meantime I seem to see about me more victims of dead marriages embalmed in dead homes than there are victims of broken marriages and shattered homes.

Sometimes one meets a boy or girl who is resentful at the break-up of his or her home, but it is due more often to the manner of the breaking than to the fact itself.

Perhaps Jane's generation will learn to relinquish with more grace and less cruelty. Then there will be a smaller residue of bitterness and fewer scars in need of healing.

The children will cease to inhabit a bleak no man's land in which they are the spoils of an ugly conflict. They will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

The Ten Commandments

"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery"

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

FEW men in this world really *like* to do wrong, and if only the dire consequences of a false step could somehow be flashed on the screen of the mind *in advance*, it would prevent many a man from inflicting misery on those dependent on him and disgrace upon himself. Mr. Bracker's illuminating interpretation of the Seventh Commandment vividly displays the far-reaching effect of one person's selfish indulgence upon the innocent victims whose trust he betrays.

Next Month the Eighth Commandment

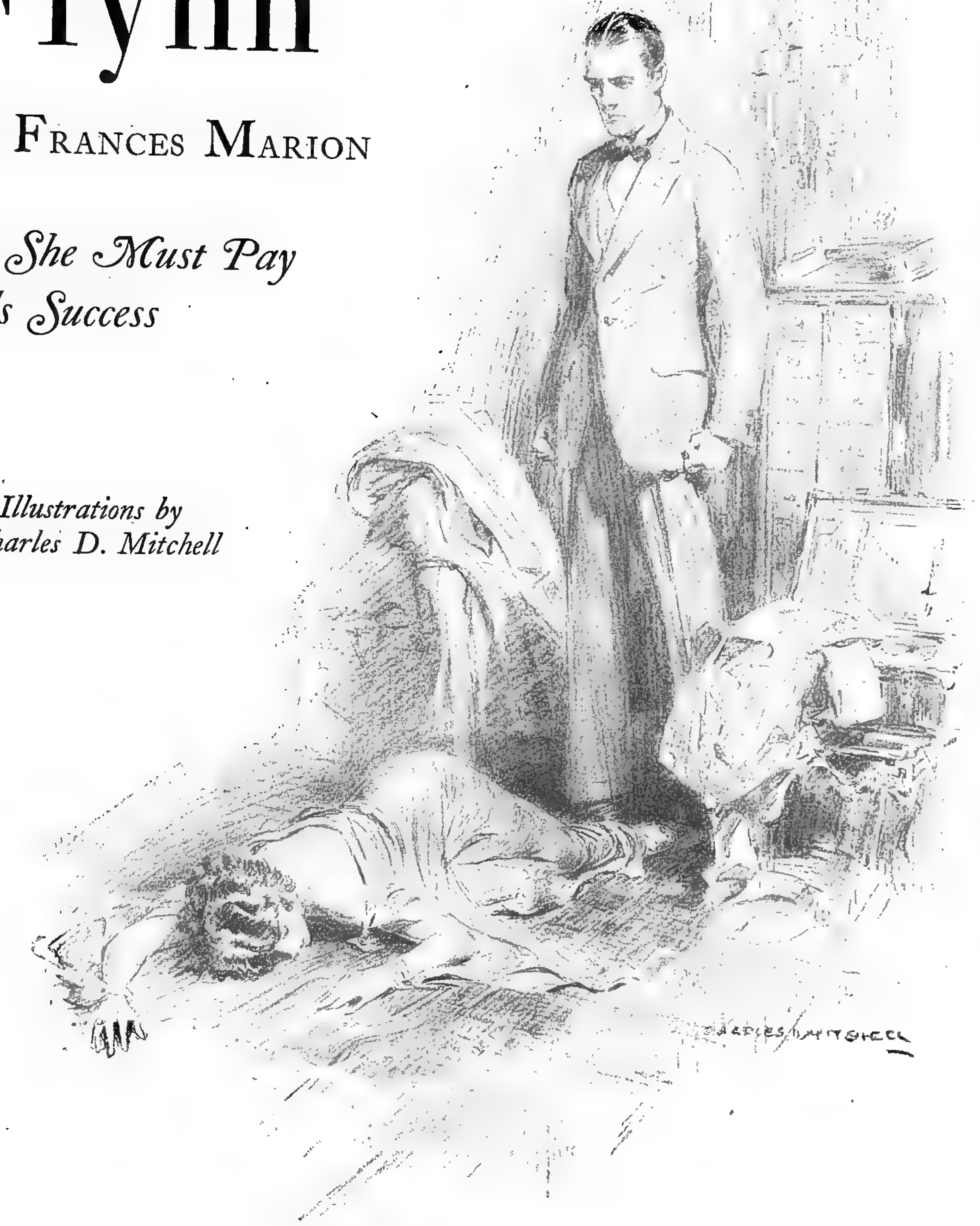
The Rise and Fall of
Minnie Flynn

By Frances Marion

At Last She Learns the Price She Must Pay for What the World Calls Success

Concluding Instalment

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



"SHE FOUND HERSELF GROPING THROUGH ENGULFING DARKNESS, THE ROAR OF A TERRIFYING VACUUM IN HER EARS"

THE following April, Hal Deane moved his company to Chicago to make some scenes in the giant packing-houses and stock-yards. He timed his departure so that he left New York the day Minnie Flynn and her family left for their first trip to Hollywood. Old habits cling, and Deane's introspective mind, always at work with his analyses, made him curious to get Minnie's reactions to her first transcontinental trip. He arrived at the Grand Central Station early, and kept well in the background.

"Everything is running true to form," he said to himself as he watched Minnie's friends gathering for their conspicuous farewells. Hustle, bustle, laughter; Minnie's excited voice shrilling above the drumming echoes as she herded her friends around her so that the studio publicity men could photograph the distinguished party.

Minnie wore an expensive traveling-frock trimmed with silver fox, and a large corsage of orchids. Messenger boys with last-minute telegrams were pushing through the crowd, calling her name. Two enormous boxes of roses were set at Minnie's feet; a case of champagne added to the huge pile of luggage.

Shuttling in and out of the crowd could be seen Mrs. Flynn, dazed, but afraid that her daughter would miss a reporter. Michael Flynn stood near the iron gates, holding the tickets in his trembling hand. Close to him was Lily, Minnie's colored maid, trusted with the jewel-case and the Pekingese dog in a wicker basket.

Minnie was photographed with every one. The last snap-shot was carefully posed, for it was to appear the following morning under the caption "June Day Blowing Farewell Kiss to New York."

Deane was standing apart from the others, watching, smiling rather ironically, when a friendly hand clasped his arm, and Sam Binns's voice saluted him. "This is luck, all right! I thought I'd missed you. They told me at the club you had gone to Chicago."

"Leaving on the Century."

"So am I—on my way back to California."

"Wish I were going out with you. May get there for my next picture if we make the Western trip we're planning. But you'll have company, Sam; our little friend, June Day, will be on the train."

Sam Binns laughed. "Mineola Flynn!" he said. "I don't know why, but I always think of her as that. Gosh, what a few years can do in this topsyturvy business! Yesterday's shop-girls, high-school kids, cabaret-dancers, are to-day's stars. But who'd have thought that youngster would have made the grade so quickly? They tell me she's getting two thousand a week now."

"Something like that, and a three-year contract."

"I know she's signed up. The West Coast Company I'm studio-manager for made her an offer, but her brother turned it down."

"Seen her new pictures?"

"Some of them—she's still got magnetism and personality, but they're putting her in the wrong kind of stuff. Why doesn't she stick to the type of picture you were making with her? Hasn't she sense enough to know her public by now?"

Deane shook his head. "She's at the stage where you can't tell her anything. She's the axis; the world revolves about her. What can you expect, surrounded as she is by drooling parasites? Look over there, Sam; pretty familiar sight, isn't it?"

Binns laughed again, but there was a note of pity in the timbre of his voice. "I've watched these little stars come and go for so many years that I could write out the formula, and I bet it wouldn't vary an iota—friends, orchids, brass bands, dogs in wicker baskets, colored maids, trunks and trunks, photographers, telegrams, champagne; the star wanting to cry but afraid to for fear the mascaro will run down her cheeks. Oh, what a business! It's lots of fun, tho, while it lasts. I bet they get a great kick out of it. Look at that kid, how her eyes are dancing. Little Mineola Flynn!"

"Little Mineola Flynn!" Deane repeated half to himself.

"Say, Hal, isn't that Al Kessler with her?"

"I suppose so. He's engaged to her sister Nettie. Strange how two sisters can be so unlike in type, I mean. And Nettie's uglier than ever in her beautiful, expensive clothes. She's the dark, full-lipped girl standing to the right of Minnie."

"Looks like a country mule in a city stable, as our Western cowboys would say," smiled Binns. "I suppose she's a movie actress by now. They're never content until the whole family is in the business."

Deane nodded. "Her younger brother is drawing down a salary as publicity adviser, whatever that is."

"I don't see Carlton anywhere," Binns remarked as he stepped forward to look the crowd over surrounding Minnie. "Any truth in the scandal that's going the rounds?"

"It's true, I'm afraid."

"Kind of a skunk, isn't he?"

"You know the type—selfish, playing her for all she's worth to him."

"And she's in love with him?"

"Pathetically so."

"I never knew she was even married until I read about her divorce. She was pretty broken up over that, wasn't she?"

"Collusion," Deane said. "Bargain was made with MacNally, the husband."

"But the papers had it that she loved him and was heart-broken over his affair with another woman. I saw a two-column cut of her in the court-room, all in black, holding a handkerchief to her eyes."

"The new company she's with doctored up that yarn. They wanted her to appear in a favorable light. Now they've persuaded Carlton to lay low for another year and not get his divorce until the gossip has worn itself out."

"The affair serious between them?"

"If it wasn't, it will be now. They've got orders not to be seen together in public. Meeting incognito gives them a great thrill. She was already beginning to chafe under a restless search for something new. Now opposition keeps the romance alive."

"What's going to come of it?"

"Gossip is already beginning to hurt her. The stars can't get away with it like they used to."

"Where's Carlton?"

"He left for the West two weeks ago. He'll probably be her leading man in her first Western production—that is, if the part's big enough for him."

Binns was laughing heartily now, and he didn't see the look of dull pain in Deane's eyes. "I suppose Carlton's leaving first was to mask their movements—sort of throwing red pepper in the eyes of the world. I have to laugh—as if their every move wasn't watched!"

"Come on, Binns, let's get on the train before the June Day party."

"All right, let's go," said Binns, and the two men plunged into semidarkness where the long trains lay in parallel steel alleyways.

MINNIE was glad to see Deane. His love had been a pleasant compliment; she felt that she could always depend upon his proffered friendship.

They sat in the flower-filled drawing-room and discussed nothing but her future. As the door was open she smiled and bowed to the procession of curious, appraising tourists who passed and repassed while the porter smilingly shuffled in and out.

Pete had brought along a portfolio of Minnie's photographs. He kept them with him in the smoker, and came only to her drawing-room when he wanted her to autograph them for the most prosperous-looking tourists.

"Say, June," ordered Pete, "I want you to autograph a couple of nice ones for the president of the railroad and his wife."

"But we don't know the president of the road," said Minnie in mild protest, "and we don't know if he's married or not. Why, it's absurd, Pete; we don't even know their names!"

He fumbled in his pocket for a piece of paper. "What do you think I am—a dumb-bell? I got 'em from the conductor. The president travels around in his private car, and sometimes it's attached to this very train. I tipped the conductor off, and he's goin' to slip the photos to him. Not a bad little idea, is it? A personal word to the boss of this outfit and you'll be sure of nifty service. Do you get my idea?"

Minnie and Deane looked into each other's eyes, and Minnie laughed. "Oh, Pete, how ridiculous!" she said at last. "If it were any one else but Hal, I'd blush with shame. Imagine the president of the railroad caring whether he had a photograph of me or not!" But later, when she and Pete were alone, she autographed one of her most expensive photographs, and gave it to the conductor.

When the train pulled into Chicago there was a delegation at the station to meet the star. Another stiff sheaf of flowers: "Chicago Welcomes June Day." A prominent theater-owner informed her that he was giving her a luncheon. Seeing Deane at the station, he invited him also, and Deane accepted; he wanted to see Minnie at just such an affair, and listen to her speech.

The Flynn family was whisked in limousines from the station to the hotel. "What elegant, airy rooms! Do you suppose anybody would notice if we took one of these towels—or the letter-paper?" Mrs. Flynn said.

When Minnie looked out of the window she saw it was a gray, drizzling, early Spring day. A lowering mist crouched over the leaden waters. So that was the lake! A pounding rhythm of music coming nearer and nearer to the hotel made her heart quicken. The family rushed to the window. When Michael Flynn opened it the damp air reached in like a cold, moist tongue and licked their faces. Mrs. Flynn threw the new mink coat around Minnie's shoulders. Nearer and nearer came the music. Chicago was sending a band to serenade June Day!

"Why under the sun did they give us a room on the seventh floor!" cried Mrs. Flynn hysterically. "Quick, Pete, run down-stairs and see if you can't get an American flag for Minnie to wave! I think it would make a grand impression, her wavin' a flag—so patriotic!" But the band swung down the boulevard and passed their hotel, and they lowered their windows with a bang—horrible, strident music! A band and a calliope! Barnum & Bailey's circus was in town.

During the long-winded luncheon Minnie whispered to Deane that she was tired of listening to a lot of bearded men talk about the picture business being in its infancy; tired of hearing the producer lament the high cost of stars, and the theater-owners lament the high cost of the pictures. Her speech had been written by the press-agent. It concluded with:

"Deeply touched by your great kindness to me, I will never forget your beautiful city. Seeing Chicago for the first time, I am impressed by its fine American spirit. I shall never forget my thrill when I beheld, rising above the ant-hill hubble of busy streets, the tall, magnificent turrets of its fine office-buildings. Or that first vista of the giant lake, whose blue waters lap the very feet of one of the world's most magnificent boulevards." [Applause.] "Or the kindness of its people, who have given so much of their precious time to poor, obscure little me."

The luncheon was a great success. That evening, after the California Limited had pulled from the station, Deane glanced over the newspapers. June Day's photograph smiled happily at him. He was curious to know how she had impressed her interviewers. He smiled at the discretion of the reporters. "June Day is one of the most intelligent, charming, and cultured stars," he read. Little Mineola Flynn!

At Albuquerque, N. Mex., the train stopped for forty minutes. Minnie came out of her drawing-room looking very fresh and attractive. Lily had given her a mud-pack and brushed and dressed her hair. It was quite warm, so she wore no hat and discarded the long mink coat in favor of the sports coat trimmed in gray fox. A delegation of school-children presented her with a gilded pine-cone and a box of shelled piñons, the fruit of the pine.

Sam Binns heard Minnie say to the conductor, "Whoever told me the desert was beautiful was certainly having a pipe-dream. Nothing in the world but miles and miles of country without a single town to brighten it up. And flat-looking mountains without any trees on them."

When Binns asked her if she wasn't tired of the trip, she smothered a little yawn. "It *is* long, but then everybody is so good to me. To-day the steward sent me a platter of the nicest fish I've ever eaten. He said they were mountain-trout, and I replied that I was darned glad something good came out of those barren old mountains."

Minnie laughingly said that the descent into the California Valley was more perilous than the giant dipper at Coney. Sam Binns, who had been such an eager guide, insisted that the star's whole party view the descent from the platform of the observation-car. It made Mrs. Flynn and Elsie dreadfully car-sick. Pete, in a loud voice muffled by whisky, said the engineering job wasn't so much; it had nothing on the Horseshoe Bend in Pennsylvania.

A huge box of flowers was carried aboard the train at San Bernardino for "June Day." Gilbert's note: "My darling: I am waiting impatiently for you. Three weeks away from you are three weeks gone from life. We can never make up our loss. I shall be at the station. In thoughts only shall I crush you into my arms, but I will be in your suite at the hotel long before you, because my heart and feet are on nightingale's wings, and will carry me there in swift and happy flight. Kisses from your lonesome papa to his boofulest baby."

"How beautifully he expresses himself!" said Minnie to herself. "No wonder I am in love with him." She turned in languid ecstasy and looked out of the window. Spring had scattered her harlequin prodigality upon the meadows in a riot of golden poppies, lupines, buttercups, and bluebells. The orange-trees were lacy with heavy perfumed blossoms. Ambitious rose-vines had climbed the eucalyptus to hide their red blooms among the oblique olive shafts of leaves. Sheer blue-toned hills stood like monuments over the valleys. All these wonders before Minnie's eyes, and she saw nothing, felt nothing, but the irksome, slow march of the hours which held her from Gilbert. How colorless and uninteresting all else is compared to him! What could there possibly be in life worth living for if love were to be taken away?

"Oh, Heavens, Conductor! When do we get there?"

ON MINNIE'S twenty-fourth birthday Hal Deane gave her a diary. "Minnie dear," he said when he handed it to her, "you're going to be amused at my gift."

"It's a bracelet!" Minnie cried, shaking the box, "one of those lovely Chinese jades I was admiring the other day. Have I guessed right?"

Deane smiled. "No, Minnie, not a semiprecious stone, but a precious one! It will some day be more precious than even a jade bracelet."

"Oh, what is it?" Minnie cried, childishly eager. "No, it's not a bracelet, it's too heavy for that."

"Open it and see," said Deane, "but prepare yourself. My birthday-offering isn't a surprize—it's a shock!"

Minnie had torn away the tissue-paper. "Oh," she said, her voice unconsciously flattening, "it's a book. But a very pretty little book. That's awfully nice of you, Hal."

"It's a diary, Minnie."

"One of those things you write in yourself! Oh, yes, I see it is. Look here, Hal, you don't suppose I'm going to have time to fill up all these empty pages, do you?"

"Take time for it, Minnie."

"But, Hal——"

He took the book and opened it. "See how little space is set aside for each day's record. Just a few lines, Minnie; I want you to do this for me. Every day, or every few days, pick up this book and jot down—sometimes what you are thinking—sometimes what you are doing—a line here about the people you meet."

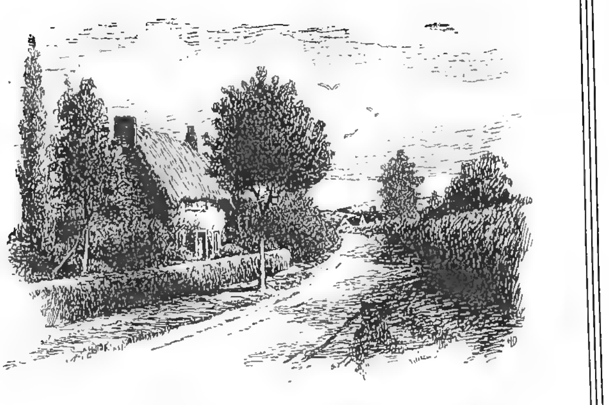
"Oh, Heavens, Hal, I'm no novelist! I have a hard enough time reading books, let alone writing them. What's the idea? Want to develop a new talent in me? Getting tired of making an actress out of me?"

"Here is why I want you to do it, Minnie: so you'll have some record of your footsteps, to be sure whether they're marching forward, or if they are traveling zigzag and starting down-hill. Then at the end of each year sit down with this little book and read over all you have written. Observe if you are making the grade. Be frank with yourself. Everybody's cheating Minnie Flynn—don't you cheat her. Be loyal enough to tell her the truth. Promise me, Minnie, you'll do this."

Minnie laughed. "Hal, you're a darling, but you do have the darnedest, most radical ideas I ever listened to. All right, I'll keep the silly old diary. To prove I'm serious I'll let you read it on every one of my birthdays. And then you can lecture me on a virtuous life and how to lead it. Hal, you do make life so blah! If I listened to you I'd have to cut out half the fun there is. Why, I do believe you'd even make me give up ducky old Gilbert, tho you have to admit he's just like a lamb these days."

"Oh, is that his latest disguise?"

"Hal! Shame on you! Now I'm sure you still care enough for me to be jealous."



The Lost Lane

By Charles Hanson Towne

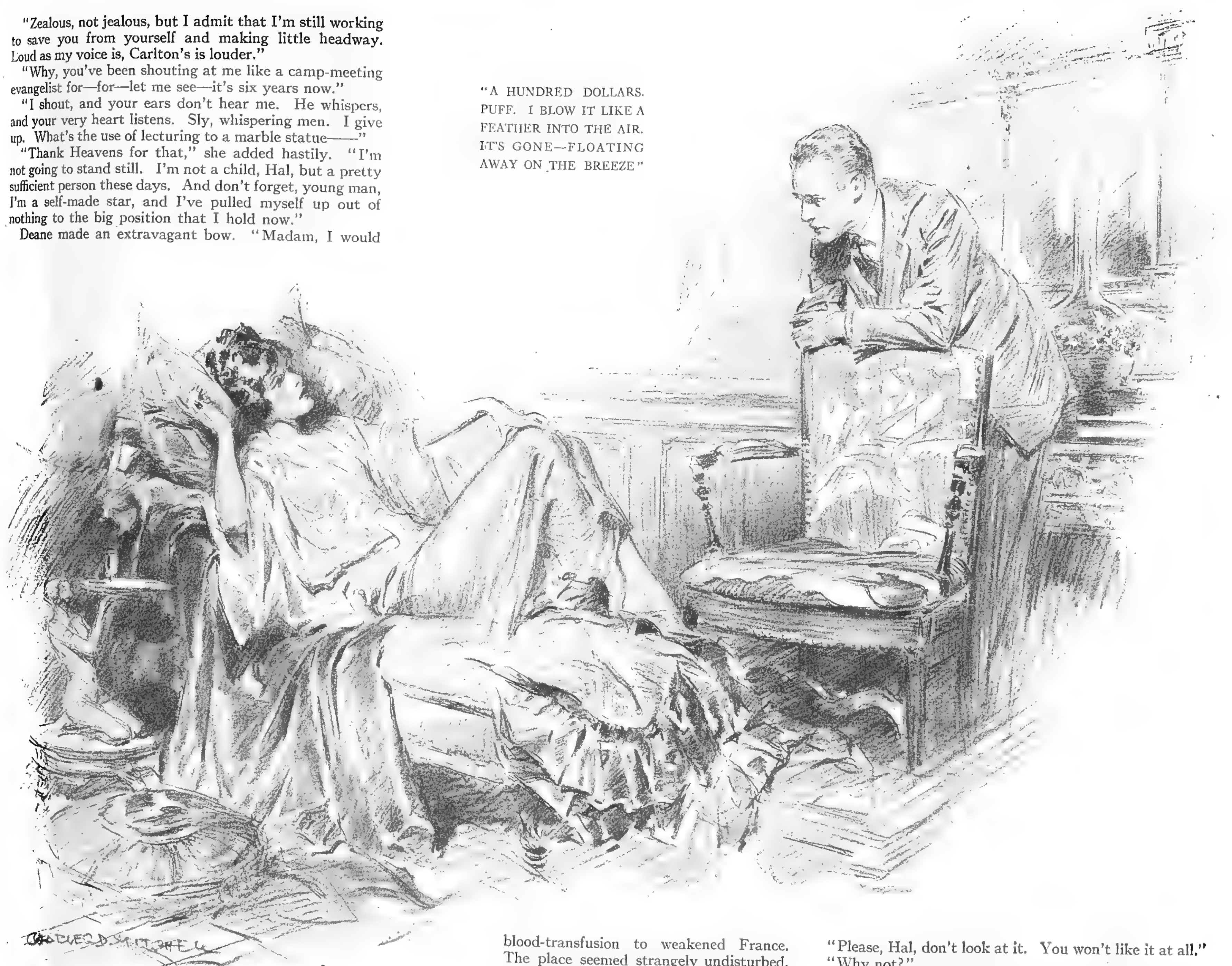
ONCE, down in Surrey in the Spring o' the year,
I walked with a friend where the hawthorn shines;
And we saw the green hedges of promise appear,
Twisting and turning in beautiful lines.

And I said, "Let us wander that dim, haunted way
Where the trees weave a roof in the stillness of Spring."
But we fared on to Chiddingfold, rich with the may,
And lost our delight—as we lose everything.

We had no need for haste. We were out in the sun,
With our youth and our dreams for a long idle day.
Why did we go where the old roadways run,
And taste not the joy of that wonderful way?

I have thought, I have wondered, for many a year;
For we lost it forever—that flowery dream.
We sought it again, but it would not appear;
It was gone—like the voice of a wandering stream.

I have tramped through that land of perfume and peace;
I have found lovely paths in the sun and the rain.
But far more I crave, as the swift years increase,
The one road I missed—that little lost lane.



"A HUNDRED DOLLARS. PUFF. I BLOW IT LIKE A FEATHER INTO THE AIR. IT'S GONE—FLOATING AWAY ON THE BREEZE"

"Zealous, not jealous, but I admit that I'm still working to save you from yourself and making little headway. Loud as my voice is, Carlton's is louder."

"Why, you've been shouting at me like a camp-meeting evangelist for—for—let me see—it's six years now."

"I shout, and your ears don't hear me. He whispers, and your very heart listens. Sly, whispering men. I give up. What's the use of lecturing to a marble statue——"

"Thank Heavens for that," she added hastily. "I'm not going to stand still. I'm not a child, Hal, but a pretty sufficient person these days. And don't forget, young man, I'm a self-made star, and I've pulled myself up out of nothing to the big position that I hold now."

Deane made an extravagant bow. "Madam, I would endow you with all the virtues of spirit and brain that have been attributed to you by your press-agents."

"You sarcastic devil! I don't know whether to love you or despise you, but you're the only man who has nerve enough to make me angry. Kiss me, Hal."

His lips scarcely brushed her cheek.

"Don't forget your promise, Minnie," he called to her as he walked from her drawing-room onto the stage. "A few lines every day in my birthday-gift."

"All right, stingy. I'll jot down a few lines this very minute." She wrote:

Hal Deane is my best friend. He's jealous because after two years I'm still in love with Gilbert. To-day I had the scare of my life. A newspaper reporter who came to get an interview on my ideas about woman suffrage said it looked as if America were going to get into the War. I nearly died. Business is bad enough now without having the whole country stirred up. I can just see Gilbert as an officer, but if he went over I'd go as a nurse. I couldn't bear to be separated from him.

It was a long time before Hal Deane saw the little diary again, and much had taken place in these epochal years. America's prodigal hand had sowed France with the seeds of a new life. Deane had left Hollywood before the papers, blasting the terrific news of war, had fallen from the trembling hands of the picture colony. Quietly in the night he slipped away to San Francisco. He was in training-camp before Hollywood had time to miss him.

Minnie wrote in her diary:

I'm sure hurt at Hal Deane. Went away without saying good-by. Has left Presidio for Camp Upton. Sending him a platinum wrist-watch to-day. Pete's eyes got him out of the draft. That was a wonderful idea of his to put glasses on just as soon as war was declared. Jimmy is having a grand time in the chemical division hobnobbing with a lot of smart young millionaires. I'd simply die if Gilbert was drafted too. Thank God, they haven't got him yet.

When Hal Deane returned to Hollywood two years later he was shocked to find life ticking on as regularly as if the pulse of the whole country was not throbbing from its blood-transfusion to weakened France. The place seemed strangely undisturbed, but Minnie's joy at his return was sincerely touching. He had been wounded.

"Oh, how wonderful, how terribly wonderful!" she cried out to him. "And you won't even let us talk about it. Dismiss it as if it were a piffling hundred-dollar-a-week contract."

Deane laughed rather pityingly. "I can remember a little girl who had to struggle to keep back the tears when I told her she was to have a hundred dollars to spend—a whole hundred dollars."

"Isn't it unbelievable, Hal! I spend twice that sum on perfumes now, and think nothing about it. A hundred dollars! Puff! I blow it like a feather into the air. It's gone—floating away on the breeze."

Deane gave a swift, sweeping glance around him. "Ever save anything?" he asked.

"Heavens, Hal, how can I? You know the War was an awful drain on us—so many charities. Then it costs so much to live—and you've got to keep up your share of the entertaining."

"But surely you haven't spent all of it?"

Minnie was delighted with her own improvidence. She leaned back indolently, and her eyes were dreamy with the caress of self-approval. "I'm a reckless, casual sort of person, Hal, utterly improvident. Can't be fettered to any conventional hitching-post. Once in a while I'm scared to death for fear I'll go broke. Loathe being advised, hate to talk business, really don't think any great artist should be annoyed with these vulgar details." When she saw he was amused she stopped short. "I suppose you think I'm a perfect fool." She threw back her head and laughed. "How a pulpit ever got away from you is more than I can see."

"In two years you haven't changed a bit," Deane said. "I've quit arguing with you. You belong to the class Ben Johnson spoke of when he said, 'Argue with a woman for an hour and she'll still be of the same opinion if she can remember what it is.'"

"Wait a minute. Let me put that down in my diary." Minnie was laughing as she spoke.

"I haven't forgotten that you promised to let me see the diary," Deane said.

"Please, Hal, don't look at it. You won't like it at all."

"Why not?"

"It's—well, it's full of Gilbert. You wanted me to write of all that is in my heart, so I wrote about Gilbert."

"I understand, Minnie. I'm making no criticisms, for I'm interested only in Minnie. And I do want to see what you've said about her."

"All right, I'll let you peek, but for pity's sake don't criticize the spelling."

Deane turned over the pages, his eye lingering on items that amused, shocked, and enlightened him.

April 16th.

Bought a house to-day, fifty thousand dollars. Beautiful, Spanish style, with great big trees in the front yard. Gave wonderful housewarming. Jimmy is sure crazy about Alicia Adams. She gave him diamond cuff-links; slipped the present to him right under Beauregard's nose.

September 26th.

Preview of latest picture awful flop. Trying new director. Gilbert got fine notices. I won't hold out if they don't get me better material. Wish Hal were back. Certainly my luck to have the War break at this time.

November 16th.

Awfully upset over scandal in newspaper about Gilbert's getting out of draft. Makes me furious everybody blaming him because he admitted having a baby to support to keep him from going over. A sensitive soul like Gilbert couldn't stand the filthy hardships. At that, I wish he had done something brave, or even made a pretense like Jimmy. I'm afraid this scandal is hurting us. I don't see why they had to drag my name into it.

Six months of barren pages. No writing in Minnie's childish hand. "Why not?" Deane asked. "Was there nothing to say?"

"Nothing but worry, worry, worry. You see, I wasn't getting over as well as I had been. They weren't giving me good material."

"And you were not at all to blame? Weren't you having such a good time you began to grow rather indifferent to your appearance, to your work? Success is a jealous mistress."

"Do you expect me to be a slave to success?"

"All successful people are slaves."

"Look here, Hal. I've got to live a little while I'm still young. I'm—why, I'm nearly twenty-five, you see."

"You'll be twenty-seven next November. Why is age

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such a bugbear to women? Men take pride in growing old. All their accumulative knowledge pleases them. Tickles their vanity."

Minnie looked around furtively. "For the love of Heaven, don't tell Gilbert I'm nearly twenty-seven! He thinks I'm only twenty-five."

Deane rocked with laughter. "Carlton is at least five years older than he admits he is."

"I don't believe it. You just said men didn't mind growing old."

"Men don't."

Minnie didn't recognize the sting in this brutally frank analysis of Carlton until days later. Then she wrote in her diary:

> Gilbert Carlton isn't appreciated by most men because he has a sensitive, feminine soul. A poet's soul. I'd despise him if he were any different. Some day, perhaps long after I am forgotten, he will be remembered as a great artist. He will have reached the heights before he is through.

But this writing was only a subconscious trick to ward off a creeping fear of imminent disillusion. She wanted to be blind. She believed she loved him in spite of all that he had cost her. Tho she admitted it to no one, Minnie knew the most definite reason for her losing some of her popularity was through the black lash of scandal. Gilbert Carlton's divorce was a nasty affair. The public resented it. And Minnie's name was whipped through it like a long train through the mud.

When her three-year contract with the Western Studios was up, they did not renew their option. From the reports pouring in through all the tributaries of their New York office, Minnie was losing ground. Making six pictures a year, the organization found it necessary to back their output with more and more spectacular advertising. But the public, finding always the same pattern upon the screen, grew indignant.

So certain was Minnie that she would immediately sign another contract, she was amazed when her option was waived aside. Indignantly she turned to the other organizations. No one was interested in a contract. They talked of making independent pictures with her, but there was no offer for a position yielding a harvest of weekly remuneration until Horace G. Watson, the self-appointed representative of New York capital, called upon her with his startling proposition for making the June Day productions. Unlimited money, he told her. For her, five thousand a week drawing-account, and ten per cent. of the gross earnings of the picture. Her choice of studios, directors, stories, leading men.

"Who is Horace G. Watson?" Minnie inquired eagerly among the picture colony. No one had heard of him. Wall Street money, he himself said. He seemed amazingly clever, but he was only shrewd. His scheme was to get June Day's name to a contract, then act as the middle man, going in search of men with money who were eager to get into this new booming, fascinating gamble—picture-production. Watson knew that Minnie was already counted as passé. But hers was the best name he could juggle before men whose knowledge of the picture industry was very slight. Watson had pages of the last company's advertisements of June Day, actress, to lay before them.

Watson deliberately sought men whom he knew were already intrigued by this new form of gambling, and it was easy for him to sell one man a hundred-thousand-dollar block of stock in the June Day Production Company, another a fifty-thousand block, and still another twenty-five thousand. There were always a certain number of "suckers" who blindly took small blocks of stock.

And so the new company was launched. Millions were supposed to be in back of it! But there was only two hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. Horace G. Watson had already transferred forty thousand to his own account, his commission for organizing the company.

Minnie closed her ears again to Deane's advice, tho she did engage Sam Binns, who as studio-manager had crossed and recrossed her path through the years of her steady climb. Her trust in him equalled her trust in Hal Deane. Pete was made Binns's assistant. It meant a good salary, an office, and a title. He would seldom be there to bother her. On the days when he wasn't drunk he lay in sodden sleep in his own gaudy apartment.

Minnie spent most of her first week's salary in a series of fêtes announcing her forthcoming marriage to Gilbert Carlton.

THREE months before her marriage Gilbert persuaded Minnie to buy a home worthy of her. Now that she was earning five thousand dollars a week, he told her she was a fool to live in a bungalow, especially one far off the route traveled by the sightseeing busses. Here she was living in a dinky fifty-thousand-dollar place, with so many old trees in the front yard that nobody could even see the house.

Minnie loved her home—Gilbert could never understand how weary she was of being looked at. Those waving willows and the tall, sweet-smelling pines grew like a protective screen in front of her window. In that room she felt pleasantly remote from the turbulent, noisy life of Hollywood's movie circles. How could she leave its quiet? And yet—perhaps they were right—she wasn't making quite enough show for any one of her position. Her public was expecting it, and what right had she to disappoint them? Wasn't she, after all, their servant?

So she said nothing of her sacrifice, but helped Gilbert in their search for a "mansion." Within voice-range of the spieler's megaphones they found a huge show-place of bastard architecture and with a stupid conventional garden, cluttered with plaster statuary. The Flynns all thought it was delightfully conspicuous; Michael Flynn alone was daunted by the price of it—one hundred thousand dollars!

MINNIE laughed when the color drained from her father's face. "Poor Papa, the movies will be the death of you yet! But really, dear, there's nothing to worry about. It's a bargain and we only have to pay ten thousand dollars cash. Think of it—why, it's almost absurd, so little down and three years to pay it in. You don't seem to realize that I'm making two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year! If I have a good break in my pictures, I'll double my salary at the end of my contract."

Another Art Feature for June

THE beautiful reproductions *in color* of famous paintings now appearing in Pictorial Review have proved a tremendous success. Each month for an indefinite period these full-page, full-color pictures will be included in the magazine. Don't miss the delightful painting in the June issue, called

"Ready for the Dance"

By Franz Defregger

Franz Defregger was a noted *genre* painter who made a thorough study of Tyrolese peasant life. His paintings of the various phases of their happy rustic existence brought him fame and fortune, and in 1883 he was given a title. His canvases are in all the principal galleries in Europe.

Minnie had never been so aware of how shabby and insignificant a figure her father was until she saw him against the background of the drawing-room of this enormous garish house. They stood in the empty room under the sparkling glass chandelier. The walls were covered with heavily embossed gold paper. Over the carved fireplace hung a Louis XV. gilt mirror.

Gilbert was saying: "You'll have to sell that old stuff in your house, June, because this must be furnished absolutely true to period, Louis XV. in this room. In the music-room beyond, you can have a slightly Chinese motif, if you want. In fact, speaking of Chinese, I'm going to do my room entirely in the Oriental tone—huge carved teakwood. I'm going to put in my order right away. In fact, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you would open an account at Marshes'. They've got the only stuff in town I'm interested in."

Minnie wasn't listening to him; she was still looking at her father. His clothes were always shabby, and he would never wear gloves to hide his gnarled, veined hands. His head kept jerking back as if Gilbert's words were hands flecking the tip of his nose. Minnie wanted to do something, to say something, which would take that beaten look out of his eyes. She floundered hopelessly.

"Papa, we're going to fix you the most wonderful room of your own—a room fit for a king; and, Papa, I've got it—a job for you! I want you to go down in the basement and see what kind of a layout we've got in the plumbing line. There ought to be some wonderful water-heaters in this house, and you heard what the agent said about the gas-furnaces being the finest that money could buy."

A timid smile flickered on Michael Flynn's face. "There's one thing I can say for this house, Minnie—the man who done the plumbin' job knew what he was about. Them tubs and showers and toilets has the very latest fixin's and they work without a hitch."

Minnie felt triumphant. "You see, Papa, it's going to keep you busy looking after the plumbing, and think what your experience is going to save me."

"They do charge somethin' fierce out here for just the ordinary work that I ain't too old to do myself." Michael Flynn was warming up to the subject. "I guess it won't take me no time to learn how to run them patent furnaces."

Carlton said, "S-sh!" The agent was approaching. It jarred on his esthetic nerves to listen to this jargon, which belonged to a past he wanted to forget.

In the weeks that followed there was a noticeable change in Michael Flynn. He was busy. He had an excuse for keeping out of sight. He wore overalls and carried a tool-kit. His face was smeared with grease. Minnie often heard him whistling as he disappeared down the steps into the vaulted basement, and she smiled—her father had come into his own at last. She kept his mind off the approaching wedding by giving him complete charge of the wiring for the electrical display. They were to be married in the home, and it was to be a brilliant affair.

Mrs. Flynn told the reporters they were planning to spend at least a thousand dollars for decorations and supper; two thousand dollars for the bootleggers' best. Two orchestras had been engaged; an Hawaiian orchestra for the early hours of the evening, the jazz-band to arrive at midnight.

Her daughter's wedding gown was made by the studio wardrobe department and cost eight hundred dollars. The bridal veil was of real old Spanish lace. She didn't know how much they had paid for that, but some big sum, no doubt, because a queen had once worn it. The reporters hid their smiles when they asked her if it wasn't rather unusual for the bride of a second marriage to wear the conventional virginal white satin and bridal veil. It was Mrs. Flynn who smiled. She asked, "Isn't it conventional for a widow to wear mournin' for her second husband if she wants to?"

As the day for the wedding drew near, Minnie was troubled. She was more in love with Carlton than ever—she could forgive his selfishness and his egotism, but a specter had crept into the waking hours of her nights to warn and terrify her: Was he marrying her only because of her position? Did he really love her? What of the glances she had seen exchanged between him and Alicia Adams—the evening Jimmy had blurted out his fierce resentment against Gilbert? He didn't mind Beauregard's claims to her, but Alicia had no business starting any flirtation—especially when Gilbert had such a classy girl as his own sister. How this confession terrified Minnie! Carlton was ugly when she questioned him about it. He said her suspicions irritated and shamed him. He flung out of the house, and tho she searched for him all night, she could not locate him! She telephoned to the home of Alicia Adams, but there was no answer.

Minnie's company waited for her until two o'clock the following afternoon. When she did arrive her face was drawn into haggard, sagging puffs, her eyes swollen from weeping. For days they had difficulty photographing her. Sam Binns pleaded with her to take better care of herself. He showed her relentless articles in the magazines that spoke regretfully of the marked change in her. Why would they insist upon young June Day in rôles more suited to a young girl? Club-women had ruled her name off their approved lists. Ministers, preaching from their pulpits against the picture people whose notoriety had thrown them into the limelight's yellow glare, named Minnie.

THE flooding volume of fan mail grew less. For the first time Minnie began feverishly reading them. They told her frankly that she wasn't so pretty, and the old ladies advised her to guard herself against all evil because it was leaving its scar upon her face. Hurt, angry, afraid, she threw these letters into the waste-paper basket. A victim of their stupid imagination! She wasn't changed. If there were any fine lines on her face it was the rotten sun in California. A good cold-cream would soon get rid of them. Her expression changed. Well, she wasn't going to look like sap all of her life. What did they expect? Now, in that photograph of her in her wedding-gown she really didn't look a day over eighteen. She gave Pete orders to send copies of this photograph to all of the newspapers and magazines.

On the night of the wedding Minnie looked almost as young and beautiful as the photograph. The excitement of the final preparations had been so intense that she had forgotten even her jealousy of Alicia. For Jimmy's sake, Alicia had been asked to be one of the bridesmaids.

The wedding was as elaborate and as formal as if it were a scene in a motion-picture. It was a motion-picture, Deane remarked to himself, with only an occasional semblance to reality.

When the ceremony was over he found Michael Flynn, and together they sought the seclusion of the broad veranda. There, through the windows, they could watch the slow disillusion of the formal setting as the night rolled on and the flow of champagne unbalanced the wedding-party. Deane watched grimly, tho at times rather amused. But Michael Flynn was terrified; he saw Minnie drinking and teetering and laughing. She had thrown her bridal veil to the fat comedian, who put it on and proceeded to amuse them. They laughed uproariously at all his vulgarity.

Michael Flynn was shocked to see Minnie laughing. "I'm goin' to get my umbrella and hit that fat fellow," Flynn said to Deane. "He can't act that way in front of my little girl."

"Minnie wouldn't want you to make any scene," Deane said as he caught Michael Flynn by the arm. "She's been drinking too much, poor kid. She's laughing just because the others are—because Carlton is laughing the loudest of any of them. You see, Mr. Flynn, you can't stop their doing what they want when they've reached Minnie's age and her independence."

A crash of glassware as the fat comedian kicked the tray from the butler's hand. And again they laughed.

Deane put his arm around Michael Flynn's shoulder. "I think it's time we went to bed. We're working men, Flynn. You get up before six, they tell me. There's a big day's work ahead of you—disconnecting all these globes."

"Oh, Deane, look what Minnie's doin' now!"

Her train had been stepped upon and torn so often that she was unfastening her skirt. It dropped to the floor, and Minnie danced out of it. Another uproar of laughter.

"The fountains of Versailles were pikers compared to us!" bawled the fat comedian. "Come on, let's all drown our sorrows."

Michael Flynn collapsed in Deane's arms, and lay there moaning like something that was hurt. Deane carried him around to the back stairs and up to his room, where he undressed him and put him to bed. Something had snapped in Michael Flynn's brain.

Deane heard a terrific crash of glass, a clap of laughter, Minnie's voice rising to a shrill scream—then silence. Fearing that some one was hurt, he hurried down-stairs and into the living-room. Minnie's face was white and drawn. Her disheveled hair was falling to her shoulders; her clothes, wet with wine, were clinging to her trembling body. "You!" she was crying as she jabbed her finger at the fat comedian, "you hoodlum! Get out of my house; do you hear me? I've had enough of this, and I won't stand for any more of it!"

Gilbert seized her outstretched hand and dragged her toward him. "June, be quiet. You don't know what you're saying. You're making a fool of yourself."

She was sobbing. "I'm the one that's being made a fool of, and I won't have these actions in my house any longer—on—on our wedding-night."

Gilbert's face was livid now. "You little idiot," he said to her, "you were having a lot of fun until you let that cold wine sober you up." His friend Corilla Gordon was passing. "Hey, Corilla! Bring me a good stiff Scotch for my bride; she's getting a flat tire and wants to spoil the party."

He was trying to hide his rage under a forced pleasantness. "Come on, sweetie, cut out the tragedy. There's no camera within five miles of the place! We were going great a few minutes ago, and now look what you've done—almost queered it."

Minnie's voice could be heard above the jazz-band, screaming for the music to cease and the dancers to go home. When she again rushed forward to stop them, she swayed and groped blindly to keep from falling, tho she was cold sober now. Several sputtering groups left, their ribald laughter following in the wake of their limousines like long, gay-colored ribbons.

"Go up-stairs and get into some kind of a dress," Gilbert whispered to her. "Don't make an ass out of me in front of all my friends. I'm not Mr. Day, you know. I've got a position of my own! If they hadn't been *my* friends they'd have all cleared out by now." The memory of her calling them hoodlums rankled deep. "When you come downstairs you'd better apologize to them."

When Minnie passed Hal Deane she smiled bravely at him. "Hello, Hal; the party's a riot, isn't it? Did you see me almost crab their act? But I don't blame Gilbert's resenting my attitude—I shouldn't have bawled them out the way I did. I seem to be only a killjoy when I've had too much to drink. Funny how you can get sober in a minute sometimes."

"Oh, Minnie!" It was wrung out of Deane before he was aware the cry had escaped him.

"Don't look at me like that, Hal—as if—as if I were dead—or something."

"Or something," he repeated mechanically. "Minnie, Minnie, get a grip on yourself. You're going down-hill so fast you'll soon find that you can't stop. All these drunken parties are debauching. I know I appear like a meddling old psalm-singer, but I've been in the business so long I know what I'm talking about."

"Really, Hal, I can't help drinking. I need it. My nerves are all on edge. I've got to have something to let me down."

"Do you ever try sleep?"

"No, Hal!"

He laughed. It was rather a hollow sound. "This fatherly advice is pretty much of a bore, isn't it? But you know, Minnie, that is the pleasant way of friends."

Her eyes were searching his face. "You are my friend, Hal. I guess the only friend I'm really sure of. That sounds like a pretty bitter statement when I'm surrounded by people who call me friend. But every day I grow more skeptical. Look at the girls who have been bigger stars than I am—when their day is over—it must be terrible—terrible!"

"Minnie dear," he laid his hand over hers in a tender but impersonal caress, "all of them face the end of their road some day—and don't be one of the few who aren't ready to meet that failure."

"Hal, you terrify me when you talk to me like that. Oh, what can I do to help myself?"

"Guard your health, Minnie. Don't spend all your money, and try to live a more normal life. Your poor father was so frightened to-night, I think, Minnie, he sees what I see."

"What, Hal? You—you don't think I'm through already! No, no—not that, Hal!"

His eyes told her.

"But how can I be through when I'm only just started—with my own company—and five thousand a week——"

"I'm worried about the new company, Minnie. The men backing it aren't sure bets—I heard from a Wall Street broker they were only speculators—two of them have unsavory reputations—and I wouldn't bank too much on them. Watson looks like a slicker to me. Perhaps I'm prejudiced. I despise the parasitical middle men. I'll find out all about them when I get back to New York."

A shudder passed through her. "You're not going away!" She reached out her free hand and grasped the lapel of his coat. "Why, Hal, nobody told me you were leaving; they were talking about your directing me again; only yesterday it came up, and Binns said Watson was going to approach you."

"I've signed for a year—going back with Beauregard again."

Her face blanched. "You're not going to direct Alicia Adams, are you?" Minnie thought she was going to collapse. "But I depend so upon you——"

"I couldn't do the type of picture you have chosen, Minnie; it goes against my grain."

Gilbert, stalking into the hall, saw them standing there. His footsteps fell softly upon the deep rugs. They didn't hear him approach until he cried out, "Say, what are you and June trying to pull on me? Pretty raw, isn't it?"

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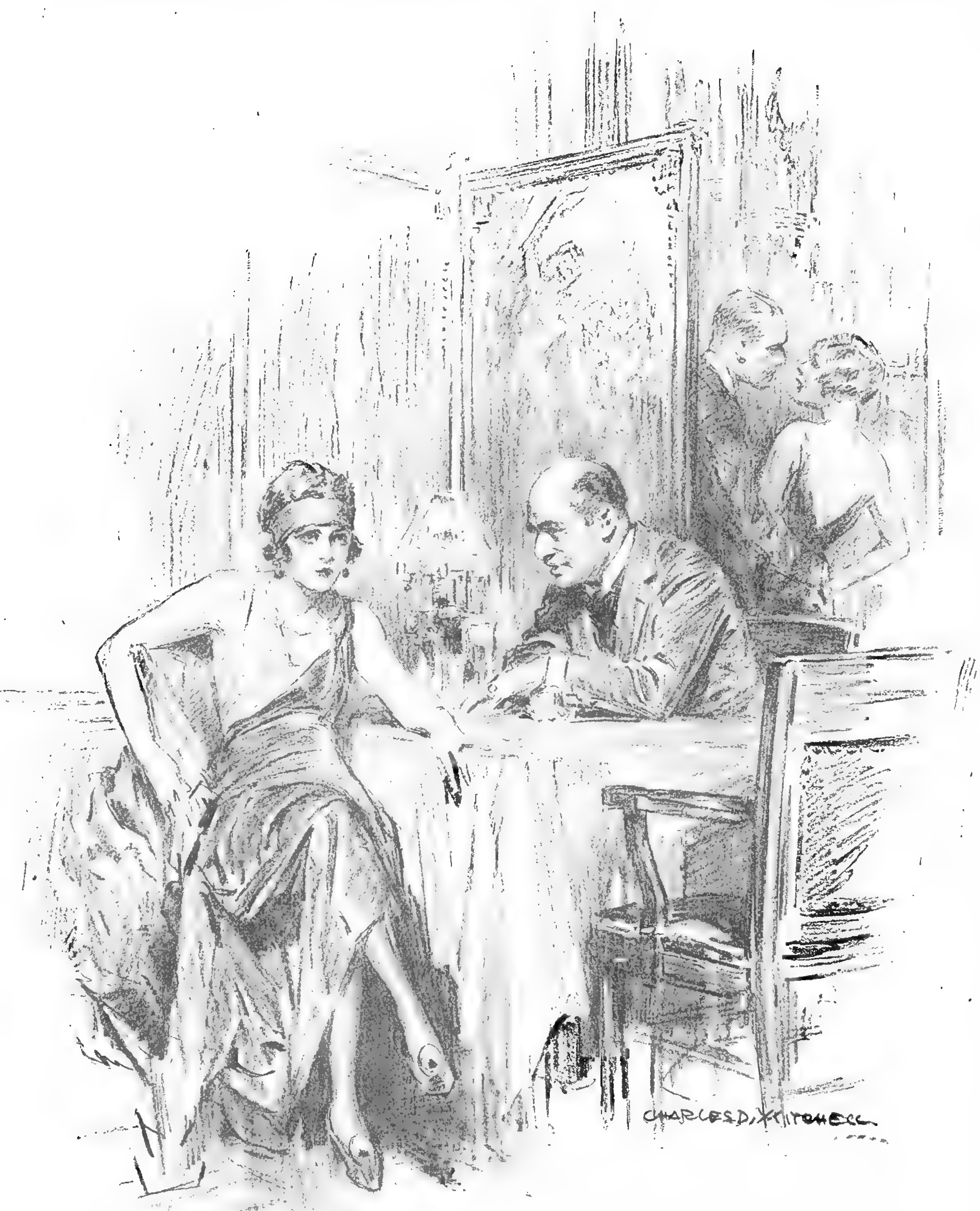

"ANOTHER CHANCE—WHAT DID IT MATTER IF SHE HAD TO PAY FOR IT? WHAT HAD SHE TO LOSE NOW—WHEN THERE WAS EVERYTHING TO BE GAINED?"

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A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

Katy Leary, for Forty Years His Faithful Servant and Friend, Tells More of Her Recollections of America's Greatest Humorist

RECORDED BY MARY LAWTON

PART TWO

Photo by Sarony

A PHOTOGRAPH OF EARLY DAYS TAKEN WITH GEORGE W. CABLE, WHO WAS HIS PARTNER IN A LECTURE TOUR

MRS. CLEMENS always had a crowd of people at Christmas time, children and old people and grown-up people too, depending on her, and she fixed them up wonderful baskets with a big turkey and cans of peas and tomatoes and vegetables, and then, oh, a bottle of wine and a great big box of candy and nuts and raisins, and then there was always some stockings and underwear and a few pretty things, too.

She used to give every one of them a present, individual like, extra. She knew, it seems to me, just what each person wanted most, and she shopped for weeks before Christmas, doing up all those things and having all those baskets ready; and then when Christmas morning come, if 'twas cold and snow on the ground, Mr. Clemens would start out to distribute the things. He'd put on his big fur overcoat, take the sleigh and the two children with him, Susie and Clara, and they'd start early in the morning with those great baskets.

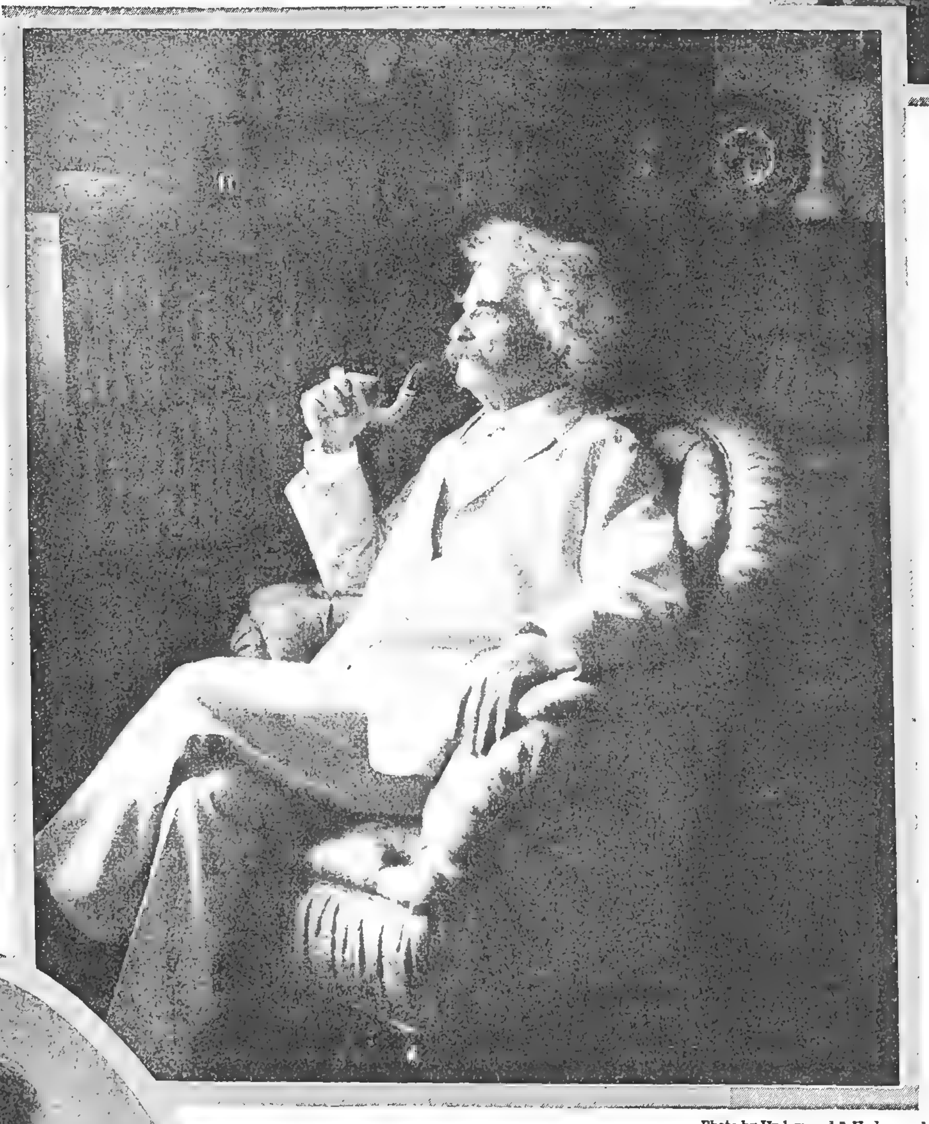


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"MARK TWAIN," IN HIS EASY CHAIR, WITH THE INEVITABLE PIPE

Photo by Marceau

CLARA CLEMENS (MRS. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH)

The children would read the names, and then Mr. Clemens would lift out the baskets, and Patrick would take them into the house. Mr. Clemens looked just like Santa Claus, you know, with his great big fur coat with a white-fur collar on it, and he and the children had such fun over it. Then Mrs. Clemens'd have presents besides for every one in the house, and a great big tree for all the children, and their stockings hung up the night before, and a really wonderful Christmas for them all.

Oh, what Christmases and Thanksgivings we had! Thanksgiving was most as wonderful as Christmas. Mrs. Clemens had all the people to a grand dinner that day—poor people—not her own friends 'specially. Then in the evening the Warners would have a great dinner, and the Twitchells used to go over to the Warners' for that, and on their way back Mr. Twitchell and his wife and the nine little Twitchells used to stop at our house and then we used to play charades.

The dining-tables was always loaded with all the candy that there was, about ten dishes of candy, set all around the table near the edge, just where the little Twitchells could reach up their hands to get it, and they'd empty all those dishes in no time! Mr. Clemens always took part in everything and he helped everybody, and he was so good to the children. He was charming with them. He loved all the children and they loved him, and used to abuse him too—that is, Susie and Clara did. They used to sit on his back and pull his hair and pull him all over the house, you know, and he was always ready to crawl on his hands and knees or lie on his back or do anything to make them laugh.

Clara always called him Grenouille (Frog). "Now, Papa, you've got to do so-and-so this evening." "All right," he'd say, "we'll play horse or anything you like"; so he'd get down on his knees and she'd get up on his back and pull his hair for the lines, and pull it good and hard, I can tell you.

Then he used to sing to them and, oh, it was beautiful to hear him! He'd sing after dinner—he had a nice voice—and he'd sing negro spirituals and act them out too for the grown folks as well as the children. And then sometimes he'd play on the piano—try to, anyway. He used to sing one song that was so lovely that I always used to sneak in and listen to it—"In Days of Old When Knights Was Bold." Oh, the children would stand round just adoring him when they heard that!

They had a lovely, happy time. It used to strike me as heavenly. 'Twas a home just like you'd make for yourself—like a dream-house, don't you know, that you would love more than anything else in the world. A happy, happy home—happiness bubbling all over; everybody always happy. Our life—it just rolled on like a smooth sea—wasn't a thing for eleven years—not a bit of sadness of any kind. There was always fun and excitement, especially when Mr. Clemens was around.

He used to go on a rampage about his shirts, tho. If he found a shirt in his drawer without a button on, he'd take every single shirt out of that drawer without a button on and throw them right out the window, rain or shine; out the bathroom window they'd go. I used to look out every morning and see them. It was my duty to keep buttons in his shirts and he'd swear something terrible if I didn't.

He'd swear at anything when he was on a rampage. He'd swear at his razor if it didn't cut right, and Mrs. Clemens used to send me around to the bathroom door sometimes to knock and ask him what was the matter. Well, I'd go and knock and I'd say:

"Mrs. Clemens wants to know what's the matter."

And then he'd say to me, in a whisper-like, "Did she hear me, Katy?"

"Yes," I'd say, "*every word!*" Oh, well, he was frightened then—he was afraid of getting scolded for swearing like that, because Mrs. Clemens hated swearing.

There were two doors into Mrs. Clemens's room: one opened at the head of her bed and one opened so you could go in without seeing the head of the bed. Well, the morning that he swore like that—if she heard him—he would always come in by the door where she couldn't see him, and say, "Good morning," careless-like as if he was in a terrible hurry, and then he'd go right out.

Oh, he didn't want to see them cold, blue eyes she'd turn on him; that would be all she would have to do—was to look at him once. He said she had a blue eye like steel, you know, that would go right through him. Well, he'd try to steal out this back door, and one morning she called him back and said, "Aren't you going to say 'Good morning,' Youth dear?"

"Oh, I forgot," he says.

"Oh," she says, "you know better than that; you didn't forget."

Well, he couldn't say anything—couldn't deny it, of course. He kind of laughed it off in his way. But you couldn't get mad at Mr. Clemens about anything, even when his shirts would be all out-of-doors, and I'd have to go and bring them back in. I wasn't mad at him, tho; but he never wanted one of those shirts put back. He used to say to me, "I see my shirts are getting kind of bad. There was no buttons in the shirt I wanted to put on this morning."

He always had three sets of cuff-buttons and shirt-buttons fixed so there'd always be a shirt ready for him. My goodness! I used to have to fix three shirts at the same time, because if he found one shirt that didn't have the proper cuff-buttons in he'd tear it up.

"Now, don't put those shirts back in my drawer, Katy," he'd say; "they're getting old. I'll have to go and get some new ones"; but of course I didn't pay any attention to him. I brought 'em all in and put the buttons back and mended them up, and of course he never knew!

Mr. Clemens wore nightshirts, too. He never would put on pajamas—short nightshirts he wore. Well, when I first went there to work he used to have short nightshirts, just boughten ones; and he would jump up out of bed often and go up in the billiard-room without putting on his double gown, and I used to think he'd catch cold that way—his legs would be all bare; he very seldom stopped to put on his slippers even.

So I says to Mrs. Clemens that I should think if Mr. Clemens would have some nice long nightshirts it would be very nice, and she said:

"I have often thought of that, too, Katy, but I don't know whether he'd wear them or not."

Then I says, "Well, I'll make some anyway, and we'll see." So I made a long nightshirt for the experiment, with trimming on it—rickrack, red; brought it all down the fold in the front. I put the nightshirt on the bed the night it was finished, and when he seen it he said to Mrs. Clemens, "Livy, I think Katy made a mistake. She's put *your* night-dress here instead of mine."

Mrs. Clemens laughed. "No, Katy made that for you, Youth dear."

"What, with all that red trimming on?" he says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Clemens, "she thought a nice long nightshirt would keep you warm when you jump up to write in the night."

Well, of course, he made a terrible fuss at first, but he finally put it on and he liked it very much, and walked around in it. And the next morning he said it was really the most comfortable nightshirt he ever had because it covered his feet good in the night, you know, and he never wanted to wear anything else.

From an old snap-shot

CLARA CLEMENS AND THE CALF JUMBO, WHICH, ACCORDING TO PATRICK, THE COACHMAN, WAS TO TURN INTO A PONY

Photo by H. L. Bundy

MRS. CLEMENS AND SUSIE, CLARA, AND JEAN, ABOUT THE YEAR 1885-86

But after a few years he got kind of cold one time, and he thought he'd like a flannel nightshirt, and Mrs. Clemens got the loveliest flannel she could find, and I made him one of those nightshirts out of that; then he used to wear the flannel nightshirts. He wouldn't give up the nightshirts with the trimming on, tho. He got used to it and liked it. I trimmed them all with different colors. I had pink and red and blue. The white ones was a great success, but the flannel ones was the greatest success of all. You see, he was comfortable all the rest of his life with those nightshirts; so I don't think I have lived in vain. I made one man contented, anyway!

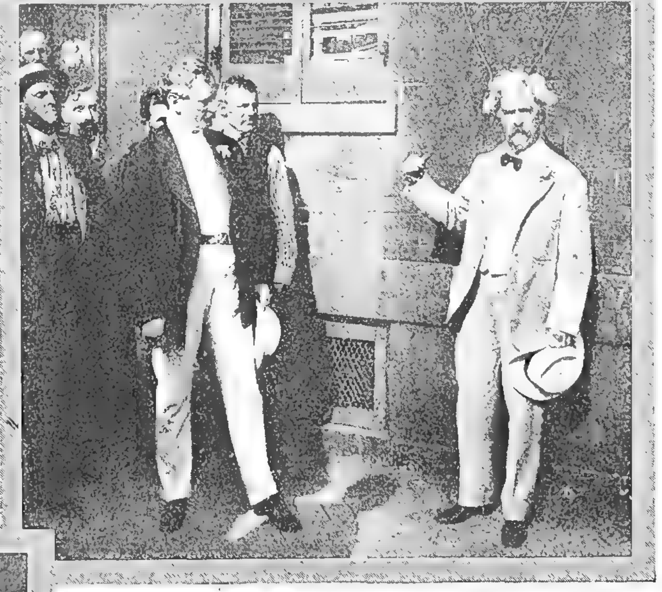
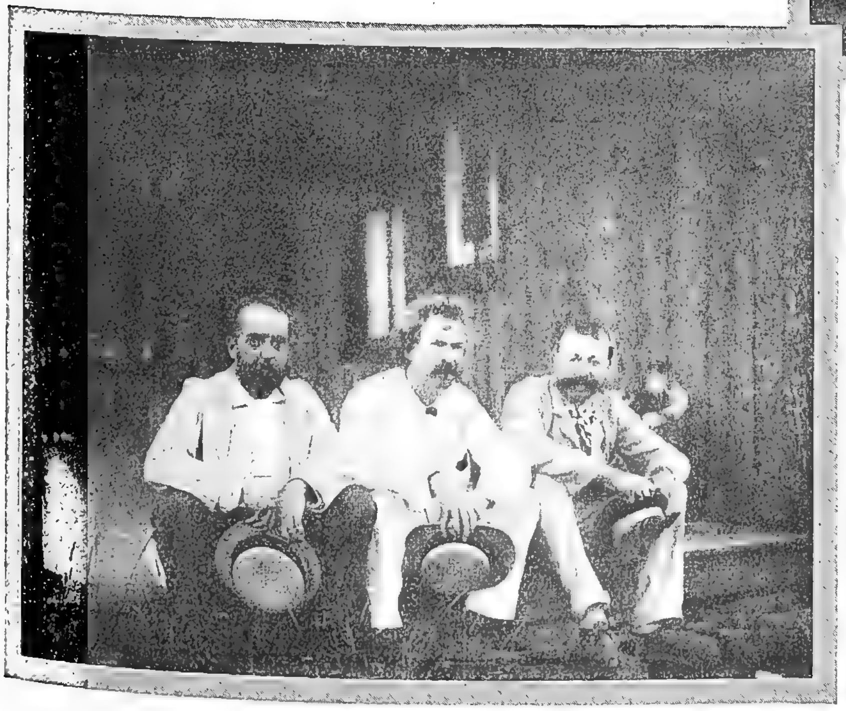

"MARK TWAIN" ON A VISIT TO ST. LOUIS. DAVID R. FRANCIS IN FOREGROUND AT LEFT OF PICTURE

Photo by A. P. Risser


THE GREAT HUMORIST WHILE ON A VISIT TO HIS BIRTHPLACE AT FLORIDA, MO., HAS HIS PICTURE TAKEN WITH "TWO OF THE NEIGHBORS" ON THE PORCH OF THE OLD HOME

I think now I'll tell you about Mr. Clemens and the clocks—putting all of them clocks out of the house in his nightshirt. You know, he was on a lecture tour, and he got Mr. Cable—George W. Cable—to go with him on this tour—and he was lecturing too—reading from their books.

Well, when they got all through with the lecture tour, the last place they was in was in New Jersey, and they stayed overnight with a friend of Mr. Clemens by the name of Nast. Thomas Nast was his name. He was a famous artist—made cartoons in the newspapers. Well, there were lots of clocks in that house, it seems, and several alarm-clocks too. They set the alarm-clocks, because Mr. Clemens was going to take an early train in the morning.

After Mr. Clemens had gone to bed he got tired of the ticking of them —— clocks; they made him nervous, set him crazy. Mr. Cable didn't mind the ticking, I guess, but Mr. Clemens made up his mind that he'd put those clocks right out of the house then that night; so he moved them right out into the front yard. There was one or two long clocks—tall ones—in the house—grandfather clocks, they call them.

Well, Mr. Clemens, he began to take those clocks outdoors, moving them right out himself. Then he made Mr. Cable get up and help him—they were so heavy he couldn't move them alone—and they put four or five clocks out on the front lawn of the house together.

Well, Mr. Nast seen them pulling them out, and he just didn't say anything then, but the next morning he told Mr. Clemens that if he had known how he felt, he'd gladly put them out himself for him. "But," he says, "I'd advise you, Mark, the next place you visit if you don't like the sound of the clocks ticking you had better say something about it to the family *first*, because it spoiled clocks to put 'em outdoors in the night!"

Of course Mr. Clemens didn't care! He didn't want them in his room or anywheres he could hear them tick. He never could stand the ticking of a clock, and, of course, when Mr. Clemens couldn't stand anything he just didn't have it, that's all.

And it was one of my nightshirts with the trimming on he was wearing when he was pulling out them clocks. It was long and must have trailed on the ground, and he must have looked awful funny going out of the house and down the stairs lugging a great clock in that trailing nightshirt. Wasn't that a funny thing to do? It was

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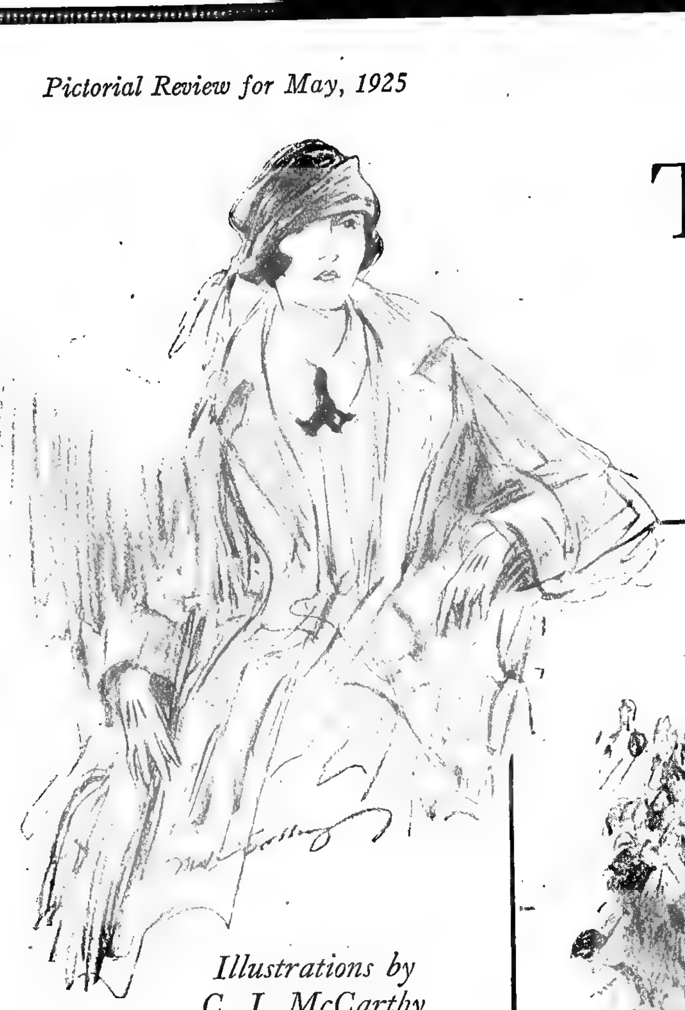
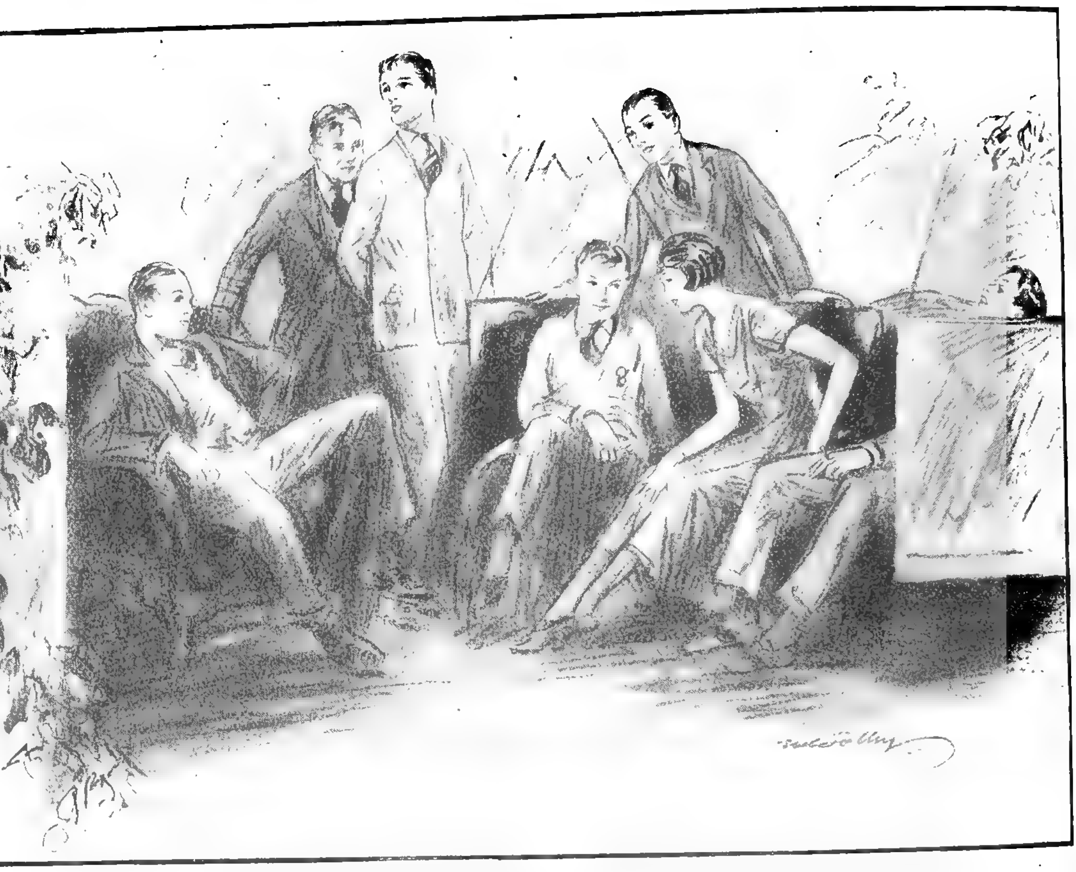


The Boys in the House

College Means Different Things to Different People, but Did You Ever Stop to Think What It Means to a "College Widow"?

Illustrations by
C. J. McCarthy

BY
LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS



"'SAY, A BIRD TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT YOU WERE THE MOST POPULAR GIRL AROUND THIS CAMPUS. SAID HE NEVER SAW YOU WITHOUT FIVE MEN'"

SHE sat in the porch-swing, her rose colored voile dress making a bright island of color among the dark suits surrounding her. Two students on her right, two on her left, a youth behind pushing the swing gently. Van Eliston on the railing idly fingering a banjo. When he struck a known chord the six suddenly burst into a snatch of song: "*Please pickle my bones in alcohol!*"

Passers-by stared up at the porch. Anita laughed loudly. "Bet those old hens think this is *some* wild party!"

One of the freshmen spoke, his words tumbling over each other: "Say, a bird told me yesterday that you were the most popular girl around this campus. Said he never saw you without five men."

Anita smiled, but indulgently, without triumph. Once she would have flushed with pride, but now she understood many things. The men she was seen with were always of a certain group, a group constituting for her a separate clan, almost a distinct race: the boys in the house!

The freshmen chattered. Van Eliston strummed his banjo. Anita stared down at her rose-colored dress. She was very unhappy.

MRS. GRAHAM had taken the big thirteen-room house when her husband died—she knew of no other way to make a livelihood; and it was a very certain way in the small university town where students clamored daily for rooms at all of the houses in the campus neighborhood. Mrs. Graham had cleared out the attic for a sleeping-dormitory and was thereby justified in putting three boys in each "study"-room unless more sophisticated students rebelled. For that reason she liked freshmen and hated seniors. She specialized in freshmen. Freshmen took meekly what was given them, and altho they wrestled and broke up more chairs they seldom "answered back" when she "called them down."

Of course there was the fraternity problem with freshmen. At first when the best-dressed and -financed freshmen began to get telephone-calls and invitations to dinner Mrs. Graham and Anita held long conferences in their shabby, cramped living-quarters.

"Do you think Mr. Beck is being rushed? *Do* you, Anita?"

"Well, Mama, that was a Beta car he went away in."

"Oh, Anita! What shall I do? I can't afford to have my rooms empty."

"Oh, don't worry. I don't think he'll get in. He told me one guy over there hated him."

"Well, I surely hope he gets blackballed. I can't—can't afford—" Mrs. Graham pressed her limp apron to her wet, anxious eyes. But she had learned very soon not to rent her rooms eagerly to the first comers. Shrewdly she began to select homely, pockmarked boys, boys whose names ended in "stein" and "ofski," boys who were "working their way"—they always paid most promptly—boys who blushed and stammered and were too shy to ask for hot water. She had once longingly considered two quiet Chinese students, but Anita had furiously remonstrated: "Oh, Mama, for gosh sake! How would I feel with *Chinese* boys coming in and out of my own house!"

Mrs. Graham and Anita soon learned to keep informed by listening to telephone conversations. Pressed against the double doors that separated the scabby hall from their living-room, Anita would strain her ears to overhear the faint remarks. "Mama, you'd never think it, but I do believe that nutty Mr. Carpenter is being rushed!"

Mrs. Graham did not cry any more. She was no longer helpless. She lurked, a grim sentinel, about the halls and confronted the jubilant Mr. Carpenter when he returned from his first fraternity dinner: "Mr. Carpenter, I've heard something about your being interested in the A. O. G. frat. Now, Mr. Carpenter, you know and I know that you agreed to stay the whole semester out. If you quit me right in the middle of the semester the A. O. G.'s will have to pay the rest of your rent. That's flat, Mr. Carpenter!"

Happiness fled from poor Mr. Carpenter's face. He would never dare ask the fraternity—! Besides, they hadn't asked him, "bid" him, yet! He glanced fearfully about the hall as if in dread lest wrathful A. O. G.'s overhear him bandying their sacred name with this irreverent landlady who called it—unspeakable crime!—a "frat."

After the dénouement of the Carpenter affair Mrs. Graham felt herself to be a seasoned, well-browned landlady of no mean flavor. Her technique had been artistic. In her long, lean wrapper she had waited in the darkest shadows of the hall until Carpenter and his A. O. G. accomplice had stealthily carried the trunk to the very bottom of the stairs. Then she came forward.

"This has gone far enough, my fine young gentlemen. Somebody has got to pay Carpenter's rent for the rest of the semester. And the dean of men will back me up in *that* statement."

Carpenter frightened and very much ashamed. The representative of the fraternity-house suave and politely ingratiating: "Oh, now, Mrs. ——, uh, of course we expected to do that. I was just helping Carpenter out with his trunk, you know. We fully expected to remunerate you."

Mrs. Graham had discovered the potency of Dean Abrams's name, and she used it glibly after that.

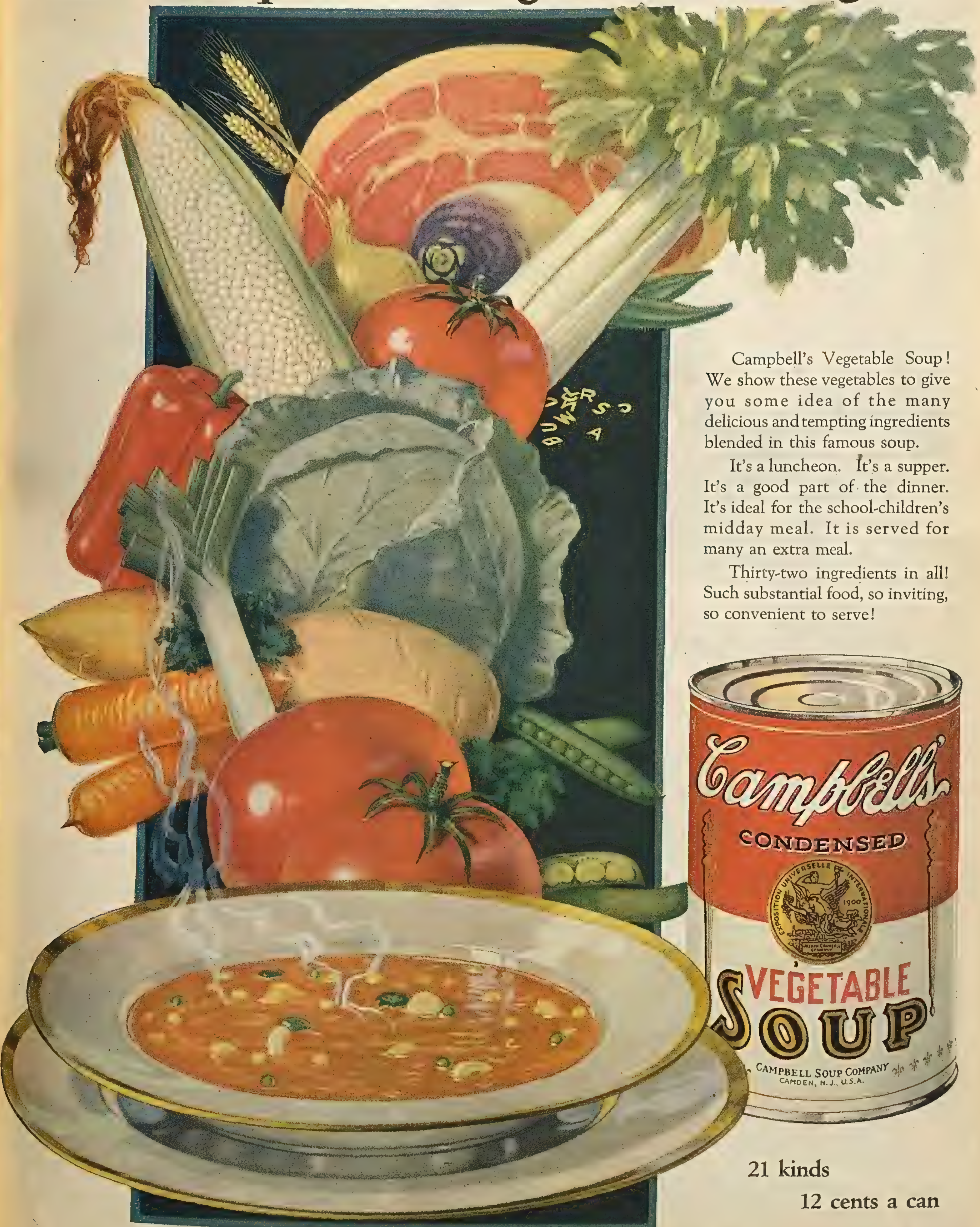
WHILE the Carpenter scene occurred Anita listened from her davenport-bed in the living-room. How did mama *dare* talk like that to A. O. G.'s? She had always hoped to go to a dance at their beautiful house—even if she was a town girl. Lots of town girls went to all the fraternity dances. (Back in high school she had meant to attend the university, but her father's death changed all that. She had to help poor mama make the beds and sweep the rooms. Just the same, she was as pretty as those university girls and lots snappier, many of the fellows said. What did the university girls have to act so smart about? They let on as if their classes and sororities were something mysterious and wonderful. The fellows made fun of them behind their backs—at least the boys in the house did.)

Now that Carpenter was pledged to the A. O. G. fraternity Anita no longer thought of him as "nutty." She told herself she had always known there was something about him—if only mama hadn't jawed him he might have taken her to his formal in the Spring.

For the rooming-house did not mean a livelihood to Anita. It meant gaiety, excitement, popularity. Her mother encouraged her to be pleasant to the students; she often said in a burst of kindliness: "Anita, we must try to make this a real home for them. They stay so much better if things are homey. And if they feel dissatisfied and grouchy they leave all the lights burning just for meanness." Mrs. Graham said, too, that it did her good to see young people have a nice time. On Sunday afternoons she hovered about the group at the piano, beaming and nodding her head in time to Anita's sketchy jazz.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

The soup when you're hungry!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VEGETABLE
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CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.

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It's a luncheon. It's a supper. It's a good part of the dinner. It's ideal for the school-children's midday meal. It is served for many an extra meal.

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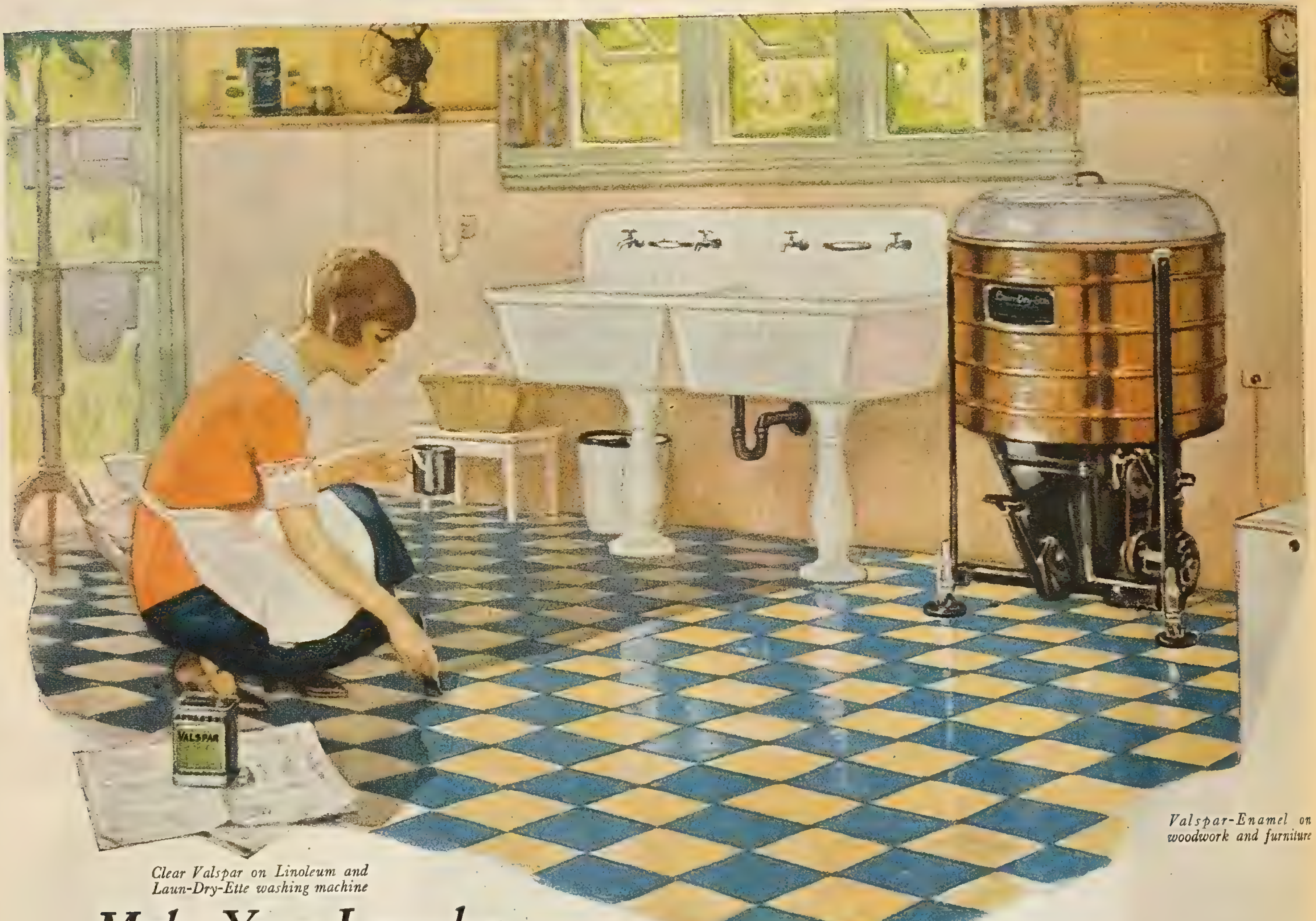

Clear Valspar on Linoleum and Laun-Dry-Ette washing machine

Valspar-Enamel on woodwork and furniture

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VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Mrs. Graham thought her daughter very popular and all the freshmen thought so too; for a long time Anita had believed it herself. When a freshman was pledged to a fraternity he nearly always took her to his first dance. He was not sure of his dancing, and it didn't matter if he stepped on Anita's toes. But when he learned the new steps she saw him go by in a taxicab to his formal—with a sorority girl.

HOW many clumsy youths she had taught to fox-trot, even supplying the music herself by whistling valiantly! How many she had guided wearily around the uneven hall floor, kicking aside the rugs and shrilling severe directions! She had made a swell dancer of Buddy Hummel. She had been very proud of him. And from the gallery where onlookers could watch the brilliant spectacle of the junior prom she had seen him floating dreamily with a Pi Phi—that very lounging glide Anita had shown him!

When she had mastered these first hard lessons in ingratitude—so difficult for her years—she had turned for companionship to the unpledged who remained faithful. Year after year she knew them all with the commonplace familiarity of family life. They loafed about the house watching her wipe dishes, dust, make beds, or mend her stockings. When her mother fitted a new dress on her she could never be quite sure they would not burst in. Buddy Hummel, small, wavy-haired, snobbish, would sneer in his girlish voice: "Oh, boy, Anita's getting a Poiret gown! Going to the senior ball, Anita?"

Ferdie Harbarger, who came from Chicago's West Side, would shout: "That's a mean color!"

Red Finkelstein, very kind and tall and well-meaning, would blunder: "My mother's got a dress—swell!—out of the same kind of goods."

The Burnham twins would look sheepish and say nothing—they would hurry up to their room, to their slide-rules and T squares, terribly afraid that she would usurp some of their precious time.

She learned that these rooming-house students cloaked their loneliness and envy of glittering inner circles with sarcasm and cynical comment. She joined them with alacrity, for she had the same emotions to hide. Out on the porch, Spring evenings, they all drew close together in a little alien clan watching the cars flash by and the sauntering groups of garrulous men and girls. From their sheltering porch they slung barbed jests.

"Oh, Brother! See that little fairy! What's she doing—a toe dance? She's an Upsilon Phi—in my chem quiz."

"Yeh, all those Upsilon Phis give me a pain. All poor women if you ask me."

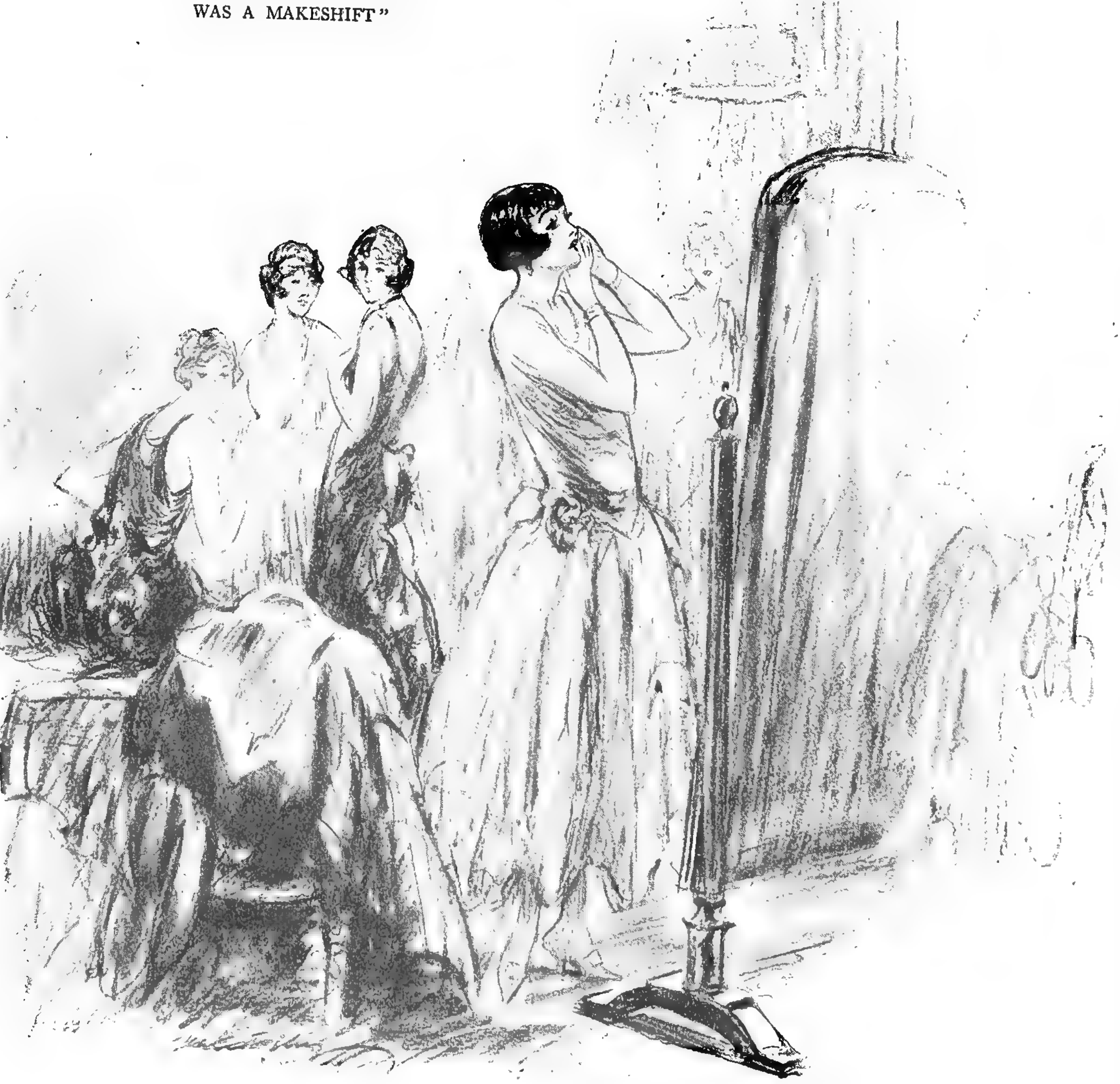
"Gee, I heard they were having an open house." Red Finkelstein was always blundering and naively wistful. "What does that mean? Can anybody go?"

"Anybody, ——!" Little Bud Hummel's drawl was most gentle when he swore. "Fraternity men. Planning to go, Red? Some sweet sob-sister'll throw a cup of tea in your face if you do."

"Say, fellows," Anita would pipe eagerly, "where's that great big Airedale taking that little bit of a Delt?"

At the raucous shout of laughter she would feel warm and almost content. She was jealous of the quizzes they left her to cram for, of the poker-games that lured them finally away. She would sit still watching the couples strolling by to their dances and the lights prickling out in the sorority-house next door. Or maybe from sheer weariness of spirit she would surrender to Finkelstein's entreaties and go to the You'll Come Inn with him, hoping that no one saw her.

"SHE KNEW VAGUELY THAT SHE DESIRED SOME UNDISCOVERED WAY TO EXPRESS MAD GAIETY AND THAT THIS UNIVERSITY DANCE WAS A MAKESHIFT"



It was strange how little the boys in her house entered into the life of the university. They attended no lectures that were not enforced, no class functions, no entertainments—except the Orpheum. Once Bud Hummel bought a symphony concert ticket, but was jeered so relentlessly that he gave it to Mrs. Graham.

Of convocations at which the president and the deans presided they agreed they would rather "sleep at home." They entered into no athletics, had no interest in them beyond turning out for basket-ball and football games. As they clattered down the steps in a noisy, self-conscious, straggling crowd, Anita would jealously watch them go, feeling that at last the university had a grip which snatched them away from her.

They seemed to experience the same jealousy on evenings when she happened to "have a date." She would wander about the halls happily conscious of her new dress and her shining satin slippers, waiting to be noticed. Finkelstein, coming down to telephone, would approach her.

"Gosh, you look keen! How about a movie?"

"I've got a date." She did a few dance-steps, arranging her silver-ribbon girdle.

Other boys leaned over the banister of the open stairway. Some of them came half-way down in bath-robes and old sweaters, collarless and in slippers.

"Oh! Anita's got a date!"

Ferdie Harbarger, who thought of himself as a "hot sport," did a few insinuating dance-steps on the floor above and whispered something to Bud, who laughed. Anita's face grew warm, but she decided they didn't mean anything. She had learned to ignore a little vulgar teasing, but she was always on the alert, ready to defend herself harshly and loudly. She was definitely conscious that they reserved one code for her and one for the university girls. They were affectionately rude to her, a town girl, but she did not think they jeered her secretly as they did the coeds, to whom they were artificially gallant.

The Burnham twins, annoyed by the noise in the hall, shut their door reprovingly, and the talk turned on them and the inconsequential topic of studies. Anita saw that the boys were sorry when the door-bell rang at last. They returned drearily to their endless "chewing the rag in Bud's room." They talked about everything—some were didactic, some coarse, some eager, and some mere listeners.

They had a language of their own: an easy, loose-jointed speech that scrambled agilely over the hills and hummocks of their uneven themes—salesmanship, the South Sea Islands, southpaws, preachers, vitamins, the cost of building-materials, women's clothes, mythical "vamps" they had known, petting, automobiles, their uncomplimentary opinions of Dean Abrams, prexy, Doctor Dyrcks, and Professor Gabler; how to "pull an A in Ec."; how to escape military drill; whether boiled milk or plain milk was better for the stomach; bootleggers and semisoft collars, Chicago cabarets and brands of cigarets. About the least of these subjects they wrangled violently for hours.

WHEN a man came to take her out Anita hurried him away before he could hear the loud discussion and the noisy scuffle that terminated it. Those startling thumps on the ceiling! That ghastly sound of loose plaster pattering down inside the walls! Her mother's voice: "*Boys, somebody else wants to study if you don't!*"

But the only man Anita had ever yet cared about was Van Eliston. Her spirit still quivered when she thought of that first meeting with Van! She had gone to a fraternity dance with a freshman who once roomed at her house. In the dressing-room she stood before the mirror, carefully powdering her pretty, sullen little face, rearranging the sophisticated, black curl she always plastered flat against her forehead, tightening her long, green earrings.

The other girls were gathered in sorority groups. They stared at her silently. She returned proud, cold glances as she nervously smoothed the slim, trailing draperies of her green-and-silver dress—the dress her mother had hastily finished hemming just before she came. She saw that the other girls' faces also looked set and hard as if they too were assisting at some deadly serious project.

A fierce emotion of rebellion arose in her against some strange enemy—it seemed to her that it was the university. Standing there in the dressing-room, very young, but wise and taut with her wisdom, uncomfortable and almost at bay, she felt sickeningly oppressed by the heavy fragrance of silks and powders. She knew vaguely that she desired some undiscovered way to express mad gaiety and that this university dance was a makeshift, poor and artificial.

Then later, dancing with Van Eliston, she seemed to have discovered true gaiety.

"Let's not dance like this," he said gently, when she had confidently begun the new steps she knew so well. "Let's dance like we feel."

And again: "Let's not dance in here. Let's dance out on the grass." They had danced on the grass in the shadows of the tall hedge. Her slippers grew sodden with dew—she did not care. He stopped and held her away from him. He was very tall and dark and his eyes shone. "*Why, you pretty little thing,*" he said, "*you pretty little thing.*" They danced a long time altho the music died away and the earth seemed to have melted from beneath their feet.

When he asked her what house she belonged to, she answered defiantly, "I'm a town girl."

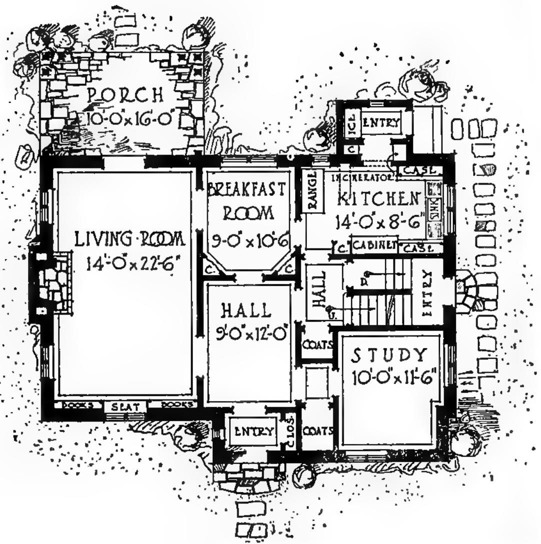
"I knew you were too nice for a coed."

Her cheeks burned with the greatest happiness she had known. Throughout the following weeks she had been sure she would see Van Eliston again. And she did—but all the magic was gone. One day her mother told her they had a new roomer. "He seems so nice for a senior—he doesn't

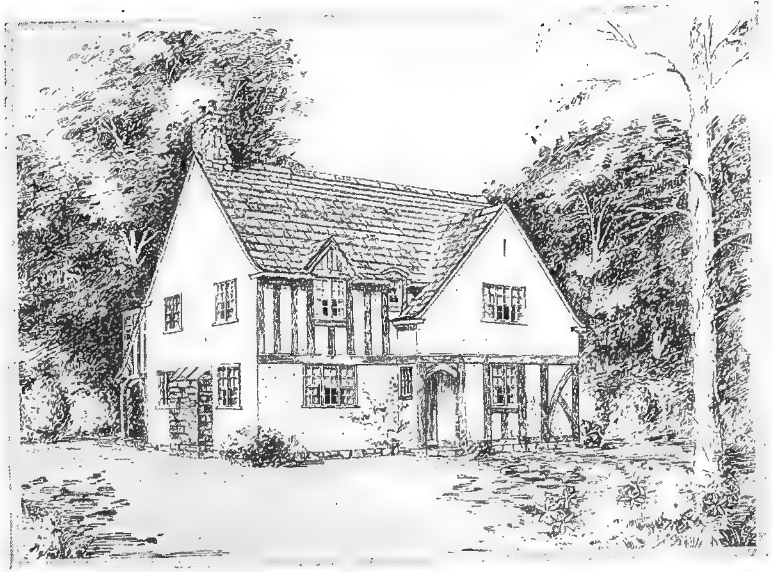
CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

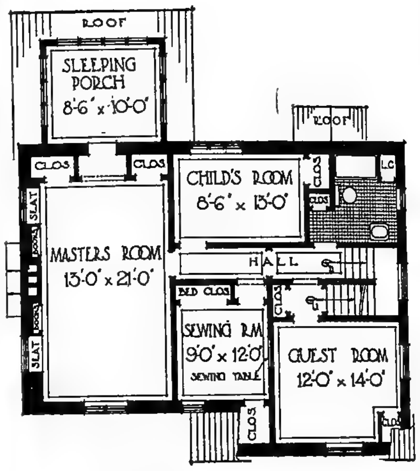
The House with Three Faces

DESCRIBED BY COLLIER STEVENSON

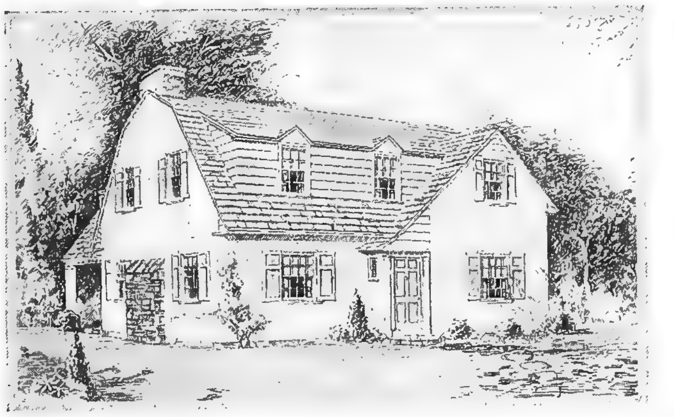


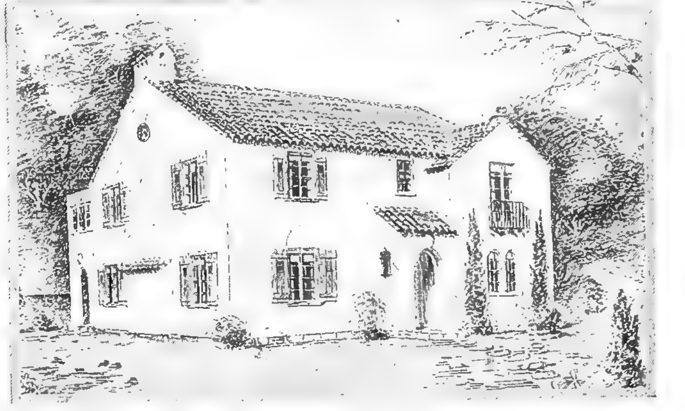
A GRACEFULLY PROPORTIONED AND GENEROUSLY WINDOWED LIVING-ROOM, WITH ONE WALL DOMINATED BY A CHEERY OPEN FIREPLACE, HAS DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH HALL, BREAKFAST-ROOM, AND LIVING-PORCH





THE MASTER'S ROOM HAS WINDOWS UPON THREE SIDES, TWO GOOD CLOSETS, BUILT-IN BOOKCASES, AND A SLEEPING-PORCH. A CONCEALED BED AND A BUILT-IN SEWING-TABLE ADD INTEREST TO THE LITTLE SEWING-ROOM





The House Designed by John W. Platt, Jr., Architect

THERE is presented here a house of threefold appeal—a house so carefully planned that its exterior can be variously developed, as *you* choose, in the traditional Dutch Colonial, English, or Latin form, whichever is not only best suited to the scenic and climatic character of the site selected, but most responsive to your own personal preferences in the matter of house-architecture. Without considerable manipulation, few house-plans ever yield more than one exterior: a plan that holds no less than *three* distinct exterior possibilities is, therefore, so unique that it merits the attention of all prospective home-builders.

Each of the exterior treatments indicates the use of plaster as a wall-finish, both on account of the prevailing and wide-spread popularity of this medium and its availability for successful application over such varied building-materials as wood, brick, stone, hollow tile, and metal lath. Then, too, plaster offers so much latitude as to texture and color that its use opens up many pleasant avenues of artistic expression. Thus, with plaster as the chosen finish, rugged beauty can be attained by a roughening of the texture, stimulating gaiety by bright hues, dignified charm by quiet coloring and smooth textures. And it is, to a great extent, this remarkable *adaptability* that constantly wins new friends for plaster!

FOR the English exterior, which appears between the floor-plans, a plaster rather rough in texture and tinted to a deep old ivory is suggested as an appropriate wall-finish. With this as a background, the stained timberwork of mellow brown that is gracefully employed to enliven the wall-surfaces and the brownish-gray stone of chimney, entrance-steps, and porch-floor could not but be completely harmonious. To conform with the spirit of the design, the outer doors would, of course, also be of brown-stained oak.

There is, however, a chance for gayer color in the treatment of the windows; for, if sash of conventional wood-construction is chosen, it can with entire propriety be painted a warm terra-cotta, tho either ivory or deep écru would be scarcely less attractive. As an alternative, steel casements might be used, for they are well suited to a house of English character. Whether of patented roofing-material, of heavy slate, or of stained shingles, the roof will be doubly interesting if it shows a play of color. Thus, with cool sea-green as a basis, there can be the contrast of purples and blues; or, with brown as the basic hue, dull reds and yellows can be the contrasting factors.

The exterior of Latin lineage, shown above at the right, affords still greater opportunity for the employment of vibrant color, for its design was inspired by the very colorful architecture which beautifies the Latin lands that lie along the Mediterranean. There is, then, no lack of sound *precedent* for the free use of color; nor is there any paucity of colors suitable for an exterior so marked by individuality and distinction. Pale apricot would, for instance, be a delightful color for the walls of rough-surfaced plaster; and tiles, varying from deep red to terra-cotta, would be an agreeable finish for the roof.

Bluish green would be pleasant for the frames of doors and windows—especially if contrast were afforded by a *greenish blue* upon the window-sash. And now a more daring touch—either emerald or jade-green for the facia-boards! Then an element of virility—a slender balustrade of blackest iron to define the tiny balcony opening from the guest-room; and still another suggestion of strength in the heavy battened shutters and the massive doors, stained alike to a bright chestnut-brown. Porch-floor and entrance-steps, tho they might be of cement, would be infinitely more pleasing if of tile and brownish red in color.

Turning now to the unusual Dutch Colonial interpretation, depicted above at the left, a more conservative coloring is, perhaps, in order, tho rigid adherence to the customary combination of green and white is by no means imperative! Charming as the effect of white and green can be, particularly when enhanced by a leafy setting, there are other color-combinations of equal charm that are quite as desirable for a house of Colonial type. Picture this little house, for example, with stippled plaster walls of rosy cream, accented by the delicate ivory-white of solid shutters, paneled doors, and exterior trim—and all gracefully topped by a gambrel roof of woodsy browns.

IF, HOWEVER, the roof were of harmonizing grays, interspersed with grayish browns, walls of snowy-white would prove to be a vastly becoming background for ivory-painted woodwork, varied by shutters and doors of cerulean blue, jade-green, or coral—vivid hues that are now daringly introduced, possibly as a protest against unimaginative conventionality!

Considering that the three exteriors here described and illustrated are so entirely *dissimilar* in contour, detail, and color, it is all the more interesting to discover how perfectly the *one* set of floor-plans is adapted to each pictured development. Indeed, in only one minor detail is the slightest deviation from the published plans involved; the roof-lines of the Dutch Colonial and the Latin treatments exclude the small front closet, which, with the English exterior, opens from the sewing-room. Closets to adequately serve numerous purposes are, by the way, a notable feature of the house: hence the omission of one is not a serious matter. Even a diminutive closet for umbrellas and other wet-weather paraphernalia is provided beside the main entrance.

The location of the staircase to the second floor in an inner passage, readily reached from the kitchen, is obviously advantageous, as both the cost and space of separate service-stairs are saved. Furthermore, the main hall is permitted to assume virtually the dignity of a *reception-room*—as is illuminatingly set forth by the furnishing scheme on page 34.

THOUSANDS of letters from magazine-readers have given Collier Stevenson an intimate knowledge of what the average home-builder visions as an ideal home-to-be. Equipped with this understanding and responsive to wide-spread building interest, he inaugurates upon this page a new series of small-house designs especially prepared by various architects. Information as to how these plans can be obtained will be given by letter, if inquiries are addressed to Collier Stevenson, in care of Pictorial Review, and accompanied by stamped envelops.

Start May First

LAST year two and a half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be entrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents but to the country itself, *one* out of every *thirteen* died before its first birthday.

This tragic waste of human material must be checked. It must be made easier for babies to pass their first milestone and for boys and girls to have a happy, healthy childhood. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country, is asked to help.

May Day, which has always been one of the banner days of childhood with its picnics, its gayly-ribboned May-poles and its fun, is hereafter going to be a momentous day for our boys and girls. It will be known everywhere as National Child Health Day, a permanent American institution, a day for community stock-taking of child-health conditions.

May-Poles—Symbols of Health

When you see the May-poles think of them as symbols of sound health for children.

All over the country hundreds of thousands of men and women are planning to make May Day memorable in the history of our nation. Members of religious, business, fraternal, patriotic, labor and other organizations are working to make Child Health Day a success.

Herbert Hoover's Plea

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children * * * The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

It is for the reiteration of this truth, for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herbert Hoover

There will be celebrations and festivals, public gatherings and speech making. Stores from coast to coast will have special window displays calling attention to Child Health Day. Business concerns, mills and factories will have important health demonstrations.

The men and women who are working for an improvement in child-health are painting a vision which shall and must be made real. They are working for more sanitary school buildings, more thorough health inspection in schools and better playground facilities. They are taking steps to safeguard the right of every child to reach maturity in good condition physically, mentally and morally.

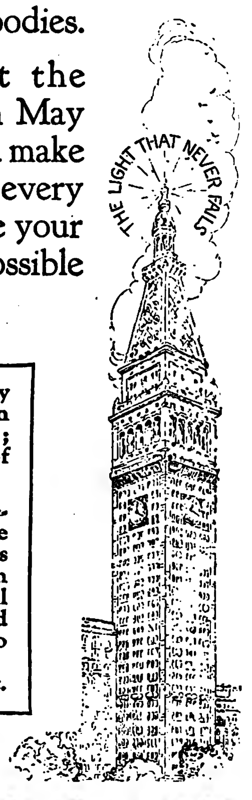
Find out what your community is doing to celebrate May Day. Let's not have a slacker town or city in all the country.

Every Home a Health Center

It is time to dismiss the old foolish notion that children have to have the diseases of childhood. They can be protected by the proper precautions. Keep your children well.

Have your boys and girls physically examined at least once a year. See that they eat the right body-building food. Make certain that they play every day in the fresh air, sleep long hours with open windows and establish healthy body-habits. Give them buoyant joyous health. Endow them with strong, sturdy bodies.

But remember that the dreams you dream on May First and the plans you make must be carried out every day in the year to give your children the best possible chance in life.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

There are upward of 35 million children in the United States—practically one-third of our population—who are subject to dangers in many communities by failure of community safeguards. In some sections of the country impure water and impure milk are supplied. In other communities inadequate provisions for health inspection are made. Again, too few playgrounds are opened or too many children are permitted by law to be at work in factories when they should be in school.

Great advances have been made in national hygiene, but even today three out of four children are suffering from some physical defect which might have been prevented or corrected. At least three million of our children, probably more, fall so far below the normal standard of weight that their condition demands immediate recognition and attention.

Six countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States. The country which stands first loses only one baby in twenty under one year of age. There are many countries which lose fewer mothers in childbirth than we do here in the United States.

We need more prenatal and maternity care and instruction; closer supervision of health in schools; nutrition classes; more playgrounds and a wider system of public health measures.

The New May Day brings a plea for safeguarding the welfare of our children. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published a booklet, "The Child", which is a guide and help to mothers. It will be mailed free, together with a Child Health Day program, to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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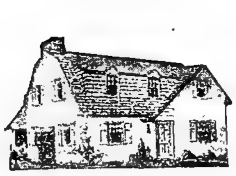
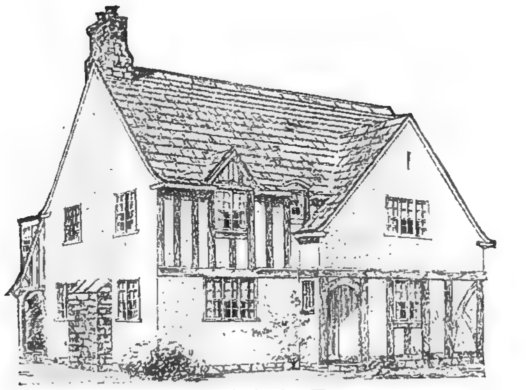
BEAUTY · IN · THE · HOME

A Practical Department of Decorating and Furnishing

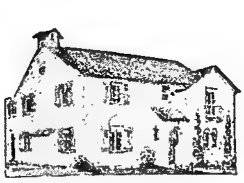
CONDUCTED BY WINNIFRED FALES



The Colonial Face



The English Face



The Latin Face

I. The Welcoming Hall

Making "the House with Three Faces" a Home

THE delightful adventure of home-making rightly starts at the front door, and it is here that we shall enter upon our interesting task of furnishing the little House of Three Faces and converting it into a livable, inviting home.

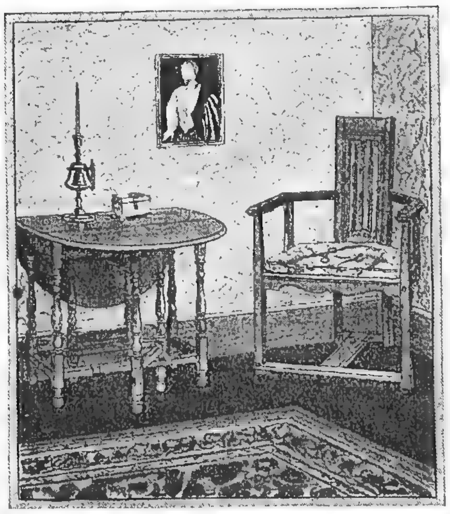
A picturesquely irregular-flagged path brings us to the entrance with its sturdy outer door of paneled oak, through which we pass into a vestibule, lighted by a lantern in antique brass, and just big enough to shelter the waiting visitor from sun or rain.

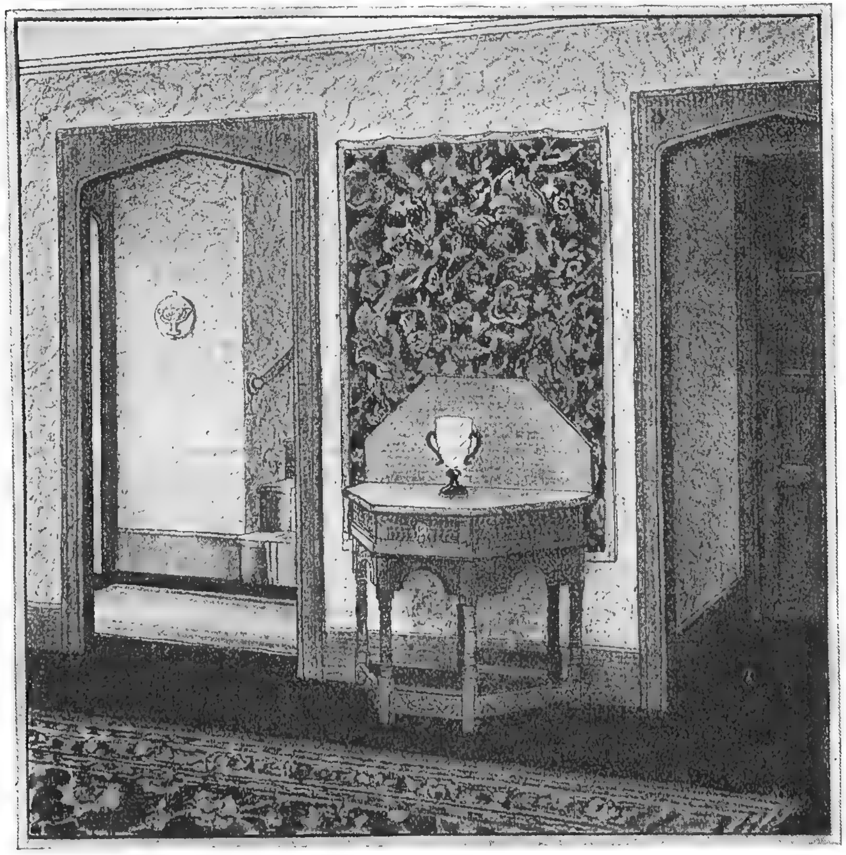
Br-r-r-r. The electric bell echoes shrilly through the house—for as yet it is *only* a house, untenanted and empty. Receiving no response, we push open the glass inner door and step into the vacant hall.

Tho extremely modest in size, measuring only nine feet by twelve, it serves to divert drafts from the surrounding rooms and affords a place where those whose errands are of a business nature may wait instead of intruding upon the intimacy of the family circle, as occurs when the front door opens directly into the living-room.

The interesting Tudor-arched door-openings on either side make it immediately apparent that it is the House with the English Face which is to be the subject of our home-furnishing experiment. The floor and woodwork are of dark-stained oak, framing rough-plastered walls washed over with a sunshiny tint like ancient, yellowed ivory. At the left is the entrance to the living-room, and at the extreme rear a second glass door opens into a breakfast-room of small dimensions, but charmingly designed. The right-hand wall—shown in the larger illustration—is broken by an opening at either end, that nearest the front door leading to a bright and cheerful little room which may be furnished as a den, reception-room, or library, according to choice, and the other giving access to the stairway which runs off at right angles and is enclosed in the English manner. Opening at the left from the little stair hall is the kitchen.

The location of the stairs at one side instead of in the hall proper saves space as well as money. Architecturally there is nothing more beautiful and impressive than the sweeping, graceful lines of a finely designed staircase; but such a structure demands an ample setting and elaborate and costly details. If these can not be managed, and the stairway must be a plain, purely utilitarian affair, it is as well to render it inconspicuous by enclosing it as described. In the Little House this plan has the further advantage of producing a surprizing effect of spaciousness by creating an unbroken vista from the front entrance down the length of the hall and through the breakfast-room windows to the garden at the back.





IN THE CENTER OF THE PAGE AN OLD ENGLISH CHAIR IS HAPPILY GROUPED WITH A GATE-LEG TABLE. IMMEDIATELY ABOVE, A JACOBEAN WALL-HANGING OVER A CARVED-OAK TABLE SUPPLIES RICH COLOR

How to Decorate and Furnish the English Type

Now, how are we to go about transforming this empty, oblong box into a well-appointed hall; uncrowded, yet with every needed convenience; wearing a hospitable air of welcome, but with a becoming measure of dignity and reserve? Let us start with the most important wall-space, that on the right between the two openings whose deep recesses confer beauty through the interplay of light and shade, giving no hint of the prosaic truth that they were created for the sole and unromantic purpose of providing space for two roomy, cedar-lined coat-closets.

What decoration shall be used on this wall-surface? A mirror would be in keeping, but the need is for something colorful which will add the interest of pattern to the plain wall and serve as the basis of the decorative scheme of the entire first floor. A fine hand-made tapestry would be appropriate, but very costly, and the machine-made designs are apt to be tawdry and commonplace. Let us choose instead a length of heavy, coarse-textured jute fabric in natural color printed with an authentic Jacobean design of winding stems and huge conventional flowers in antique red, dull blue-greens, gold, brown, and mauve. As a finish, a two-inch binding of heavy mauve linen will be lovely against the brownish-yellow walls.

Beneath the hanging, a table of some description will be useful. There being space for so few pieces of furniture, each should possess more than ordinary interest of design in order to redeem the hall from commonplaceness, and for the same reason we can afford to spend a little more for individual objects than would be the case if the budget had to be stretched to cover a dozen or so. Accordingly we select a somewhat massive table in antique oak, taking pains to see that it is of the right scale in relation to the space it is to occupy and the width of the fabric hung above it. This table is a reproduction of a Tudor design, richly embellished with carving of the period. The octagonal top is divided and hinged so that one-half may be turned up against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

LET US HELP SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS

This is the first of a new and unusual series of articles in which you will be taken behind the scenes and invited to watch the actual decorating and furnishing of the little *House of Three Faces* (see page 32) just as a professional decorator would do it. Whether you are merely in search of a new idea for a lamp-shade or curtains, or have a whole house to furnish, you will be helped by these articles, and Mrs. Fales will gladly answer in a personal letter any questions concerning your own problems. Next month she will take you into the living-room of the Little House.

A NEW SERVICE FOR OUR READERS

Limited space forbids the illustrating on this page of more than one phase of the little *House of Three Faces*, and we have chosen the popular English type for presentation. But in order not to disappoint those whose particular House of Dreams is of the cozy Colonial or picturesque Latin style, we have put into an attractive folder suggestions for color-schemes, furnishings, and lighting-fixtures suited to halls of these two types. Please ask for *Little House Service Folder No. 1*, enclosing ten cents. Address Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

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Mrs. CONDÉ NAST on the *Importance of Being Beautiful*

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MRS. CONDÉ NAST

wife of the publisher of Vogue, Vanity Fair and House and Garden, is a leader in New York's smart Society. She has a sparkling wit, a charming personality and the gift of dressing with the cachet of fashion and in faultless taste. To the right, a glimpse of her Park Avenue apartment reflecting the sophisticated elegance of the French manner.

"WOMEN are realizing more and more the necessity of a clear, smooth skin. The very clothes they wear—so chic and simple of line—call for youth in their faces. So the smart woman must keep her skin youthful, radiant. Pond's Two Creams are a sure and simple means of keeping the complexion in exquisite condition."

Mrs Condé Nast

IN Mrs. Condé Nast's Park Avenue apartment that morning I sensed the dreaminess of a long siesta mingled with the bustle of arrival. The exquisite little Louis Seize *canapé* in the salon where I sat was hospitable in spite of seeming barely awake. The windows sleepily admitted the absence of curtains; the Venetian green paneled walls yawned that their paintings were still covered with muslin;—while Sèvres vases on the classic mantel shelf yet dozed in the white gauze coverings of their long nap.

But trunks, not yet unpacked, bulked excitingly in the background, the spirit of Paris bursting their lids.

And to see Mrs. Nast herself, was to see the Rue de la Paix in the latest expression of the mode. From the cut of her shoes—the new sailor ties with little bows of gros-grain ribbon—to her black bengaline frock with its white organdie collar and cuffs—even to the charming arrangement of her hair—Mrs. Nast was the simplicity, the chic, the youthfulness of Paris, *même.*

And the line-free, exquisitely cared-for skin of her face, throat and hands bespoke youthfulness as eloquently as did her clothes.

To be Chic You Must be Youthful

"PARIS was never so fascinating," Mrs. Nast was saying. "The clothes? Marvelous! So chic, and simple of line, so unadorned! But a woman must look young to wear them! They call for youth in the face—as well as in the figure. And the hats? Lines and dark shadows cannot hide under the close-fitting hats of today!

"So," Mrs. Nast went on, "the smart woman *must* keep her skin youthful—firm, clear and radiant."

"What did you do for your own skin while you were abroad?" I asked her. "It looks perfect. Surely you didn't put that dreadful lime-laden water of Europe on your face?"

"Never a drop," laughed Mrs. Nast. "It's too terribly drying. I took plenty of good cold cream for cleansing and I positively depended upon it. Pond's is to my mind the *crème de la crème* for the *voyageuse*, so light it just melts on the face and carries away all the dust travel gathers."

Our talk dwelt further on the two famous creams that Society women are using to keep that youthfulness of skin Mrs. Nast finds essential for harmony with the Mode.

We spoke of Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—how the purity and lightness of its delicate oils cause it to bring to the surface every vestige of dust, dirt and powder with which the pores are clogged.

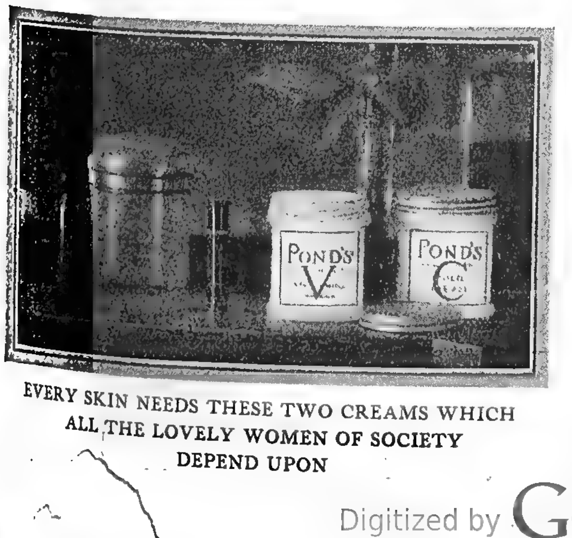
WE talked of its freshening power, how it rests the skin, toning it into new life and vigor, leaving it relaxed and softened, yet firm. How one thorough cleansing a day with this cream—and a cleansing after any unusual exposure—keeps the skin in the very pink of condition.

Then we discussed Pond's Vanishing Cream—for an exquisite finish when smoothed lightly into the skin. It instantly disappears, leaving the surface even and velvety, ready for the delicate touch of rouge and powder which, applied next, blend perfectly and stay so much longer than they ever did before. And the soft protection Pond's Vanishing Cream gives against cold, wind and city's soot and dust, keeps the skin just exquisite, too, no matter how long one stays out of doors.

Once more Mrs. Nast reverted to the importance of being beautiful. "Nothing, you know, makes a woman look so young, so lovely, as a really healthy skin. And Pond's Two Creams are a sure and simple means of keeping the complexion in exquisite condition."

"Extreme artificiality of make-up has gone," she added, "with the fussy things of dress, like veils. Gone, as completely as—as black stockings," she finished with a graceful gesture of her slim hands.

Like the chic and lovely women of Society you can have an exquisite complexion. Pond's Two Creams will give you that "youthful, firm, clear and radiant" skin Mrs. Nast finds indispensable to smartness. The Pond's Extract Company.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS WHICH ALL THE LOVELY WOMEN OF SOCIETY DEPEND UPON

MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.

MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP

THE LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Two Creams and the Pond's method of caring for the skin.

FREE OFFER *Mail coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.*

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
129 Hudson Street, New York City.
Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name..

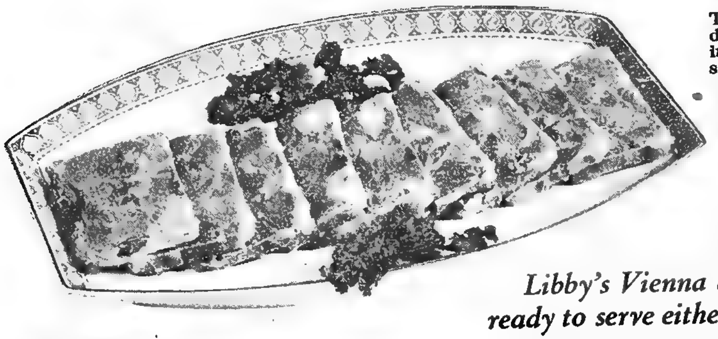
Street..

City.............................. State..............

Libby's Corned Beef—simply chill and serve

Though it can be used in so many tempting and wholesome dishes, Libby's Corned Beef stands the test of being served alone, just as it comes from the can. There is no gristle in it. It is *all meat*—fine grained, so tender that it can be sliced without crumbling. And the flavor—you don't know how good corned beef can be until you've tasted Libby's! It is famous for its uniform fine quality. Try a can of it today, and you'll want it always on hand

CORNED BEEF
PACKED BY
LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
U. S. A.



The Key opening device on these improved cans insures easy opening every time

Libby's Vienna Sausage—ready to serve either hot or cold

Libby's Vienna Sausages are made of fresh pork and beef all finely chopped, with special seasonings, and wood-smoked to give them their rich, distinctive flavor. So tender, too! Served cold, or heated right in the can, they are equally delicious

Libby's
Vienna
Style
Sausag

Potatoes en Surprise

And such a surprise! Not just plain baked potato, but potato seasoned with the delicious flavor of Libby's Corned Beef, the tender bits of meat giving just the right "body" to the dish! See how easily, it's made, too.

Bake large potatoes until done. Scoop out the potatoes and mash, seasoning with salt, pepper and butter. Mix with Libby's Corned Beef, diced, and fill the potato shells. Sprinkle with paprika and brown in the oven

Meat Delicacies all cooked and ready to serve

So much time spent on cooking! Haven't you often wished that you could say some magic word and have your meals on the table ready to eat?

Perhaps you don't know that one big item of food—your meats—you *can* have almost as easily as that. With no more trouble than just the giving of an order, you can have brought right to you—all ready to serve—the very choicest meats, cooked in the most tempting way!

Just call your grocer

Libby's Meat Delicacies! They are awaiting your order at your grocer's. Libby's Corned Beef, Libby's Vienna Sausage as pictured on this page, and many others besides.

They are prepared for you in Chicago—meat center of the world—by Libby chefs who are specialists in this branch of cooking. Put up in air-tight containers, they come to you as fresh as on the day they were packed in Libby's model kitchens.

These meats are delicious served just as they come from the can, though they may be combined with other foods in the most interesting dishes. Try one of the recipes on this page, for instance. Have it for tonight's supper. And for other easy dishes that you'll be so proud to serve, send for our booklet, "Meats Prepared while the Kettle Boils." Just let me know you'd like this booklet, and I'll mail you a copy *free*.

Out-of-door fun!

Isn't this the time of year when you want to be out of doors after the long winter—riding, tramping or what not? The best part of the fun is a lunch that you can help cook, yourself, in the open. The booklet offered above contains some suggestions for such picnics. And I have prepared ever so many more that you may have for the asking. Write me!

Mary Hale Martin

Cooking Correspondent
Libby, McNeill & Libby
355 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

BEAUTY IN THE HOME

Gay Things for Summer Fear Neither Tub Nor Sun

By Winnifred Fales

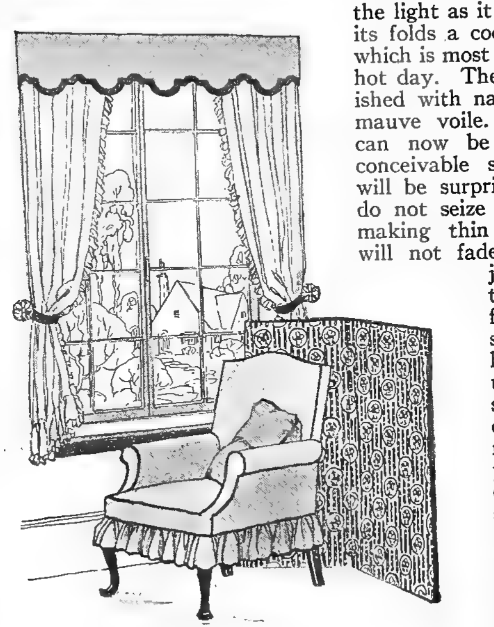
WANDERING through the galleries where the new Summer fabrics are on view is like walking in a vast flower-garden, so enchantingly gay and brilliant are the colors and so varied the patterns of these novel and encouragingly inexpensive materials for making the home bloom refreshingly during hot weather.

Best of all, there is an endless array of fabrics warranted to look the sun fearlessly in the face, and welcome a tubbing or a scrubbing with all the gusto of a small boy diving into the old swimming-hole in July. Even the most delicate tints of apricot, rose, canary, lavender, and Nile carry their makers' unqualified guaranty of permanency.

Among the innovations are glazed chintses which are really water-proof. They can be used for shower-bath curtains, roller-shades, valances, table-mats, porch-cushions, or even for upholstering lawn-swings; and when soiled can be laid flat, briskly scrubbed with soap and water, and their pristine charm and freshness entirely restored. Still another use is for covering screens, which are such handy as well as decorative objects in a home. Any man or boy capable of simple carpentry can make the frame, and to cover it is an easy matter. The screen in the illustration is done in such a chints, with a white ground striped with black and orange and dotted with medallions containing orange pots of flowers.

Another charming design shows an all-over pattern of tiny birds and blossoms, and there are also some useful broad-striped designs in exotic colorings. For making the popular pleated lamp-shades these water-proof chintses are especially useful, their extra stiffness making them easy to pleat.

One of the season's surprizes is the new uses to which an old acquaintance has been put. For instance, what do you suppose the smart valance at the top of the page was made of? Nothing in the world but table oilcloth cut by one of the new drapery patterns that may now be bought. To be sure, the special new colors being used for decorative purposes masquerade under the more aristocratic title of glazed muslin, but—"Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under their skin!" The valance pictured is in fresh, bright apple-green oilcloth edged with black, and the tie-backs are of the same, looped over old-fashioned green-glass hold-backs.



CURTAINS OF SUNFAST VOILE, A GLAZED-MUSLIN VALANCE, AND A TUB-LOVING SLIP-COVER ADD SUMMER GAIETY

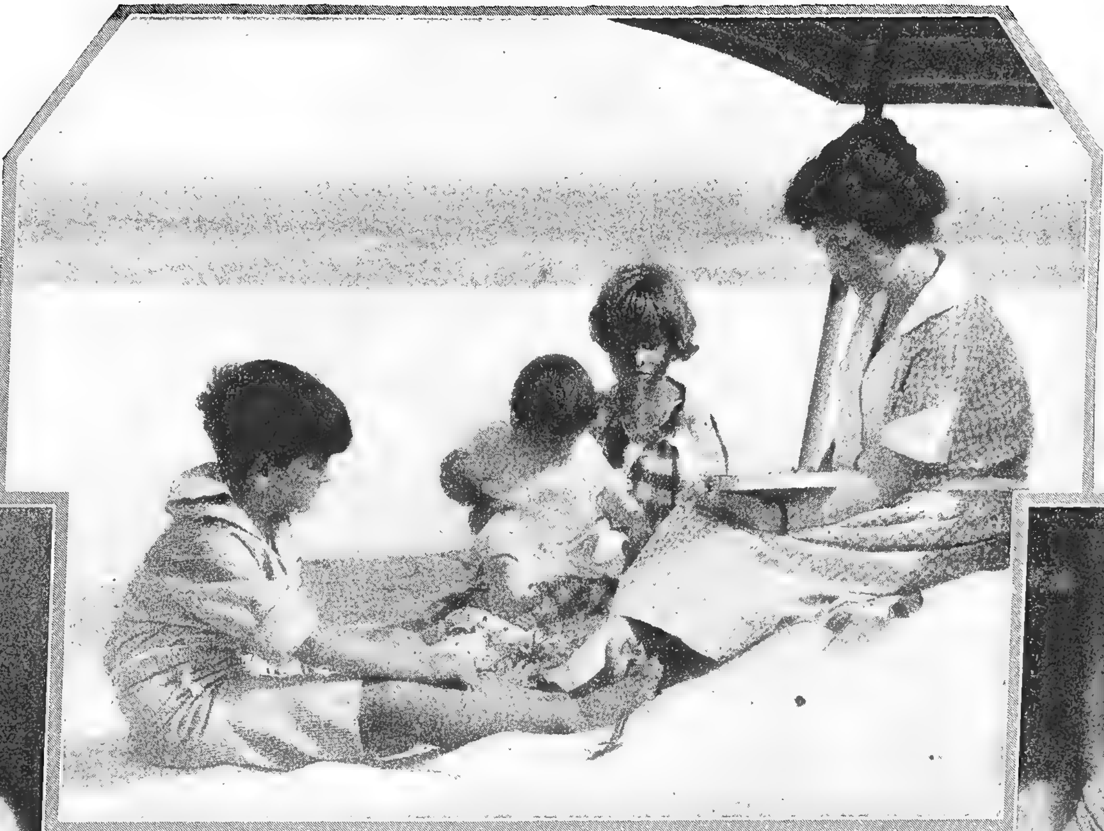
The curtains are also green, made of a new guaranteed sunfast voile, very sheer and fine, which imparts to the light as it filters through its folds a cool, watery tint which is most refreshing on a hot day. The edges are finished with narrow ruffles of mauve voile. These voiles can now be had in every conceivable shade, and it will be surprizing if women do not seize upon them for making thin gowns which will not fade in washing, just as some enterprising manufacturers of smart apparel have seized upon the new sunfast drapery cretonnes for making frocks, pajamas, and even bathing-suits and -capes for the elect. Perhaps we shall adopt a new fashion of matching our costumes to our curtains.

Another new fabric which combines delightfully with oilcloth—or glazed muslin, to give it its polite name—is a lightweight cotton casement-cloth in two-color combinations in small, attractive patterns which have the advantage of being alike on both sides so that the view from outside of the house is just as attractive as that from within.

Effective combinations include: a tan-and-black casement-cloth with a valance of dull-orange oilcloth edged with black; tan-and-green casement, valanced with apple-green oilcloth edged with orange; green-and-white casement-fabric under a narrow black valance bound with green, tie-backs to match, and the curtains finished with a narrow, stitched binding of the green oilcloth; blue-and-white casement with blue oilcloth, a delightful nursery combination; and—this is particularly smart—curtains in white and cherry bound with cherry-red oilcloth, and a valance of the cherry bound in white.

Equally useful, especially for slip-covers, is a sunfast cotton fabric made in iridescent combinations of two and often three colors. Made with short, full skirts, and piped with plain black or a color, they are extremely smart. And while on the subject, let me beg of you not to slip-cover all of your furniture alike, or—worse still—match the slips to the window-hangings. With a wealth of materials to choose from, plain, striped, and flowered, it is an easy matter to obtain an engaging variety without sacrifice of harmony. Thus will your Summer home become a veritable indoor garden, where you may enjoy the gaiety of blossoms and the cheer of brilliant color even when stormy weather keeps you housed.

Editor's Note: *If you would like to know how to make an oilcloth valance and tie-backs, a chints-covered screen, or a pleated glazed-chints shade, instructions will be forwarded on request. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Write to Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.*



"In february of this year (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and *three small children.* I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman."
Mrs. Marie T. Gardner, Glencarlyn, Va.

"After three years of strenuous work-training, I found myself a graduate nurse struggling to keep up, with lowered resistance, nervousness, indigestion and loss of appetite due to chronic constipation. My physician advised me to take Fleischmann's Yeast three or four times daily. At once I began to feel better. Today I can cheerfully and bravely face my patients. Long hours, responsibilities, I no longer fear, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
Miss Konstance Wellcome,
St. Paul, Minn.

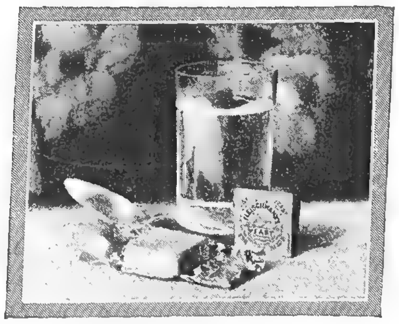
"As a traveling salesman I found myself suffering from chronic constipation and general stomach disorders induced by irregular meals. My head ached continuously. I lacked 'pep.' My record fell off alarmingly. . . . I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my tendency to be constipated had practically disappeared and with it my headaches. I have broken all my previous sales records. I feel that Fleischmann's Yeast has materially helped me up the ladder toward success."
Fred Corrington, Litchfield, Ill.

You Know Such People—

Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food

"As a humanitarian, and as a physician for twenty-two years, I unhesitatingly recommend that persons suffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test for a few weeks. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. Abandoned hope of receiving permanent relief. The unsophisticated would remark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.'

"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it." Dr. William Nealon, Philadelphia, Pa.



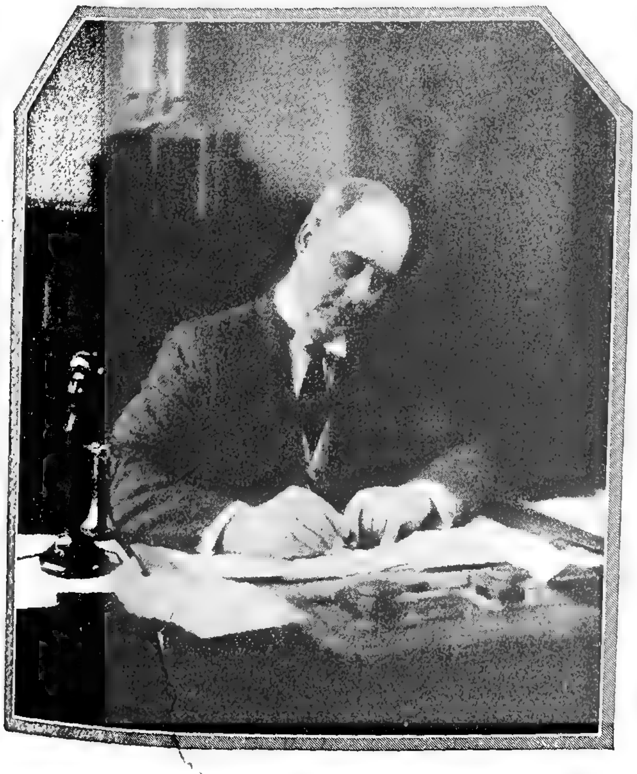
A Famous Food *for health—start eating it today*

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-16, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

"I was a pale, thin, sickly child. At twelve I developed acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before meals (three times a day). I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college." Miss Rose Cooperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Mum"

takes all odor out of perspiration

Every woman who values the appeal of her feminine charm should know about "Mum", the dainty and effective cream-deodorant.

"Mum" keeps you free all day and evening from the inevitable odor of perspiration that is so destructive to your personal daintiness.

Careful women use "Mum" regularly with the sanitary napkin—proof of its effectiveness and safety.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores, or see Special Offer.

(Men also know that "Well-groomed" means more than "Well-dressed." They are just as alive to the importance of using "Mum" to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration as women are.)

Remove Unwanted Hair

There is a safe, quick, sure way of removing unwanted hair from the underarms, face, neck or limbs.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit does not make the hair come back coarser as shaving does. Complete outfit ready for instant use—enough to last for months—75 cents at stores or see Special Offer.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Mum Mfg. Co., 1105 Chestnut St., Phila.

Herewith________ for offer checked. ☐ "Mum" 25c. ☐ "Amoray," delightful Powder Perfume Talc, 25c. ☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c. ☐ Both "Mum" and "Amoray" 40c. ☐ All three—**$1.25 worth for $1.**

Name ________________

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Mum
Deodorant
"MUM"
A Delicate Deodorant

Is Your Club Well-Mannered?

A Department of Every-Day Etiquette and Social Customs

CONDUCTED BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Author of "Standard Etiquette"

I HAVE just been elected president of our Woman's Club, and I need your help. When do I take over the office—at the last meeting of this season or the first of next? When and how should I thank the club for electing me? Should I make a speech to the retiring president, and what should I say? What are my duties at the annual breakfast?"

Two pages of such questions in this particular letter, one of many to reach my desk, prove that we must evolve what may be termed "club etiquette" for the five million American women who hold meetings each week during the club season. Like all other social customs, club etiquette is founded on consideration for one another, but it must also be combined with parliamentary usage. If observed at all regular meetings, these few fundamental rules will help us to meet every unusual or special club event.

For convenience we will divide the etiquette of club life into three sections:

1—Etiquette for members.
2—Etiquette for club visitors.
3—Etiquette for the presiding officer.

Etiquette for Members

A MEMBER rises to make a motion, to amend a motion, or to address the presiding officer, but remains seated when she seconds a motion. To secure permission to address the chair she rises and says, "Madam President" or "Madam Chairman," never "Mrs. Smith" or "Mrs. Brown." When two or more members ask for the floor, and the chair recognizes one of them, the others resume their seats and under no circumstances interrupt the speaker.

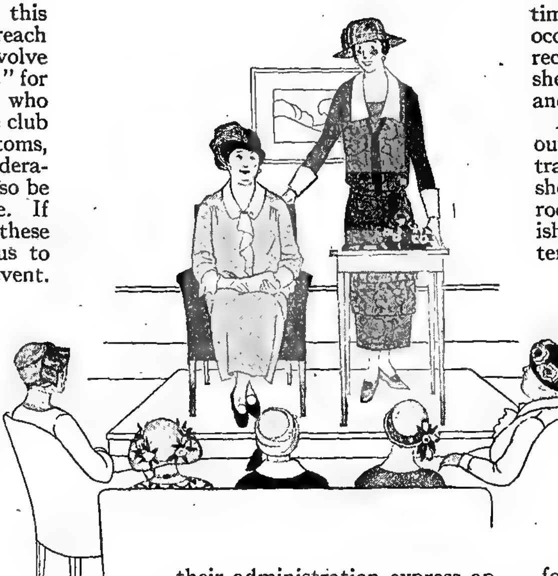
It is extremely rude to whisper while papers are being read or during musical numbers. If you are not interested in the program leave the room. Do not remain to annoy the speaker or musician. I have seen speakers lose the thread of their discourse because members at the rear of the room whispered audibly or because a president, who lacked poise and who fretted over trifles, signaled or whispered to her co-officers within a few feet of the speaker.

When new members appear at a club-meeting each officer should make a point of welcoming them. Old members may greet them also, for while she is in her club-house or meeting-place each member is a club hostess, and any discourtesy on her part reflects on the entire club. If you have proposed a new member, accompany her to her first meeting and introduce her to at least a few of the old members.

Be gracious to speakers and musicians. They are giving you the best they have to offer. And don't reserve your congratulations for the visiting author or virtuoso. Speak a word of appreciation to your fellow club member who has taken the pains to prepare a paper or to learn new songs appropriate to your program. Presumably your club has been organized to develop talent and social intercourse among members. Why reserve all your praise for prominent visitors whom you may never see again and who may forget you? Your club ties will be greatly strengthened by the exchange of appreciation and courtesy among members.

If your district, State, or national president addresses your meeting do not fail to pay your respects to her before leaving the club-room. If no reception-line is formed and she is surrounded by local club officers, wait your turn, nevertheless, and speak a word of greeting to her. National officers tell me that they often get a better idea of local conditions from the quiet, unassuming individual member than from an officer.

Remember the good works of your retiring officers. At the last meeting of their administration express appreciation for the service they have rendered the club. You may run for office yourself some day, and this courtesy will not be forgotten by those whose votes you will need.



What Visitors Should Do

WHEN officers of another local club are present they should be invited to sit on the platform. If they do not care to take this prominent position, the presiding officer may introduce them from the floor or at least refer to their presence in the room, and individual members should make a point of speaking to them during the intermission or at the end of the program.

When a district, State, or national officer is to visit your club, arrangements should be made for a special program in which she will take a prominent part, but her wishes must always be consulted. The hospitality committee or a special committee should take charge of her visit, ascertaining whether she wishes to stay at a private home or at a hotel; also the exact hour of her arrival and departure, and what time she can give to social functions. National officers in particular need a few hours of privacy each day in which to answer correspondence.

Some clubs have a charming custom of appointing a young member as page during the visitor's stay. The page escorts the visiting official to and from meetings and social functions, carries her messages, and is responsible for her wraps, purse, and papers.

When a non-member is asked to contribute to the program, either as speaker or musician, the chairman of the program committee must write her a courteous letter, stating clearly the day and hour of the meeting and the length of time which the speaker or musician is to occupy on the program. If she does not receive a reply within a reasonable time, she must follow up the invitation with another letter or a telephone-call.

A hostess should be appointed to meet out-of-town speakers or musicians at the train and escort them to the hall. They should be allowed to stop in a dressing-room to remove their wraps and put finishing touches to their toilet before entering the auditorium.

I have known musicians to do their worst, not their best, at club-meetings because they did not know how to reach the club-house or because, on arriving at the meeting-place, they found no one to greet them, but sat in the back of the room until the president remarked brightly, "I wonder if Professor So-and-so and Miss Blank are here to entertain us." You would not treat a guest in your home thus. Why give your club a reputation for rudeness? Many musicians refuse to play or sing at club-meetings because they have had a succession of unpleasant experiences with thoughtless committees.

If refreshments are served after the program, visiting club officials, speakers, and artists should be served first.

A newly elected president is escorted to the platform when her election is announced, and in a few well-chosen words expresses her appreciation of the honor shown her. The first person to congratulate her should be the retiring president.

For the Presiding Officer

THE day on which the new president takes the chair is usually set by the by-laws. In her initial speech she should refer graciously to the achievements of the retiring administration.

The presiding officer always stands first in a receiving-line, the guest of honor next, and the vice-president and other officials in the order of their rank.

A presiding officer should cultivate certain graces: brevity in introducing speakers, tolerance for the opinion of club members, patience with those who have difficulty in expressing themselves, firmness with the garrulous. She should never introduce a speaker or musician without knowing exactly how to pronounce his name, and if she wishes to give any facts about his career, she should inform herself adequately about him in advance.

The president's seat at a club breakfast or banquet is in the center of the speakers' table, with the guest of honor or a visiting celebrity on her right. At any sort of a club function requiring a speech from the president, she makes a point of complimenting committees and individuals who have contributed to its success.

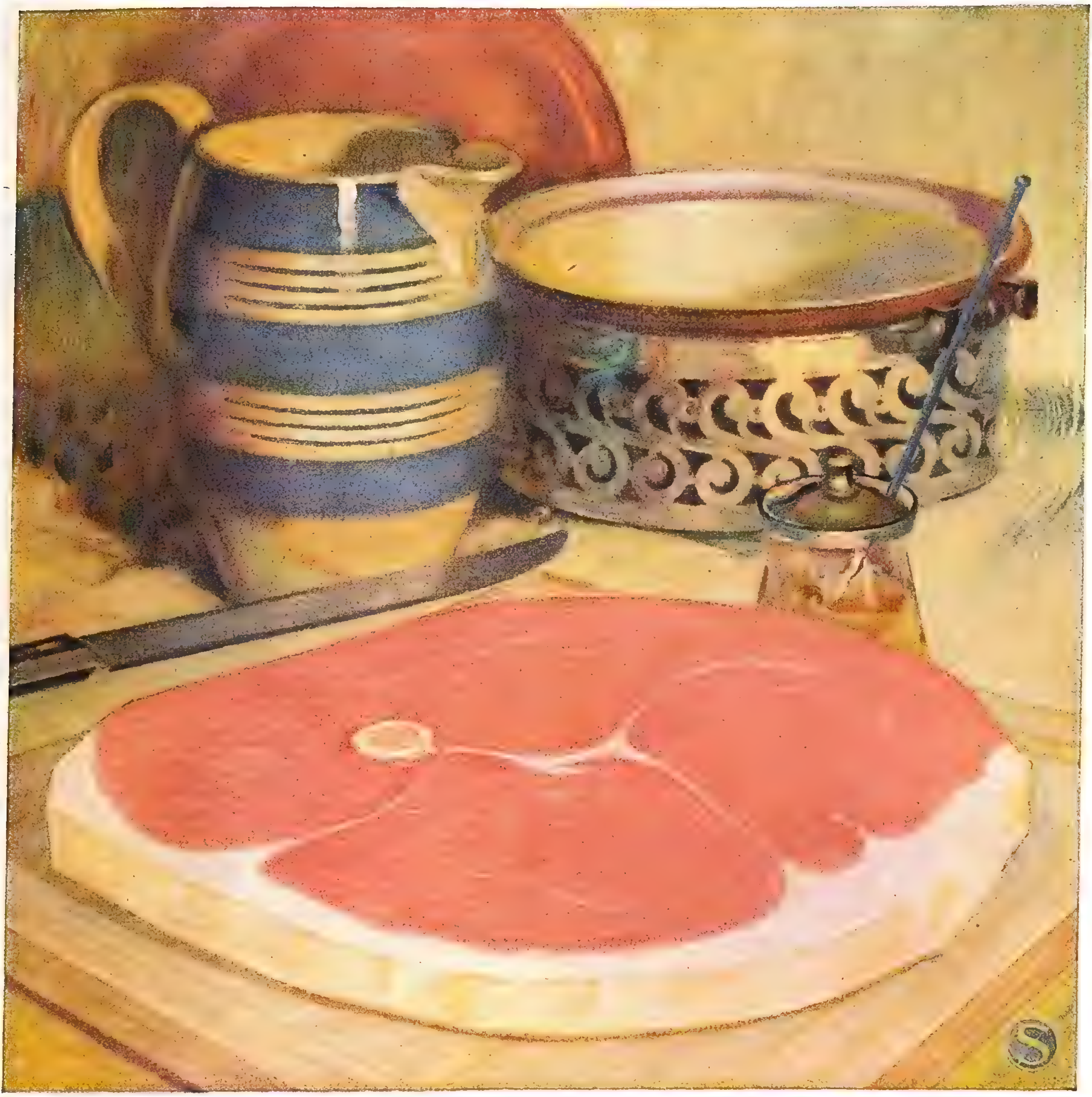
Hats are now worn at all luncheons, breakfasts, and teas given by clubs, but it is not necessary to wear gloves in a receiving-line. Hats are rarely worn to banquets or receptions given by clubs after six o'clock at night, any more than they are worn to dinners, receptions, or dances in private homes.

Questions Answered

Let Mrs. Richardson help you. She will answer any legitimate question about etiquette if you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelop to Anna Steese Richardson, Pictorial Review, 224 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

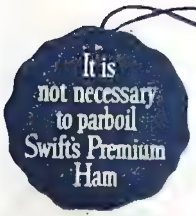
A NEW BOOKLET

"Manners in Public Places," ten cents. Send for it to Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 224 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

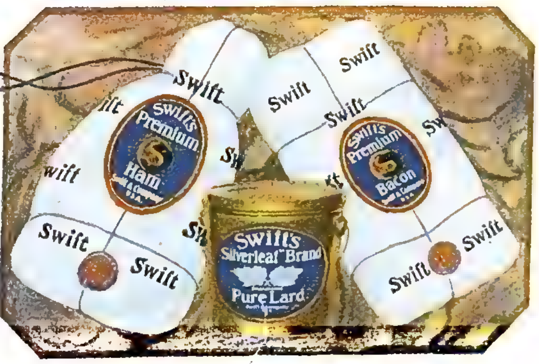


When the ham is Premium, there is never any problem in the cooking. A slice of it fried, broiled, or baked in milk as directed below, has always the same juicy tenderness; the same mild, distinctive flavor.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon


It is
not necessary
to parboil
Swift's Premium
Ham

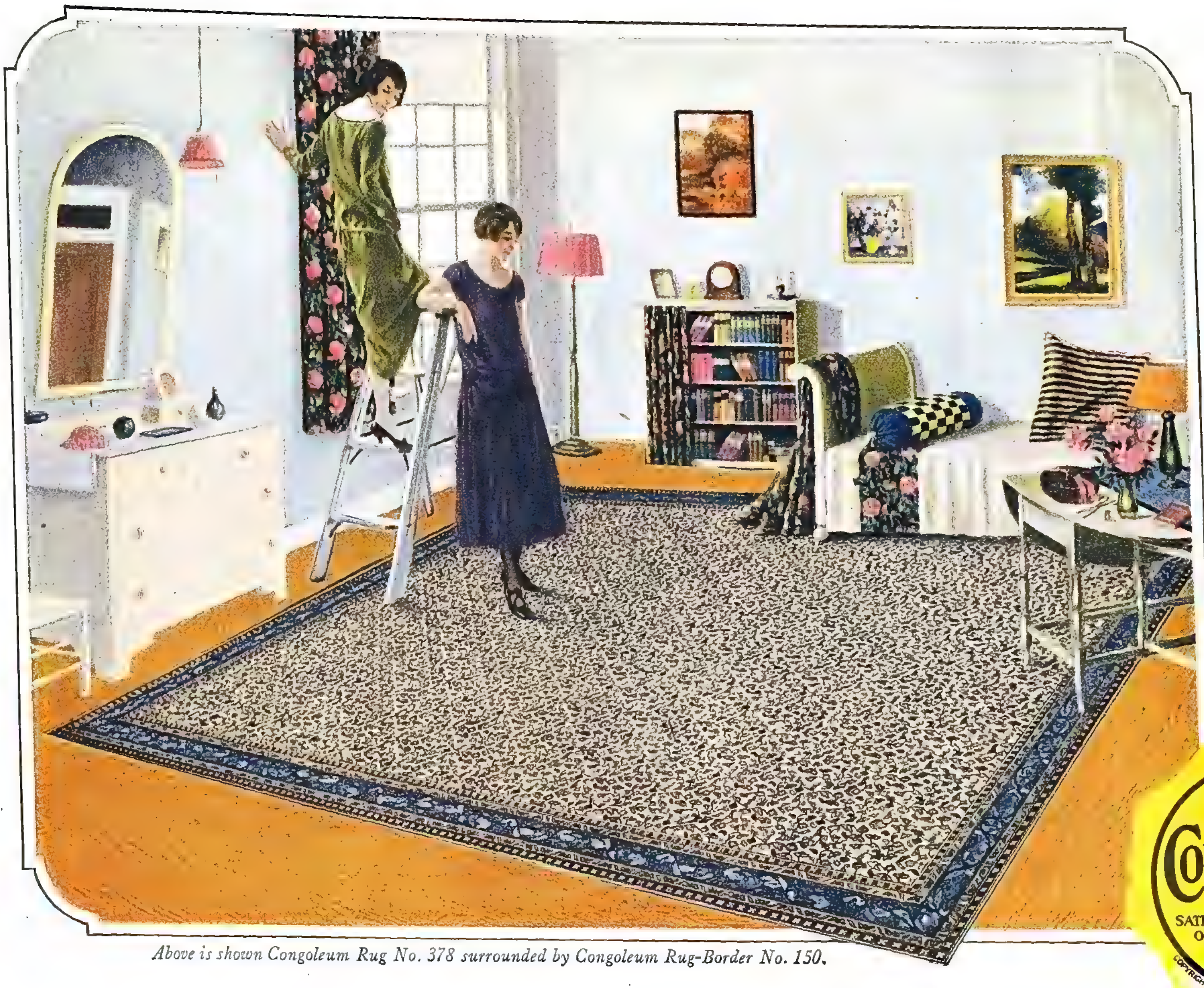
Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice


Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard

Premium Ham baked in milk

Rub a thick slice of Premium Ham with mustard; place in a casserole and cover with milk. Bake about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. The milk may be thickened for gravy

Swift & Company



Above is shown Congoleum Rug No. 378 surrounded by Congoleum Rug-Border No. 150.

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

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THE HOME BUREAU

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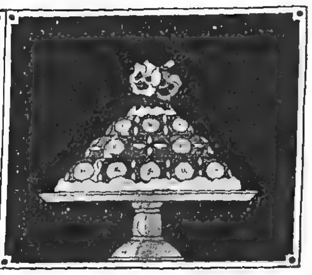

The April Bride Entertains in May

At a Dinner-Table Gay with Wedding-Gifts and Spring Flowers

By Alice Lawton

JUST as man does not live by bread alone, so no dinner-party is a matter of mere food; in fact the food, excellent tho it must be, with the hot dishes piping hot and the cold ones thoroughly chilled, is merely secondary to a well-assorted company of guests. So, little Madam Bride, now that you are back from your honeymoon and nicely settled in your very own home with all your lovely wedding-presents about you, do take time to consider this question of entertaining thoughtfully and intelligently.

"Gather together at one time and table only those who have sufficient interests in common to weld them into a congenial group with power to please and entertain, not bore or annoy each other." So might read the first article in a decalog for the bride who would a successful dinner hostess be. A tea or reception is another matter; at such affairs people come and go, and even while present do not sit in fixed formation, but wander about, gravitating naturally into harmonious groups. But a dinner is different, altho not nearly so formidable as it sounds if the hostess plans it out carefully in advance and makes her arrangements with kindly diplomacy.

Of course you want your friends to come to see you and share your happiness. Naturally, being a hospitable soul, that means parties of various sorts. And your ambition is to be not only as good a cook as *his* mother, but as socially successful a hostess as your own mother. Do you know the reason for that title of hers? It is because she possesses the gift of grouping the right people together, guests who so enjoy talking with each other that her friends always look forward with keenest pleasure to her invitations. The delicious food she always serves is merely a natural corollary.

The friends who will be dropping in to see you informally in the afternoons will afford you plenty of opportunity to keep your lovely new silver tea-service active in your living-room. And you may be "at home" at stated times to a larger group. You will like to entertain at luncheon, too, and your luncheon-table may be indeed a thing of beauty with those new lace doilies and the silver and flowers reflected from its polished surface.

Jolly Sunday night suppers, served buffet style, perhaps, before a chuckling open fire, will make your home a popular meeting-place. One delightful and easy fashion of managing this is to arrange the places on trays and odd little tables—if a nest of them was included among your wedding-gifts you will find them just the thing for such occasions—for that sort of a supper with tea and coffee and second helpings served from the tea-wagon and sideboard, with music and talk for seasoning, will make your friends eager to come again.

The dinner-party, however, no matter how simple an affair you make it, will remain the most formal of your entertainments, at least at first. Yet while it requires the most careful thought of all it need have no terrors when intelligently planned. If you approach it as a pleasure rather than as a duty expected of you, then you have taken the first long step toward success. So get out your pencil and paper and make out your guest-list with care. Don't ever make the mistake—and this is a most important resolve to make at the very beginning of your career as a hostess—of thinking that just because you are having Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so to dinner you might as well annihilate two or three birds of duty with one stone and invite the anybody elses to fill up the table and incidentally pay off some social debts. That is not entertaining; it is nothing but engaging in a sort of social commerce.

CANDLES COMPLETE THE CHARM OF A TABLE-SETTING ALREADY LIGHTED BY THE GLEAM OF SILVER AND SPARKLING GLASS

Seating Your Guests

THE list of a congenial group made out, the next thing is to draw a diagram of the table, planning each guest's place and neighbors with care. It would never do, you know, to put two enthusiastic talkers together. That would be a tragic error; each one of them must have a listening ear for a dinner companion. That settled, they will take care of themselves. For where people are to sit side by side throughout a meal of several courses their interest in each other's conversation as well as in the general table-talk must be sustained.

Whether you have a maid in the kitchen or do your cooking yourself you will probably find it wise to select a simple menu beginning with a fruit cocktail or some other refreshing hors-d'œuvre. Follow that with soup, a bit of fish if you want a more elaborate meal, a roast with vegetables, salad, dessert, and coffee.

Choose a heavy damask cloth from your new linen-chest and large dinner-napkins to match. Then comes the fun of arranging your lovely wedding-silver to set it off to best advantage. That will furnish entertainment in itself, for just as all the world loves a lover so every one loves a bride and enjoys seeing her new home and treasures, especially those who have sent her gifts. With flowers in the central bowl or vase, tall candles in the four silver candlesticks, jelly, bonbons, chocolates, and ripe olives in compotes, salted nuts in small silver dishes before each place, and the flat silver laid correctly, your table can not but be the thing of beauty that you wish.

If you begin with a fruit cocktail have it on the table when you go into the dining-room. Its spoon will be, of course, the outside one at the right, with the soup-spoon next, the fish-knife—if you are having a fish course—and the dinner-knife nearest to the plate. Arrange the forks at the left—the fish-fork on the outside, the dinner-fork with the salad-fork, last to be used, nearest to the plate, all this flat silver being placed half an inch from the edge of the table and with the cutting edges of the knives turned toward the service-plate. Forks and spoons for dessert should be brought in with that course, likewise the finger-bowls. If you are your own cook and waitress you will find the tea-wagon a friend in need, cheerfully receiving the used dishes and supplying fresh ones.

Coffee in the living-room not only serves to make use of your after-dinner coffee-silver, but also helps lead up gracefully to whatever entertainment you may have provided for the evening. And that may be a very simple thing. With a charming hostess, happy and unworried, a jolly host, and a congenial group of people the entertaining will almost take care of itself.

Speaking of coffee leads us back to the matter of wedding-silver. The mother of one recent bride provided her daughter with eight of everything, that is, such things as dinner- and dessert-knives and -forks, soup-spoons, salad-forks, butter-spreaders, bouillon-spoons, and oyster-forks, to say nothing of odd pieces and teaspoons, of which latter not eight but at least eighteen she deemed necessary, in order that a dinner for eight might be followed with two tables of bridge. She chose, also, a pattern which is kept in stock, so that both the bride and those relatives and friends who may wish to add to her supply may buy pieces that match.

And now just a word about place-cards, which are useful not merely in helping guests to find their seats, but also in starting the conversation on its way toward smooth and pleasant places. For instance, they might be in the form of little views of interesting spots visited by host and hostess on their honeymoon, and the favors, if you wish for those, might be little trifles which you bought for just such an occasion while you were away. Also if the journey were by sea tiny boats might be fashioned and set before each place, freighted with salted nuts.

Cross-Word Puzzle-Cards

AGAIN, if dancing is to follow, or bridge, the place-cards might be in the form of attractive little dance-orders or score-cards. And should a cross-word puzzle contest be the evening's entertainment the place-cards might be marked off in squares like puzzles, the guest's name printed, a letter to a space, in somewhat irregular formation, altho one immediately evident.

If you are having a family dinner-party made up of a group accustomed to being together, it may be that charades or amateur theatricals may be put on. Always rugs may be pushed back for dancing. And probably bridge and dancing are the easiest and most generally popular forms of after-dinner entertainment. All the hostess needs do is provide for the one fresh packs of cards with score-pads and pencils, and for the other music of some sort—a phonograph with plenty of the moment's favorite records will suffice, or your radio—and the evening will take care of itself.

After all is said and done, it is not so much the details of the entertaining as the judicious choice of guests for the occasion, combined with a well-balanced meal, perfectly cooked and daintily served, that will make the bride's first dinner-party an event to be remembered with great pleasure by her friends.

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—yet she was proud to show her nails

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The Home Bureau

Other People's Lives

Put Interest into a Reading Program

By May Lamberton Becker

IF I were to show you two pictures—two landscapes without figures or buildings, practically the same but for one detail—and ask you to choose one to hang on your wall, I know which one you would choose, at least seven times out of ten. It would be the one with the road in it. The bit of roadway, even the trace of a path, gives the picture "human interest"; it reassures us that man has been there, even if he has passed by.

I would not go so far as the man who is said to have urged artists not to leave human interest out of their pictures, saying, "Whatever you paint, even if it is a kettle of boiling oil, put a man in it!" But to reach and hold the general reader a book must have a man in it, even if in some novels he may seem almost as uncomfortable. "*Homo sum,*" said the Roman; "*humani nihil a me alienum puto,*" which is a compact way of saying that a real live human being is interested in everything human.

This is the fascination of biography; this is why it has such a charm for such different types of readers; also, this is the reason why, next to fiction, it is the most popular choice for club programs. Indeed, almost the only type of reader for whom it has no charm is the very young person. Don't be surprized if your child takes no interest in biography unless it be of a hero, like Lincoln or Washington or some one around whom a legend may form.

But by the time your own life is well under way you are apt at any moment to make the discovery—and it is sometimes an exciting discovery—that it is possible to add the lives of others to your own by reading books in which these lives are set down, truly and vividly, by the men themselves or by some one with the gift of understanding them.

This is not an essay on the art of biography, so I do not set down a list of classic examples of that art. Indeed, that has just been done so well that a club intending to study biography as literature or any one planning a reading-course along these lines, should obtain a booklet by Professor Wilbur L. Cross of Yale, "An Outline of Biography from Plutarch to Strachey" (Henry Holt & Co.). It moves comfortably along the path of human history, touching the great life-stories as it goes, and rounding up results in a list of more than a hundred biographies, from the story of Joseph in Genesis to this year's "Mark Twain's Autobiography."

To get all this into fewer than fifty small pages and yet give a sense of plenty of room and plenty of time is, you will admit, work for a master. And if you are wise you will let a master do that sort of work, and choose a small part of a large subject for a club paper rather than try to get over too much ground, for only an expert can get a great deal into a very small space and make it worth reading. This tiny guide will keep you going as long as you please on the study of biography as literature. But there are other subjects that you can approach through biography. You can, for instance, study the history of great epochs in no more fascinating way. "The Life of John Marshall," by Alfred J. Beveridge, brings you through the youth of the republic when the Constitution was being interpreted through his decisions.

To read the monumental "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," by Monypenny and Buckle, is to be taken behind the scenes in a long and brilliant world-drama. Cellini's "Memoirs" have the Renaissance in them as well as Benvenuto. There is no better way of getting at the complications of the making of United Italy—they still interest the world—than through William R. Thayer's "Life and Times of Cavour." From books like these complete programs take shape as the members report on special subjects.

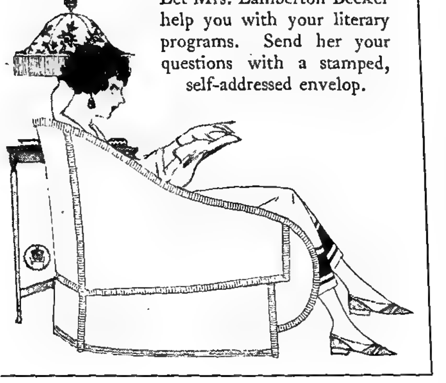
Or you can study geography and travel the world through the lives of explorers, of naturalists, and of missionaries. Arthur Hildebrand's "Magellan" whirls you around the world when half the world was really new. Sir Harry Johnston's "Story of My Life" gives you a new idea of Africa. John Muir's "Story of My Boyhood and Youth" shows you pioneer Wisconsin; W. H. Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago," the Argentine pampas; Léon Bazalgette's new "Henry Thoreau, Bachelor of Nature," the woods of Walden. There are the famous lives of missionaries, like W. P. Livingstone's "Mary Slessor of Calabar," or Wilfred T. Grenfell's own story on "A Labrador Doctor."

An unconscious missionary that could well have a place upon a club program

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

CLUB PROGRAMS

Let Mrs. Lamberton Becker help you with your literary programs. Send her your questions with a stamped, self-addressed envelop.



NEW NOVELS FOR CLUB REVIEWS

"*A Passage to India,*" *by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace).*

"*The Old Ladies,*" *by Hugh Walpole (Doran).*

"*The White Monkey,*" *by John Galsworthy (Scribner).*

"*Viennese Medley,*" *by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Huebsch).*

"*Sard Harker,*" *by John Masefield (Macmillan).*

"*The Philosopher's Stone,*" *by J. A. Larson (Knopf).*

"*The Constant Nymph,*" *by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday).*

"*The Matriarch,*" *by G. B. Stern (Knopf).*

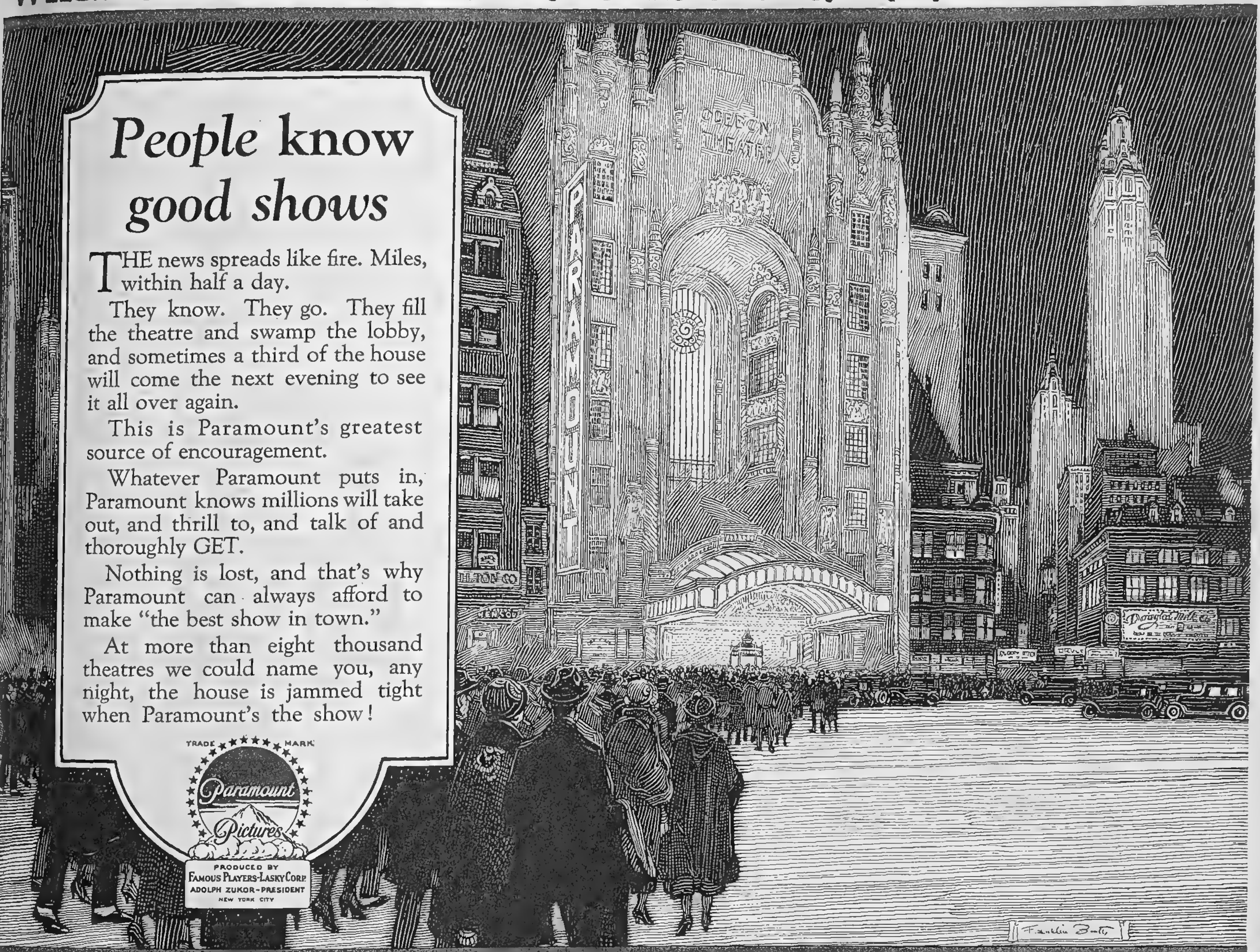
"*The Little French Girl,*" *by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton).*

"*Annette and Sylvie,*" *by Romain Rolland (Holt).*

"*Julie Cane,*" *by Harvey O'Higgins (Harper).*

"*Three Flights Up (Stories),*" *by Sidney Howard (Scribner).*

When the Crowd Hides the Title it's a Paramount Picture



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"A KISS IN THE DARK"

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With Adolphe Menjou, Lillian Rich and Aileen Pringle. From the play "Aren't We All" by Frederick Lonsdale. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"

A HERBERT BRENON Production

With Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian and Esther Ralston. From the novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Screen play by John Russell.

"MADAME SANS GENE"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON

From the famous play by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Screen play by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Leonce Perret.

"THE SPANIARD"

A Raoul Walsh Production

With Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal. From the novel by Juanita Savage. Screen play by J. T. O'Donohoe.

"THE CROWDED HOUR"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by John Russell. Directed by E. Mason Hopper.

"THE CHARMER"

A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production

STARRING POLA NEGRI. From the novel "Mariposa" by Henry Baerlein. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

"WELCOME HOME"

A JAMES CRUZE Production

With LOIS WILSON, Warner Baxter and Luke Cosgrave. Based on the story and stage play "Minick" by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. Screen play by Walter Woods.

"THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"

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From the New York dramatic success by Lewis Beach. Produced by the Dramatists' Theatre, Inc. Screen play by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldewey.

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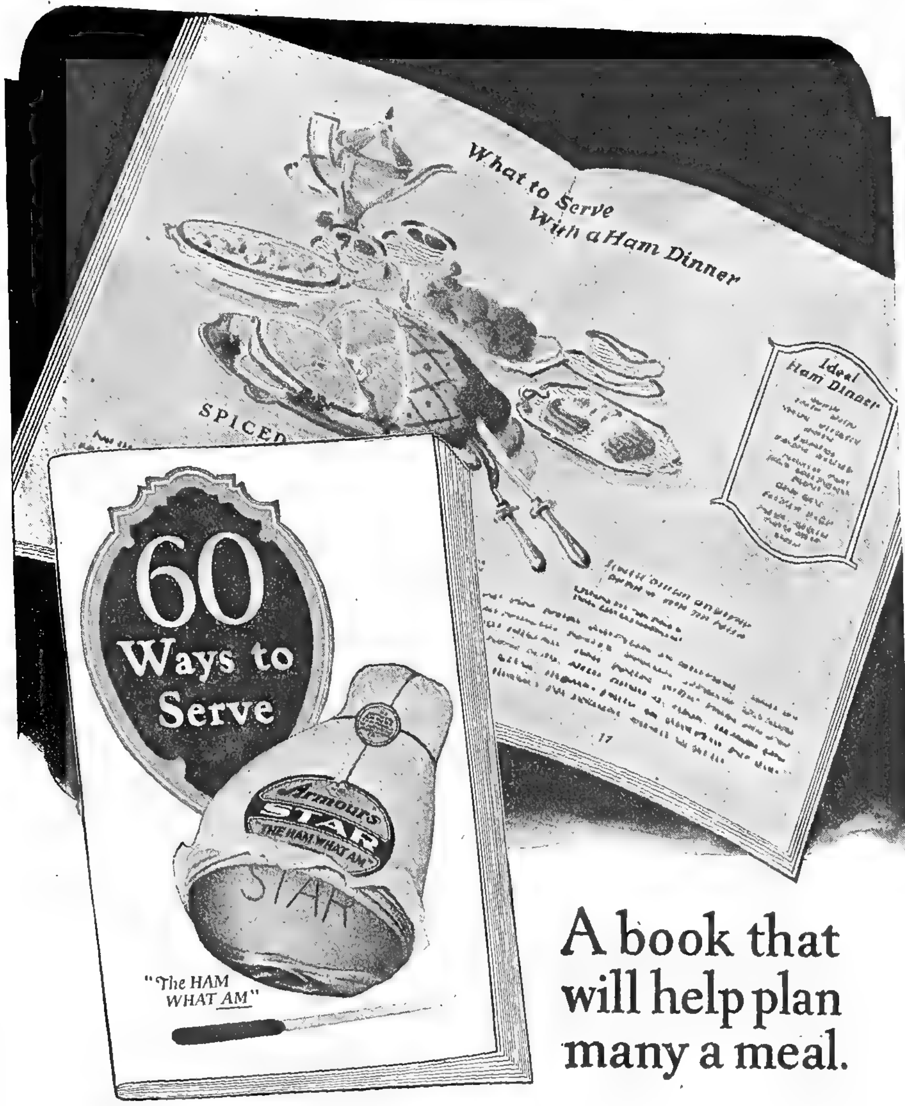
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The Home Bureau

My Husband Likes These

Delicious Meat-Dishes Every Man Will Relish

BY CATHERINE SWEENY

HUSBANDS who lunch down-town are ordering more unusual and special meat-dishes than ever before, according to the chefs of some of our biggest hotels and restaurants. Why not try some new recipes on *your* husband at home and see what happens? The following are always popular on our table:

Paprika Chicken

CUT broilers in four pieces, first splitting in halves. Salt and pepper and roll in flour. For each broiler melt 4 tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan and sauté a sliced onion until tender in the butter. Put in the broilers and sprinkle liberally with paprika. Cover the pan and let them cook slowly until nearly done. Then add ½ cupful of sour cream for each broiler and complete the cooking. When the chicken is tender remove from the pan, and thicken the sauce with flour, allowing 1 tablespoonful of flour for each cupful. Add some hot water, if necessary. The sauce should be pink in color because of the paprika, and there should be an abundance of it. Place the chicken on a hot platter and pour over the sauce. Surround with home-made noodles or dumplings.

Chicken à la Wildna in Sauce and Bread-Crums

PREPARE broilers, partly cover with hot water, and cook them whole in a covered saucepan until tender. Drain the stock from the broilers, and make sufficient sauce for dipping the chicken, using to ¾ cupful of stock and ¼ cupful of cream 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Combine with 2 beaten egg yolks and cook until thick. Cut the broilers in suitable pieces for serving. Dip the pieces of chicken in the thickened sauce and sprinkle with bread-crums. Dot with butter and brown in a hot oven. Serve with the sauce which was left from the dipping and which has been thinned with some of the stock. Left-over chicken may be used in this way.

Chartreuse of Rice, Lamb, or Veal with Kidneys

COVER the bottom and line the sides of a buttered dish with a layer, about an inch deep, of boiled rice which has been mixed with butter. (Use 1 tablespoonful of butter to each cupful of rice, and mix when the rice is hot, or add the butter melted). Prepare a thick brown sauce. To each cupful add 4 tablespoonfuls of mushrooms, sautéd in butter, and ½ cupful of cooked lamb or veal kidneys, cut in small pieces, or kidney stew. Allow 3 cupfuls of the mixture for four people. Pour this mixture over the rice. Spread a layer of rice over the top, sprinkle with bread-crums, and dot with butter. Put a baking-dish in a pan of hot water and place in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees F.) from 15 to 20 minutes, or until very hot. When ready to serve turn out on a platter and surround with tomato sauce.

Chicken or Veal Rolls

CHOP any left-over meat or chicken (chicken and veal may be combined) and add 2 or 3 chopped mushrooms, which have been sautéd in butter, to each cupful of the chopped meat. Mix with a thick cream sauce or brown gravy, allowing ½ cupful of sauce to each cupful of chopped meat. Make pancakes, about 4 inches in diameter, using 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 eggs, 1 cupful of milk, ½ teaspoonful of salt. Put a tablespoonful of the meat mixture in the center of each pancake and roll up. Put a teaspoonful of sour cream on each pancake. Place in a buttered pan. Sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with butter, and brown in the oven. Serve with any kind of vegetable salad.

Pilau of Lamb with Rice and Tomato Purée

SELECT required amount of lamb from the shoulder and cut in pieces as for a stew (allow 2 pounds for three people). Brown in drippings, cover with hot water, add salt and pepper, and cook slowly until well done. Make a well-seasoned brown sauce with the stock from the meat. To each cupful of sauce add ½ cupful of very dry cooked rice and ¼ cupful of tomato purée. Put the meat into this and let it stand over a slow fire until very hot. Arrange on a rather deep platter.

Oxtail Ragout with Mushrooms and Meat-Balls

SAUTÉ about 3 pounds of the heavy part of the oxtails in fat, and cover with hot water, season with salt and pepper, and add a handful of soup-greens, a small bay-leaf, and one pepper-corn. Cook very slowly until the meat is tender. Then strain off the stock. Brown 3 tablespoonfuls of flour and add to it the same amount of butter, a slice of onion, 1 tablespoonful of tomato purée, and 3 cupfuls of the stock, and cook for about ten minutes. Add the tails, and ¾ cupful of sliced mushrooms which have been sautéd in butter until tender, to the sauce. Reheat very slowly and do not serve until very hot. A few veal meat-balls are delicious added to this. Put on a deep platter, and surround with mounds of diced carrots, turnips, and white beans.

Look well to their diet while they are growing

Guard your children against the dangers of malnutrition at this vital formative age..

The good sports—leaders in school and play—are the healthy children

"The Growing Age"—those wonderful years from 2 to 15—is also an age of danger. For it is during this critical, formative period that children are most apt to fall prey to malnutrition.

Malnutrition is no longer a vague, half-understood term. Mothers today know only too well that it means lowered vitality, susceptibility to disease (especially tuberculosis), stunted growth, dulled mentality — everything, in fact, that can ruin a child's chances for happiness and success.

Protect *your* children against this prevalent evil *now*, during the vital growing age.

Watch for symptoms of malnutrition—especially *underweight*, the first danger signal. For underweight is a sure indication that your children are not getting the right kinds of food—in the right proportions.

Learn how to prevent or overcome malnutrition—right at home—with regular health habits and, most important, *a correct diet*.

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Serve it in some form every day

Give your child a feeding of this basic health food every day in one of the following ways:

As a drink—diluted in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to two-thirds cup of cold water.

As a spread on bread or crackers. (Have the child drink *more* water in this case). Poured over cereal or fruit (such as prunes). Made up into simple dishes—custards, egg nogs, etc.

Wherever possible, give this daily ration between meals in order not to spoil the child's appetite for his regular food. His diet should include plenty of milk, vegetables, fruit (both fresh and dried), cereals, eggs, a sparing amount of meat, and a minimum of sweets. In addition, emphasize in your health program such important habits as plenty of sleep, lots of fresh air, frequent baths, outdoor exercise, regular bowel movements, a generous amount of water to drink. These essential measures, together with a proper diet, are of the utmost importance in helping Eagle Brand to build your child's health quickly and effectively.

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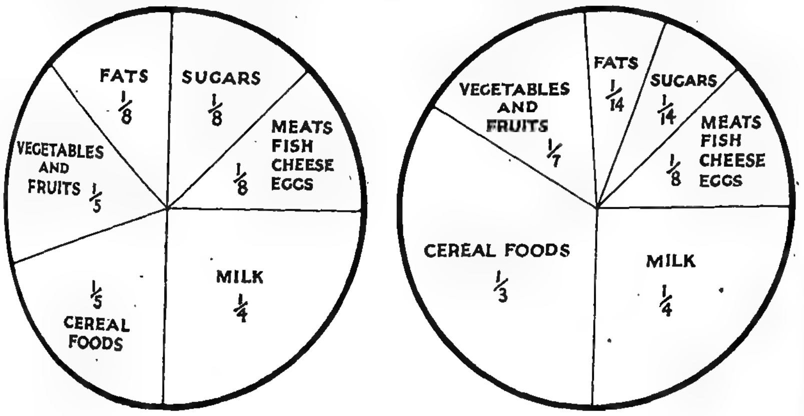
will guide you

For more detailed information on the whole subject of child health, you'll find the famous set of 3 Little Books invaluable. Each of these books deals with the problems of a special age: *Menus for Little People*, full of good advice and helpful menus for the too-often-neglected child of 2-6; *The Adolescent Girl*, a book which makes this trying age easier for both mother and daughter; *Keeping Your Child Fit*, a book primarily concerned with the older boy, with important height and weight charts, health rules, etc. Every mother needs this authoritative, usable guide in bringing up her children. Send for your set today. The Borden Company, 480 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Chart reprinted from an article—"Wise Buying of Food"—by Dr. Mary S. Rose, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. Modern Priscilla, April, 1923



A WELL-BALANCED DIET—

right foods in right amounts

This chart shows you the different kinds of food—in their relative importance—that should go into your child's diet every day—in order to furnish all kinds of growing material and also to avoid monotony.

Diagram I gives an ideal, perfectly-balanced diet—where expense is no consideration. Diagram II gives one that is well-rounded and nutritious at a much lower cost.

In any case, *Milk should be ¼ of the whole diet.* Never cut down on this essential food—the basis and pivot of well-balanced feeding. Sugar is important as an energy producer.

Eagle Brand combines *both milk and sugar* in the simplest, safest, most digestible form possible. It is ideal as a *protective* and *corrective* food for growing children.

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The Home Bureau

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Articles Required in Preparing Modified Milk for Babies

WHEN preparing modified milk for babies much depends on the care and selection of the utensils used. Everything intended for the baby should be kept exclusively for him and not used for cooking in the kitchen, serving the family meals, or for holding other foods when placed in the ice-box, etc.

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A small closet or a cabinet like that usually seen in a bathroom is an excellent place for holding all the baby's utensils. A small table covered with white-enamel cloth or a porcelain table with a drawer is most convenient. The little closet may be placed above this table, or if the table is large enough may stand on it. A small gas-stove, electric stove, oil-stove, or solidified-alcohol stove may be used, if not convenient to employ the kitchen range. Following is a list of the articles most often needed in preparing modified-milk formulas for babies:

One sterilizing-thermometer, 8 nursing-bottles, 1 quart glass graduate, 1 glass or enamel funnel, 1 two-quart pitcher, 1 tablespoon, cotton for stoppering the bottles, 1 small bowl, 1 double boiler for cooking cereal gruels, 1 tea-kettle or saucepan for boiling water, 1 fine wire strainer, 6 nipples, 2 dish-towels for baby's exclusive use, 1 bottle-brush, 1 cake of pure soap, 1 teaspoon, 1 mop, 1 dish-pan, 1 quart-measure or article of this kind for heating bottles at meal-time, 1 wire rack or stand for holding bottles, glass jars for sugar, salt, cereals, bicarbonate of soda, and boric acid or borax for keeping nipples and for cotton, all neatly labeled. If the food is to be Pasteurized or sterilized at home, a Pasteurizer or sterilizer will be found very convenient, or, if considered too expensive, a deep kettle or pot of some kind will be needed. Something of this sort will be required in any case for boiling the feeding-bottles.

If the baby's food is to be kept in the family ice-box it should be placed next to the ice, not near other foods, as milk easily absorbs odors. In some parts of an ice-box the milk inside the bottles can not be kept cold enough; it must always be below 50 degrees F. A nursery refrigerator is the ideal place in which to keep the baby's food. If this is placed inside of a wooden box the ice in it will keep longer. The nursery ice-box should be thoroughly washed out every day; if the family ice-box has to be used it should be washed out at least twice weekly, and a little borax sprinkled on the shelves. One can not be too careful about keeping the ice-box clean and sweet.

Proper care of feeding-bottles and nipples is most important. Plain round bottles with ounces plainly marked on them, and with a neck wide enough to allow thorough cleaning and with no rough angles where germs may lodge, are the best kind to buy. After the baby has finished each meal the bottle should be rinsed at once in cold water, then filled with cold water in which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda or borax has been dissolved. Once a day, before the new formula is prepared, the collected bottles should be carefully washed with hot water and soap, using a bottle-brush. All soap should then be rinsed out with clear, hot water, then cold water. The bottles should then be put in a deep kettle of water and boiled for ten minutes, next placed upside down in the wire stand, to drain until the food is poured into them.

Black-rubber nipples having one small hole are usually the best. They must be perfectly smooth on the inside. New nipples should always be boiled, but boiling every day makes them too soft. Immediately after feeding the nipple should be rinsed in cold, running water, then placed in the glass nipple-jar, which contains one-half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda or boric acid. A piece of sterile gauze or absorbent cotton may be placed on top of the nipples so that they will remain under the solution and not float on top; the jar should be covered. Before the food is made up for the day all the nipples should be turned inside out and thoroughly washed with hot water and pure soap, then well rinsed in cold, boiled water and placed back in the jar of fresh solution mentioned above.

When the bottle of food is inverted the right nipple will allow the milk to drop rather rapidly, but *not* flow in a steady stream. Before the bottle is given to the baby the milk in it should be tested by allowing a few drops to fall on one's wrist over the pulse. If it feels lukewarm, or 98 to 99 degrees F., it is the right temperature for the baby. The nipple should never be put into any one's mouth in order to test the milk.

Our leaflet called "Feeding Leaflet No. 1" contains other suggestions helpful to mothers with bottle-fed babies, and will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelop.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

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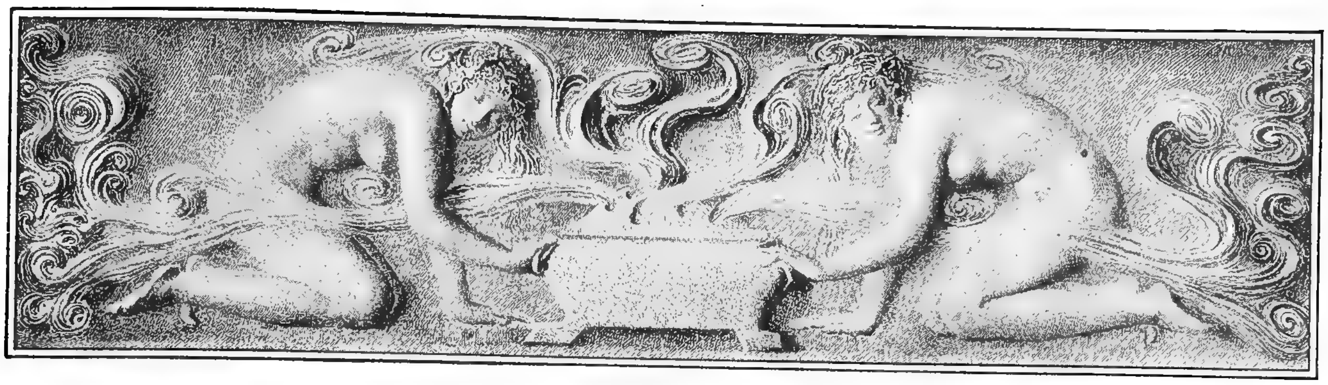

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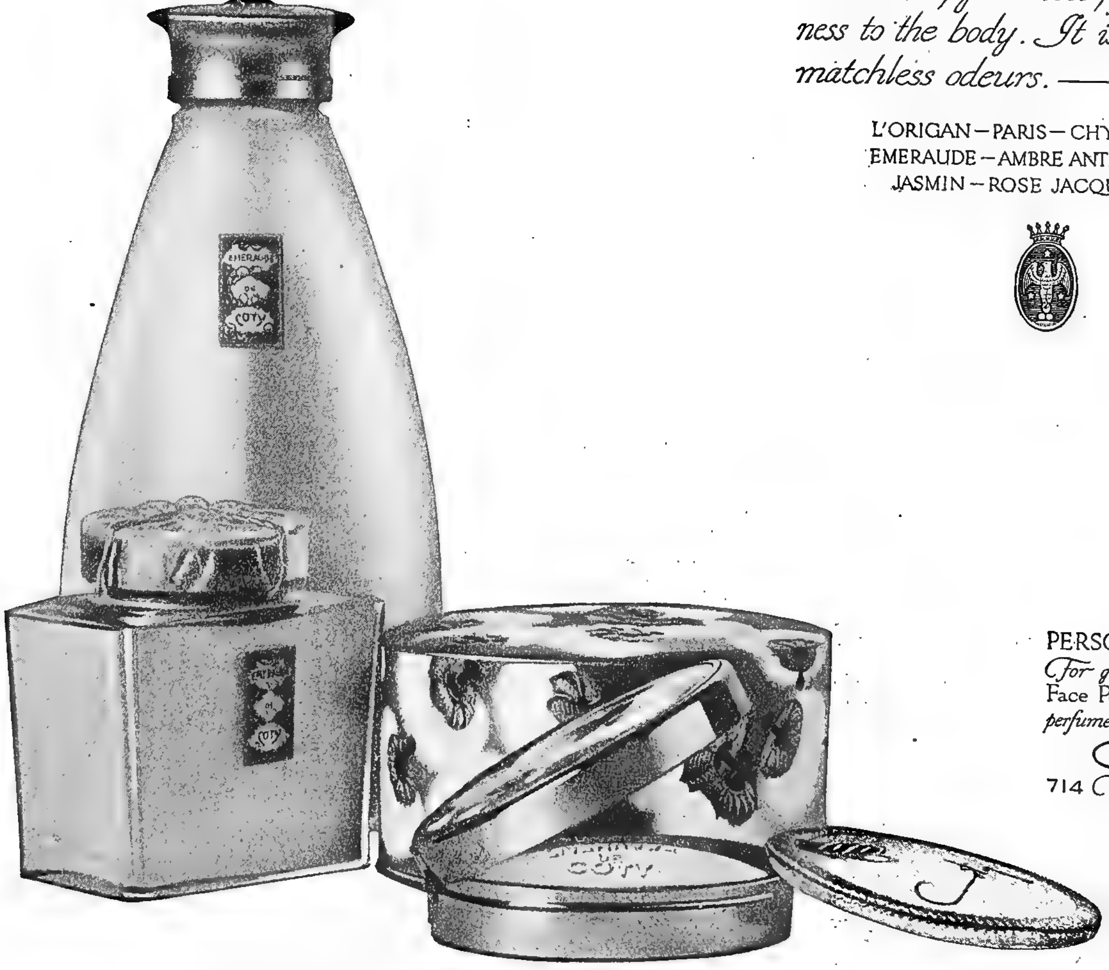

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What Becomes of the Ziegfeld Follies Girls?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

girls come from families having no previous connection with the theatrical business. And many of the girls have never before been on the stage—in fact, three are college girls and two were educated in convents.

Of the sixty or more girls, at least a score are related to distinguished people. They are cousins or nieces or great-great-granddaughters of Lady Astor, Lord Kitchener, the Duke of Bedford, Lady Mary Cambridge, the Hungarian nobility, the Polish nobility, Gene Stratton-Porter, a French marquise, a German baron, Charles Dickens, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, King Carter of Virginia, a United States rear-admiral, John Randolph, Thomas Nelson Page, Black Hawk, the Winnebago Indian chief, who held a world championship for long-distance running in 1907, and Hendrik Hudson.

I have always been of the opinion that substantial training in any particular line of endeavor is exceedingly valuable for a future career, no matter what that career may be; and certainly this theory has held true so far as those of the "Follies" are concerned. For the training that they get with us has enabled them to go into various kinds of art and with great success.

Brilliant Social Achievements

IN ANSWER to the question of what becomes of the "Follies" girls, I make this reply: Some of them go into the movies, some to the legitimate stage, some into musical comedy, and some into domestic life. Of those who go into domestic life there is, of course, very little actual information to disclose, because after they leave the stage their lives are their own and their success a personal matter. But the general nature of "Follies" marriages is already known the world over and recognized certainly as brilliant, in the main.

In days gone by, marriages of such people in the social world were something of a nine days' wonder—but not since the "Follies" girls have reigned. They have captured millionaires and titles, and the influence that they wield in the social world is positively extraordinary.

So far as the screen is concerned, the "Follies" has really been a training-ground for many of the most celebrated stars. Prominent among these, of course, is Marion Davies. Her public life started in a humble position in the "Follies," but, eager for greater opportunities, in recent plays like "Janice Meredith," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Yolanda," she shows a notable ability to characterize, to reveal the finer and more subtle moods that leave indelible impressions on the memory.

Another beauty who came directly from the "Follies" was Justine Johnstone, who played in many movies of first value, and then, not content with these achievements, went to London to play in the London cast of "Polly Preferred."

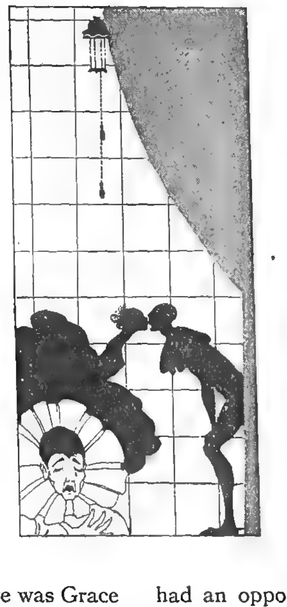
Recently another "Follies" girl, Jacqueline Logan, was made one of the principal stars for Ince pictures. She took that occasion to acknowledge her indebtedness to me in a letter of which I am very proud.

It is not surprizing that the movies have made such inroads on the "Follies," because, as I understand it, the pictures require a certain kind of poise and ability to stand the glare of the camera with grace and dignity. Poise of this sort is acquired certainly at the "Follies."

Nita Naldi is one of the "Follies" girls who have been extraordinarily successful on the screen. She has personality that is so distinct that it leaves a very definite impression on the memory.

No more notable example of "Follies" success has been registered by any one than Ina Claire, who has recently, through her appearance in "The Gold-Diggers" and "The Awful Truth," demonstrated the fact that she is one of the foremost comédiennes of the stage.

Another "Follies" girl who has had a most unprecedented success has been Mae Murray. When she joined the "Follies" her blond beauty created an immediate impression, but none of us dreamed then that she would rise to such fame. But Mae Murray had ambitions. She perfected her dancing, and developed certain distinctive qualities. The movies came along and gave her a place. At once her progress was noticeable, and before many seasons had passed away she became, and has remained, one of the most popular screen stars in the world.



To give definitely the actual fortunes of all the girls that have been in the "Follies" is impossible, but I am going to list haphazard the names of stars who have either entered the "Follies" as famous or become more so through association, as well as the names of chorus girls who won their first recognition in the "Follies" and have since then become either well-known favorites or famous beauties.

In the 1907 "Follies" there was Grace LaRue, whose offerings at that time seemed certainly very slight in comparison with her later accomplishments. Every season sees her a star, either in vaudeville or musical comedy. And there was one season when she threw both aside to demonstrate her abilities as a legitimate actress.

Mlle. Dazie was in the 1907 "Follies," and she became, at that time, known as Domino Rouge, getting considerable publicity for the mystery with which she surrounded herself.

Nora Bayes took her turn also in playing in the 1907 "Follies," and demonstrated early the special facilities she had in making the syncopated song an inescapable hit. Miss Bayes's exuberance gave "Follies" audiences great pleasure, and it is gratifying to know that that exuberance still persists.

Nora Bayes was an exponent of a form of music that is finally making a place for itself in the art life of the world. Until recently the syncopated song was under something of a ban. People who liked it were considered lowbrows. Syncopated music is now being recognized as something that is essentially American, native to our shores, one of our very few definite contributions to the art of the world.

SOMEWHERE between Indian and negro folk-songs the idea of syncopation seems to have sprung up, and from these have developed our modernized American songs and symphonies. They now, thanks to the energetic and inventive band-leaders, have taken on a form of symphony, and we are now hearing formal concerts made up of jazz almost exclusively. As a recognition of the great importance of jazz, I have in my present edition of the "Follies" a jazz-melody that Vivienne Segal and Irving Fisher present, and an interesting scenic background descriptive of jazz has been especially designed by John Wenger.

Other members of the 1907 "Follies" were Annabelle Whitford, who won considerable attention in posing as the *Gibson Girl* in the "Belle of Mayfair," and who is now happily married and retired from the stage; Lucy Weston, recently seen in "My Lady Friends"; and Lillian Lee, recently in "Irene."

In the next "Follies" was Lillian Lorraine, who later became the leading woman in the "Blue Kitten," and still later the featured player of Ted Lewis's "Frolic."

Other members of the same edition of the "Follies" were Grace Leigh, who made a hit in "Roly-Boly Eyes" and "The Love Mill," and Florence Tempest, of "Tempest and Sunshine." Nor did Eva Tanguay escape an engagement in the "Follies"; for in 1909 she came in as one of the stars to emphasize her previous hit in the "Sambo Girl."

That year the prima donna of the "Follies" was Josephine Whittel, who later appeared in "Early to Bed," "One Kiss," and "Betty, Be Good." Another player who has managed with great skill to hold the interest of Broadway is Vera Maxwell.

Some of my "Follies" stars have been somewhat more attached to my productions than others, and I suppose there is not a single one of them who has been more important than Fannie Brice. That she had an opportunity to develop her extraordinary powers as a comic was undoubtedly the result of her experience in the "Follies." I say this without boasting, and because Miss Brice herself has so often told me the same thing.

Recently a statement was made by a famous critic that Miss Fannie Brice is the finest comic in America, and this statement must be very near the truth for she has a slant on life that is singular. It combines, as does all great comedy, the elements of pathos and humor. Fannie Brice can be terrifically funny while giving a burlesque of a Russian problem play or singing a Victor Herbert ballet, while prancing about the stage and tearing out patterns from a daily newspaper. But just give her a chance to sing "Mon Homme," and the plaintive note twangs so insistently that all her absurdities vanish and she stands out a pathetic, forsaken woman, the very symbol of misery and despair.

THE most recent to win fame in the "Follies" has been Evelyn Law, who is a very skilful artist. She is supposed to be the highest kicker in the world, and certainly her ability displayed nightly in the "Follies" has not yet brought forth any rivals.

An interesting member of the "Follies" also was Shirley Kellogg, who attracted very much attention through her interesting marriage to Albert De Courville, the famous London manager.

No more interesting member of the "Follies" has ever appeared on the stage horizon than Bessie McCoy. This famous dancer made her original hit in the "Yama-Yama" girl and "Three Twins," and displayed in the "Follies" a personality, charm, and dexterity that marked her early for fame. After leaving the "Follies" she was in "Miss 1917" and my "Midnight Revue." Then she virtually startled the world by marrying that famous American novelist, Richard Harding Davis. After his unfortunate early death she returned to the stage.

I was told recently that one of the most popular actresses in London was Jose Collins, also a former member of the "Follies." She is married to the elder son of the Duke of Roxburghe, and in private life is known as Lady Innes Kerr. She is in direct line of succession to become the Duchess of Roxburghe.

Tho her name is often associated with Fannie Brice, Elizabeth Brice, who has also been in the "Follies," has a personality which is in no way related, and is well able to stand on her own merits.

A very brilliant prima donna is Vera Michelena, who has sung very many important songs in the "Follies." She is spending most of her time now appearing in vaudeville with her husband, Fred Hildebrand.

It is often very gratifying to me also to recall that the "Follies" has been close to grand opera, and that in these ranks have come forth young women who have distinguished themselves in more pretentious musical entertainment. Noteworthy among these certainly is Mary Lewis, who is now singing in the opera in London.

Other beautiful voices that sang in the "Follies" were those of De Lyle Alda and Mary Milburn, while the interesting comédiennes have included Gertrude Vanderbilt and Gladys Feldman.

There have been many dancers also who have won fame after their association in the "Follies," among them being Florence O'Denishawn, Lucille Cavanaugh, and Jesse Reed, who recently retired from the stage to accept an English title.

At this point, too, some extended reference should certainly be made to Gilda Gray, who is one of the best-known dancers in the world. Her peculiar dance creations, so reminiscent of South Sea Islands and other exotic lands, have made her undoubtedly one of the most-talked-of dancers of the day.

Also, concerning the recent appearance of Cecilia Loftus in the "Follies" there is much of romantic interest. This marvelous mimic came to America many years ago, and then left here and was virtually forgotten. Upon her recent return here, however, she was engaged to appear in the "Follies," where she demonstrated her astonishing powers as a mimic.

It is unfortunate that space will not permit me to single out all the other young women who have done fine things since they left the "Follies," but all I can do is to make a passing reference to Olga Holler, who appeared recently in "Madame Moselle" and "Eileen," Victor Herbert's operetta; Josie Sadler, Ray Samuels, called the "blue streak" of vaudeville, who has a great following of her own; Ethel Amorita Kelley, May Leslie, and Ida Adams.

Then, too, there are the beautiful Allyn King, who has played frequently in the pictures; the droll Frances White, alternating musical comedy star and vaudeville head-liner; the expert Emma Hague, Mildred Richardson, and the Fairbanks Twins. And now all the Eatons are doing things in musical comedy—Mary, featured in "Kid Boots," Pearl in "Annie Dear," and Doris in a Broadway production.

Many Have Become Writers

ONE of the most surprizing by-products of success in the "Follies" is journalistic achievement, for an amazing number of my "Follies" beauties have earned money as writers through articles they have written on beauty, athletics, clothes, and the stage.

And thus, in conclusion, I need only say that conscientious accomplishment in any particular field, whether it be the stage or business or society, brings its own just rewards. In my haste I feel that I may have neglected to name scores of the names who have had happy results from their associations with the "Follies"; that somehow their rewards are proportionate with their endeavors; and that perhaps the world has been made better and happier by the fact that my revues have run on through the years.

To FREE YOUR SKIN FROM BLEMISHES—*use the famous Woodbury Treatment given below*

A DEBUTANTE *ball in Washington, D. C. Twenty-one debutantes were presented in Washington this season and 37 in Baltimore. Among these young society girls, Woodbury's Facial Soap was six times as popular as any other soap.*

Sixty Two percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes ~ ~ *are regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap*

LAST month we published a report on 224 New York and Boston debutantes—a picked list, furnished by society editors in these two cities—showing the very large extent to which Woodbury's Facial Soap is preferred above all other toilet soaps by these two groups of young society girls.

In order to make our survey more complete, we followed our New York and Boston investigations with a similar inquiry among Washington and Baltimore debutantes.

The results are fully as interesting as those of our previous investigation.

Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

Among the entire number of Washington and Baltimore debutantes presented this season, 62 per cent were regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Woodbury users numbered six times as many as the users of any other soap. Among Baltimore debutantes alone, Woodbury's was nearly eight times as popular as any other soap.

Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

Why is it that, with this bewildering assortment to choose from, the majority of young society girls in New York, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore are overwhelmingly in favor of Woodbury's Facial Soap?

The answer is two-fold:—because with a society girl the care of her skin is a matter of primary importance—something to which she is willing to devote time and care; and because of the wonderful efficacy of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments in helping women to overcome common skin defects, and to keep their complexion smooth, clear and flawless.

Woodbury's unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

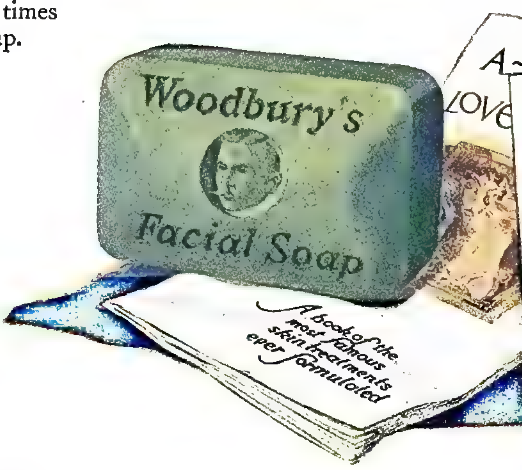
Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, excessive oiliness, etc. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

FREE OFFER!—Send today for the free *guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations with* new large-size *trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

The Famous Woodbury Treatment for Blemishes

JUST *before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.*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LOVE
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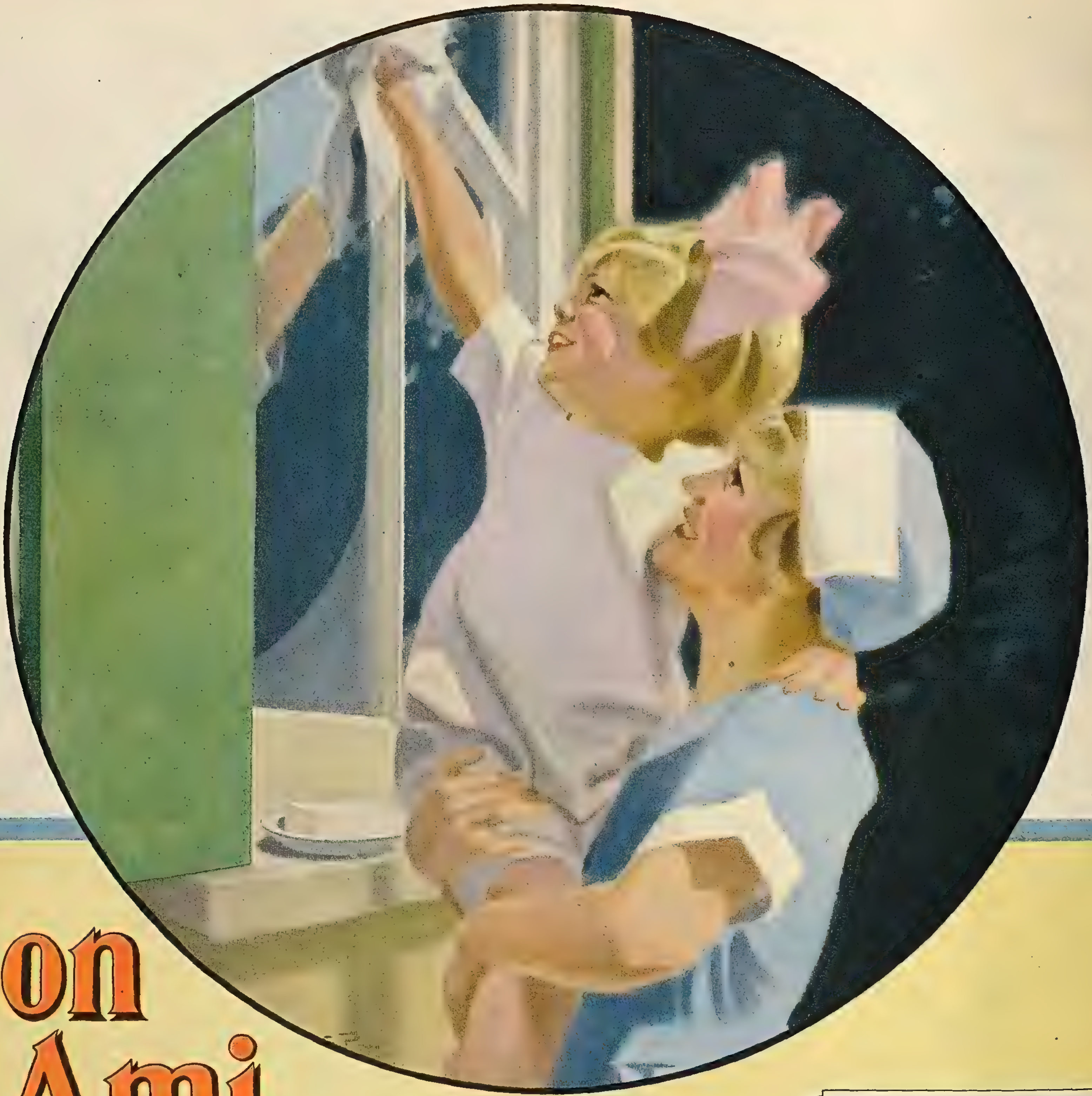

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It's fun to clean with it!

"Isn't that fun, darling? That's just the way your grandma taught me to use Bon Ami when I was a little girl like you!"

With a damp rag, cover the glass with the soft, filmy Bon Ami lather. In a minute it dries. A whisk with a clean, dry cloth, and away goes all the dirt and Bon Ami. And see how clear and sparkling the window is—you really have to look twice to see if it's still there.

"*White Magic*"—that's what Bon Ami truly is! It blots up dust and grime without hard rubbing, never scratches, nor does it redden or roughen the hands. For over thirty years women have used Bon Ami to clean and polish many things about the house. See the list at the right.

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Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
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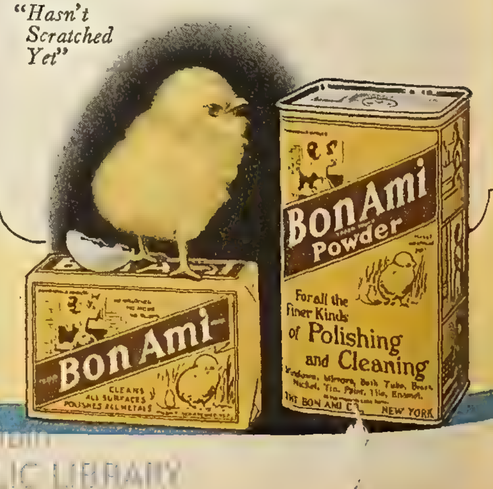
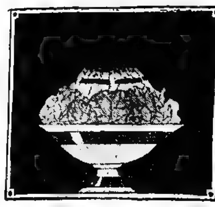
Aluminum, Brass,	Linoleum and
Copper and Nickel	Congoleum

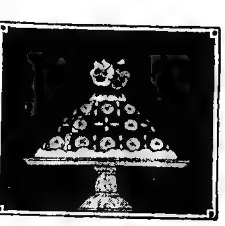
Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"


Bon Ami
Bon Ami Powder
For all the Finer Kinds of Polishing and Cleaning
NEW YORK



THE HOME BUREAU



If You Still Bake Bread

Learn These Tricks of Handling the Dough and the Oven

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

DOES it really pay to make bread at home? We are frequently asked this question. Perhaps not, if the proposition is figured on a dollar-and-cents basis and the time element considered. But a pan of golden-brown rolls or biscuits or a "perfect" loaf of freshly baked home-made bread adds something to a meal that the commercial product usually does not.

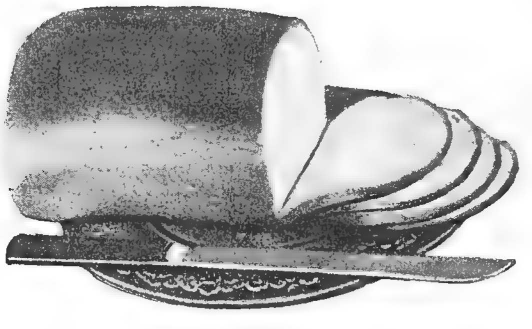
Any reliable cook-book will give you recipes for bread, and the difference between the sponge methods and the straight-dough methods of bread-making; but there are certain points in handling it which are very important if you want the best results. Here are a few about the dough. After the ingredients have been thoroughly mixed, work the dough into a ball with a spatula and put it on a lightly floured molding-board, allowing it to stand for five to ten minutes (for an ordinary baking) so that a smooth film forms over the surface. This "tightens" but at the same time "loosens" the dough, and saves putting more flour on the molding-board, and also prevents any dough from sticking to the hands. This idea should be of service to the bride who told us that when she made bread "she went into it up to her elbows."

How to Knead It

THE best way to knead bread is to punch or push the dough down in the center with the palm of the hand (not the fingers), thus spreading the dough, and then fold it over from all sides and push down again with a rolling motion, turning one-fourth around after each push, continuing until the dough feels light and velvety. Always use a light motion, for kneading with a heavy hand makes a tough crum. Dough that is overkneaded tends to become sticky and does not rise well when baked. Underkneaded dough is streaky and poor in texture.

After the dough has been kneaded enough to mix the ingredients thoroughly and it is sufficiently silky and elastic to the touch, put it in a large well-greased mixing-bowl; turn the dough in the bowl until its surface is covered with a film of fat, which keeps a crust from forming. (Cover with a towel.) The forming of a crust should be prevented, as it interferes with the expansion of the dough. If a crust does form it should be removed before kneading, because the little hard particles of dough will cause the bread to be streaked. If hard wheat flour has been selected the dough should more than double in bulk during the first rising and the surface become covered with blisters. When a "weak" flour is used there is less bulk, as it can not hold in the leaven (carbon dioxid gas) which is formed as the yeast-plants grow and which causes the dough to rise.

When ready for the second kneading, turn out on the molding-board and work the dough long enough to remove most of the gas. The second kneading should be fairly quick, so as not to chill the dough, which is at a good yeast-growing temperature, and yet should be long enough to reduce the dough to about its original bulk. Then shape into a ball and grease the surface in the same way as after the first kneading; allow it to rise for about forty-five minutes (until about double in bulk). Many good bread-makers use the third kneading as it makes for soft, even texture in the finished loaf, but very good bread can be made without it.



After the bread has been kneaded for the last time and allowed to rise, cut it into portions of the right size for your bread-pans, making allowance for the dough to nearly double in bulk before it is ready to put in the oven. Allow it to stand on the molding-board for ten minutes to "loosen up" and for a film to form over the surface. Then with almost no flour on the board, mold the loaves by folding the sides of the dough under several times, giving a roll on the board to seal the creases that are on the under side, and then place the loaf in the greased pan with the creased side coming under. Brush the top of the loaf with melted fat to prevent a crust from forming. Allow about one hour at 80 degrees F. for a two-pound loaf to double in bulk.

Regulating the Oven

THE baking of the bread should be most carefully looked after, for the best dough can be ruined if it is underbaked or put in too hot an oven. For perfect baking place the pans several inches apart, so that there may be free circulation of the hot air around them, and never bake several loaves of bread in one large pan, for this makes it quite impossible to have a tender golden-brown crust on the outside and a well-done center. The temperature of the oven depends largely on the number of loaves to be baked. If you are baking two loaves heat your oven to a temperature of 425 degrees F. before putting them in; but if more than two loaves are to be baked at once it is safe to have an opening temperature of 450 degrees F. When a single loaf is baked, a temperature of 400 degrees F. is most often used, but very few people have such small bakings. However, we have had very good success with 425 degrees F. for even one loaf.

After the bread is in the oven all fermentation should be stopped in about five minutes to insure a well-shaped loaf. During the first fifteen minutes the loaf begins to brown, and then the heat may be reduced to 380 degrees F. Allow about an hour for baking; but it is quite easy to tell when your bread is done. When it is ready to come out of the oven it has drawn away from the sides of the pan and slips out easily. A well-done loaf feels light for its size, and the sides when pressed with the fingers spring back. A well-done loaf of bread gives a hollow sound when tapped with the fingers.

After all, making even the best loaf of bread may not really appeal to you. But what about the pleasure and novelty of cinnamon rolls, buns, and thin, crusty bread-sticks to serve with salads, and even English muffins made right at home with your bread dough as a foundation? In many places it is very much harder to get breads of this type than the plain loaf. These are an easy and inexpensive way of giving an individual touch to a meal, and to our minds they are one of the main reasons for home bread-making.

Cinnamon Rolls for Tea

WE ALWAYS pinch off a part of our dough and work in a little fruit or do something with it rather than to have only loaves of bread. Have you ever tried making cinnamon rolls with part of your bread dough, rolling it out one-half inch thick or less, spreading with butter, sprinkling with a delicious mixture of light-brown sugar and cinnamon, then rolling and cutting as for ordinary cinnamon rolls, and finally putting into a well-greased pan which has also been sprinkled with brown sugar? These are wonderful and take only about five minutes after the dough is ready. And sometimes we knead in a few raisins and proceed as above. These are nice for afternoon teas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Free directions for mixing the ideal loaf of home-made bread will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelop. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review Building, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y.*

Here is the Prize Recipe
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$1,000.00 in cash prizes for *NEW* ways of using

G Washington's
Delicious-Instant
Coffee

FIRST PRIZE $500.00
ADELE EDWARDS, 23 Winant Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE RECIPE

G. Washington's Coffee Apple Cream Cake ⅓ cup of butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon G. Washington's Coffee. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then eggs well beaten. Next sift and add flour, baking powder and salt. alternately with the milk in which the G. Washington's Coffee has been dissolved. Beat thoroughly and bake in moderately hot oven in two greased square layer cake pans.

G. Washington's Coffee Apple Filling 1 pound apples, pared and grated, 1 pound powdered sugar, rind and juice 3 lemons, ¼ pound sweet butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon G. Washington's Coffee, 1 cup finely chopped pecans (optional). Put apples, sugar, rind and juice of lemons with butter into upper vessel of double boiler, place over hot water over moderate fire, and when butter is melted add well beaten eggs and cook until thick—about 15 minutes—stirring frequently. When cooked add the G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, and the pecans if used. When cold spread between layers of cake.

G. Washington's Coffee Frosting ¼ teaspoon G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in ¾ cup boiling water, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1⅓ cups brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup thin cream, 1 egg yolk. Cook together all ingredients except egg yolk until a little tested in cold water forms soft ball. Cool slightly, add beaten egg yolk and beat until thick enough to spread.

2nd Prize $250.00
Mrs. Huldah McKee
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Mrs. Henry B. Graybill
Hong Lok
Canton, China

5th Prize $25.00
Mara Serriov
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Sarasota, Florida

It gives us pleasure to announce the above awards. Recipes came in by the thousands—from every State of the Union. The contest proved a revelation as to the many different ways in which G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee can be used.

While all could not win prizes, we believe that every contestant has discovered that G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee is a prize in itself as a handy dessert helper.

In demonstrating that G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee is marvelous as a flavoring for desserts, don't forget that it makes most delicious coffee. Just pure, unadulterated coffee that dissolves instantly in water, hot or cold. No grounds, no boiling, no waste, no worry. No coffee pot or percolator needed.

We have prepared a folder of the prize winning recipes and names of all winners which will be sent upon request.

G Washington's PREPARED COFFEE MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE ABSOLUTELY PURE SOLUBLE COFFEE

Sold in three sizes—

small, medium and large

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
522 Fifth Avenue
New York

Knox Gelatine gives 23% more nourishment to this glass of milk

ONE teaspoonful of pure, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine dissolved and added to a glass of milk will increase the obtainable nourishment by about 23%!

Leading doctors are prescribing the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to milk for infants, children and grown-ups, because it makes the milk more easily digested.

HOW TO ADD GELATINE TO MILK

Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk taken from a quart of milk; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk from which it was taken. For smaller quantities of milk reduce gelatine in proportion. In infant feeding, add the dissolved gelatine to the regular formula prescribed by the physician.

Gelatine also makes other foods easier to digest, and should be a part of the family's daily meals.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

A Valuable Book for Mothers

"The Health Value of Gelatine"—is a book that gives important information on the health of infants, children, and grown-ups. Sent Free with other interesting books for your grocer's name.

HEALTH DEPT

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

The Home Bureau

The Right Pots and Pans

Tips for the Bride from a Well-Known Woman Caterer

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

THIS is the season when the June brides, bless their little hearts, are running around buying things for their new homes. I wish I could give every one of them the benefit of my experience when they are fitting out their kitchen and dining-room with dishes. For the right dish, the proper glass, the correct silver mean a great deal more to us than we realize until we sit down and think about it.

Kitchen Tools for the Bride

OUR free service bureau, for a stamped, self-addressed envelop, will send you a list of up-to-date equipment for the modern kitchen. Address Kitchen Tools, Home Bureau Service, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y.

This came home to me with particular force the other day when I was lunching with a friend in one of the big department-store restaurants. It was just at the noon-hour, when the place was filled to overflowing with shoppers, and the attentive but too-busy waitress came to us and said it was impossible for her to get any coffee-cups and she was serving our coffee in bouillon-cups before it got cold. To be perfectly frank, I did not like coffee as well in a soup-cup. Somehow it did not taste the same.

If you do not think this is true, try eating chocolate parfait from a dessert-dish or a saucer; try drinking iced tea from a common, thick, pressed-glass tumbler. Imagine, if you can, onion soup with grated Parmesan cheese in anything but a brown pot! Imagine bluepoints on a dinner-plate with no ice! Imagine fruit cocktails in a sauce-dish!

Watch the Shape and Size

AND if the right dish and the proper silver are so important, think what it means to have the right pot and pan. Often the dish in which something is cooked changes it completely. Take our nice crisp waffles as an example. Waffles baked on my new electric waffle-iron bear not the slightest resemblance to hot cakes baked on a griddle. Both are delicious, and the batter is the same, but how different they are in taste and appearance! This very same batter with peaches or apples added, put into individual molds and steamed, makes a most popular pudding. With a bit more flour and some chopped corn it can be fried in deep fat and it becomes corn fritters. Sautéd in a frying-pan, the fritters become corn oysters.

The shape, size, and material of a pan make the greatest difference in the baking of bread, rolls, cake, and cookies. When a recipe says bake in a shallow pan, bake in a tube pan, bake in an oblong deep pan, bake on a sheet, there is usually a reason for this, and it is almost as fatal to disregard the directions as it would be to vary the amount of yeast or baking-powder called for, or to beat in the eggs instead of folding them in. Experience has shown just how the heat should be distributed over the batter, and the kind of pan used helps just as much as does the regulating of the oven.

Can you imagine an angel-cake baked on a cooky-sheet? Can you conceive of anything more impossible than English muffins made without muffin-rings or popovers baked in a loaf? Would an old-fashioned pot-roast really be a pot-roast baked in anything but an iron pot like grandmother's? Isn't there an enormous difference between pan-broiled steak and steak broiled in a broiler? Can't you think of things that are essentially chafing-dish dishes? And yet people are constantly experimenting, forever disregarding instructions, spoiling what should be a perfect dish, and wasting good materials because they haven't followed directions.

Have Enough Knives

A GOOD cook is an artist and cooking is an exact science. We never would expect an artist to paint a picture with only one brush. Yet many cooks try to use the same knife for everything, the same spoon for beating and stirring, the same pan for cake and bread—yes, and often for meat!

This doesn't mean for a single second that I am recommending a caterer's equipment for the young bride, or for any housewife. I am simply advising that she buy carefully and slowly, selecting just the right pot and pan and dish for her own particular household, and when she gets it to use it correctly. Just remember that crocked chicken calls for a casserole, and when you cook it in a spider and it is a failure, it isn't because you are not a good cook, but because you tried it without the proper equipment. Baked beans require an earthenware bean-pot with a small neck and a cover. You can not bake beans as they should be baked in an open dish. Boston brown bread must be steamed.

We like to pride ourselves on our adaptability, our willingness to adjust ourselves to circumstances, our ability to make the best of a trying situation. But this does not mean attempting to cook with makeshift dishes. Let us learn what the right pot or pan is for a certain recipe, and if we do not own it, let us show our adaptability by cooking something that can be properly cooked in that pan.

One package of Knox Gelatine will make four different salads or desserts each enough for a family of six

SPANISH CREAM

A "company" dessert which will insure the success of the meal.

RICE MEAT LOAF

Using up the "leftovers" in a way which is not only attractive but extremely nutritious, as well as economical.

A DELICIOUS FRUIT SALAD

There are no flavors equal to the real fruit juices, fresh or canned, that go in the Knox recipes.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

A favorite with the whole family.

KNOX Sparkling Gelatine should form a part of the daily menu. Its goodness will please the family, and you will be delighted with the economical effect on your table budget, because each package is sufficient for four meals.

Try this recipe. It is easy to make—and so delicious.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
⅛ cup of sugar
3 eggs
Few grains salt
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Directions: Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks gradually to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve plain or with milk, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

FREE—Additional recipes for every occasion as well as Mrs. Knox's helpful books will be sent free, on request, if you will mention your grocer's name.

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Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

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"My dear, you look more beautiful than ever!"

IT was their fifth anniversary. But of all his gifts, somehow the dearest present was the way Tom looked at her when he said, "You look more beautiful than ever!"

Should she tell him that she had kept her skin lovely with that wonderful Pompeian Day Cream, or—should she keep the secret between herself and Mme. Jeannette?

Pompeian Day Cream, with its two specific rewards, is the beauty maker for thousands of women.

It *keeps the powder on* for hours and effectually *removes face shine*, giving a soft, satiny appearance to the skin.

It healthfully counteracts enlarged pores by its slightly astringent quality. The following is the beauty secret that Mme. Jeannette gave, and it will always bring an added loveliness if you use it every day:

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

Use Pompeian Day Cream as a powder base. Apply it lightly after you have cleansed your skin. Cover every bit of surface—face, neck, and shoulders—so that your skin will be uniformly powdered.

This cream should be applied with a delicate touch, patting and smoothing it for the best effect. As you apply Pompeian Day Cream it seems to vanish, but an invisible film actually remains to protect the delicate skin against sun and wind, and to form a perfect foundation for your powder.

Then apply your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Finally—don't forget that fetching little touch of Pompeian Bloom that gives the glow of youth to your cheeks and brings the sparkle to your eyes. By this treatment you gain beauty instantly.

Use Pompeian Day Cream to remove shine. If your skin is oily you will be glad to know that Pompeian Day Cream has a slightly astringent quality, and will tone up the skin, helping to subdue the excess oil.

At all toilet counters, 60c (slightly higher in Canada).

Get the 1925 Panel
and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

TEAR OFF, SIGN and SEND

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
3302 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel and the four samples.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

Shade of powder wanted? ________________

The dangerous days of spring are the cold windy days. Consistently use Pompeian Night Cream for cleansing and softening the skin. And never neglect to use Pompeian Day Cream as your powder base before going out into the weather.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

Pompeian
Day Cream

Pompeian Day Cream

Keeps powder on—removes face shine

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A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

awful, really, and that was one of the things he did, that nobody else would dare to do, would they?

Of course Mr. Clemens and Mr. Cable missed their train next morning because the alarm-clocks they set for it went off on the lawn! It was a great joke in the Nast family, and he and Mr. Clemens roared over it. Nast drew a funny picture about Mr. Clemens in his nightshirt putting out them clocks. Everybody seen that picture because it was published in the newspapers once.

WELL, after that episode they got back to Hartford. They arrived on Saturday, and Sunday morning Mr. Cable waked up with a sore throat. Mr. Clemens said it must be lecture-sore throat. Mr. Cable was suffering terrible. He said if we made bags of hot salt to put on him he'd be better, so I made them and put 'em to his jaw ('twas all swelled up), and he says as I was tying 'em on, "Tighter, Katy—a little tighter." Then I gave a good hard pull that stopped his talking, for once!

Mr. and Mrs. Clemens stayed up all night fussing with him, and doing everything they could for him. Then Mr. Clemens sent for a doctor. They got a nurse from the hospital and she began to minister to him, and the doctor come, but he couldn't find out what did ail him.

They doctored him for a week for a sore throat, and Mr. Clemens worried so at one time he was going to send for Cable's wife. But he finally got better anyway and sat around the house and began telling stories again to Jean and Clara. They sat in a chair close to him and he stayed a few days after he got better and then went home. But after he left Clara came down with the mumps, for that's what Mr. Cable had—the mumps! Then Jean got them, then the nurse that was taking care of him! And that blooming old doctor never knew what was the matter with Mr. Cable.

I didn't have the mumps myself because I never went near enough to him. I used to stand way back of him when I tied up his head. He was a nice man, tho, and a great friend of Mr. Clemens. He came here when Mr. Clemens had his anniversary after his death and he preached a nice sermon in Carnegie Hall. They was always great friends as long as Mr. Clemens lived.

IT WAS about this time that Clara began studying the piano. She was very ambitious and wanted to become a teacher, so she started out by giving piano lessons to George, the colored butler, and me. She was only a little thing then, but that didn't make any difference. She started with George first. She had him in the schoolroom and made him begin right off with finger-exercises, then she taught me for a while.

George used to have to leave sometimes before the lesson was up, because he'd have the table to set and his work to do, and her mother used to think that she was really taking too much of his time, but that didn't make no difference to Clara. She thought an hour would be about the shortest lesson she ought to give.

Then she started in to teach me, because I had a little more time. I was delighted and could give her half an hour quite a number of times, so she decided we'd begin at once. Oh, my, what a teacher she was—a borned teacher, you know. Why, she'd make you do everything just as she said—make you see your mistakes and make you do the exercises right over again. She'd get very cross sometimes and hit the piano hard with her little pencil on the keys.

She was such a mite of a thing, it was really funny to hear her scold us, and her little hand wasn't big enough to play good. Her fingers wasn't long enough to reach an octave. She had to use her other hand to help herself out, and then she said to me, "Oh, Katy, wouldn't I just love to have the great big stretch you have in your hand!" But she never could manage that.

The first lessons I did was nothing but learning the scales; she never really got beyond that with me nor with George either, 'cause when we just got started she was leaving home for the Summer—and that ended it. George was very nice, but was very conceited in those days. He said he was the best-shaped man in Hartford! That Ryan, the tailor, always sent for him when he wanted a model.

George was always very grand, and he just adored Mrs. Clemens. He thought there wasn't anybody in this world like Mrs. Clemens, but even so she couldn't stop him from laughing out loud at the dinner-parties when they were telling stories and having those good jokes. If there was anything very funny to laugh at, George would be the first one to laugh! He'd laugh right out loud before Mrs. Clemens or anybody. He'd laugh right out before anybody could stop him. He couldn't wait until he got to the pantry to roar.

Mrs. Clemens would take him to task the very next morning and he'd promise to do better, but the next time it happened just the same. If he'd only waited till the company laughed first he wouldn't be heard so plain—he'd open the laugh—didn't even wait to put his handkerchief to his mouth to kind of stop it. And it always made Mrs. Clemens feel terrible.

George and I always were great friends even if he was black and I was white. And he was always a loving and faithful servant to the Clemens family. He just adored them both to the end of his life.

I MUST tell you something about the children going to school. Of course they had a governess to give them lessons and everything that any children could possibly have; but Mrs. Clemens thought it was the proper thing to send them to the public school. I was surprized at that, because I thought those children would never go to anything like a public school; but Mrs. Clemens used to say, "Oh, no! I must not deprive my children of anything like that. It will be a great experience for them to go to public school."

She never went to public school herself nor any of her people, but she believed the best thing that could happen to any of them little darlings of hers was to send them right out to public school so they could play with the other children. But she never carried out her plan, because they went off to Europe right after that, and the children was educated abroad. That was her idea, tho. It was the best thing for them to do to go out and mingle with the world when they was little.

Mrs. Clemens was brought up very conventional, but she was always thinking ahead of the times. She had a great deal of common sense and she always saw everything very clear.

Oh! she was a lovely *person!* She was clear herself—and always made everything else clear. She was kind of like a light—a little light that kept burning all the time—for everybody.

Mr. Clemens had the most wonderful hospitality, I think, I ever seen any one have before or since. Why, when any one came inside his house he was right there to entertain them; no matter who they was, no matter how busy he was, whether he liked them or not, he just devoted himself, you might say, to making them happy. And he did it, not because they was nice or interesting or anything like that, but just because they was his guests.

I remember one nice thing he did once to help a poor man. It seems the Warners was all setting in their library one night at Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's house, when the door-bell rang and a pretty woman come in and asked to see Mr. Warner. She was a nice blonde, a Swede. She says:

"Mr. Warner, I have got to see you about my husband that is working down in Pratt & Whitney's Machine Shop. He's an artist to his finger-tips," she says, "and he wants to be a sculptor. He can't get no opportunity to get an education now, but he could be a wonderful sculptor if he had the chance."

Then she took out a little image that he had done to show Mr. Warner. "I've come to ask you what I can do," she says, "because I believe if he doesn't get help now his whole life will be ruined; but we have two children and he's just a workman in the factory and a foreigner."

Mr. Warner was greatly interested; so he says, "Why, this is worth thinking about. We will see what can be done. I will see certain people I know and talk it over."

Then she says, "Doesn't Mr. Clemens live next door?"

Mr. Warner says, "Yes, he does."

SO THE very next morning Mr. Clemens, he went over to see Mr. Warner, and he said, "Charley, did a pretty Swedish girl come over here last night to see about her husband?"

"Yes," said Mr. Warner.

"Well," Mr. Clemens said, "that young woman interested me very much and I am going to find out about this thing."

Mr. Warner said, "Yes, Mark, find out all about it and let me know."

So Mr. Clemens went to Pratt & Whitney's shop to see this man, and when he got back he says to Mr. Warner, "I have everything fixed up for them. They are going abroad, his wife and children too, and I am going to help him for four years. I will give him the money."

Mr. Warner says, "Mark, don't you think you ought to let some of us chip in with you, too?"

"No, nobody need chip in," says Mr. Clemens; "that man and his family is going to Paris and I am going to lend him the money."

Well, they went off to Europe and he studied there, and one of the very first things he done was a picture of Mr. Clemens and Mr. Warner. He did it in what you call terra-cotta. Then he sent over a splendid bust of Mr. Clemens. I think that it was the best bust he ever had. It was a bronze bust. Then after that they come home. Mr. Clemens says, "Now, as soon as you can get on your feet you can give that money back if you want to, but I don't want you to be worrying about it all the rest of your life unless it is easy for you to give it back."

He did return the money to Mr. Clemens because he was a great success; and when they was going to decorate the Capitol in Hartford, Mr. Clemens and Mr. Warner was helping about it, and they got him to do the job, and he done a lovely statue of Nathan Hale that they put up there. His name was Carl Gerhardt that I was telling you about before.

YOU know, Mr. Warner lived right next door to the Clemenses in Hartford and, of course, they was the greatest friends. He'd come to every dinner that the Clemenses gave, almost. Why, it wouldn't be a real dinner excepting Mr. and Mrs. Warner was there. The children called them Cousin Susie and Cousin Charley.

Mr. Warner was a writer, too, but he was a terrible letter-writer. Sometimes when he'd send a note to Mr. Clemens he'd write it so poor Mr. Clemens used to call John—John was Mr. Warner's man who brought it over.

"John," he'd say, "you go right back and tell Warner how in —— he thinks

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Le Jade Talc

The softest, most delicate, most feminine of all talcum powders. First importation just received from France. Of course, the refreshing, appealing fragrance of *Le Jade, the precious perfume.*

The green and gold container—a gorgeous piece of color—is an innovation in powder boxes. Slightly curved, it just fits the hand, while the new patent, sifting top prevents evaporation of the fragrance or spilling of the powder. *For sale at best dealers everywhere.*

Have you a copy?
"Fashions in Fragrance"
our colorful little booklet, describing *Le Jade, Fleurs d'Amour* and many other of our favorite Parisian toilette specialties. Complimentary on request.

ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs ❧ *Paris*
709 Sixth Avenue (Bryant Park)
New York

Exquisite! you'll say, when you get your spoon

FASTIDIOUS women select their silver with great care. That is the reason we offer you a sample Wallace teaspoon in one of two designs at the low cost of 25c.

The Buckingham pattern in heavy plate expresses artistically the vigorous charm of the Georgian period. Hammered silver makes an effective background for the lustrous shield with its urn and delicately wrought pendants. The Buckingham harmonizes with Colonial furnishings, now so much in vogue.

Admirably restrained is the other design in heavy plate: the charming Hostess. It couples dignity with that simplicity which many women prefer in their table service. Its delicate motif relieves any possible effect of severity.

When you have received your teaspoon, you'll surely want a complete set of this beautiful silver. A 26-piece dinner service in either design costs only $32.00 at your local dealer's. The knives are of finest quality stainless steel, and the entire service is covered by the Wallace unlimited time guarantee. Be sure to ask for the Blue Bird Box, whether you buy the set for yourself or for a gift.

THE R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.,
Dept. 5R, Wallingford, Conn.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing

☐ 25c For one Buckingham teaspoon (coin or money order preferred)
☐ 25c For one Hostess teaspoon (coin or money order preferred)

Name..
Please print name and address plainly—wrap money securely.
Street..
City.............................State.................
Dealer's Name..

Our Unusual Offer!

Even the best pictures cannot do full justice to the charm of the Buckingham and Hostess designs.

But there is a way to see the pattern you prefer! For a short time you may get a 60c spoon, in either design, for 25c. Only *one* spoon can be sent to each person.

We make this offer only because we realize that the beauty of this exclusive silver is best appreciated when you place it on your table.

Send 25c today for either one of the teaspoons, addressing the R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Dept. 5R, Wallingford, Conn.

The Blue Bird Box

Patents Pending

This handsome box is covered with blue keratol and velveteen lined. Made of sturdy wood and fits into any buffet drawer.

The Blue Bird Box goes free to purchasers of exclusive Wallace plate.

The Hostess Design in heavy Wallace Plate shows beauty and dignity of line

The beautiful Buckingham in heavy Wallace Plate is an unusual design

WALLACE Silver

STERLING AND PLATE

Your teeth affect your whole appearance. Keep them shining and sound with Pebeco.

Your White Teeth - do you know how to keep them safe ?

Only active mouth glands can protect them from decay

WHITE, shining teeth, a wonderful smile—thousands of men and women possess this real charm today.

Yet few of them are escaping tooth decay.

Dentists say an abnormal mouth condition is the underlying cause.

Modern foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, no longer give the mouth glands enough exercise. Gradually their alkaline fluids cease to flow. And in your Dry Mouth your teeth, unprotected, are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.

No amount of brushing and polishing can correct this curious condition. It must be reached through the mouth glands themselves. And recently a way has been found to stimulate the mouth glands successfully.

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. And the acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists.

UNSUSPECTED—*Dry Mouth is the real cause of tooth decay. To protect your teeth use the tooth paste that increases the action of your mouth glands.*

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Free Offer!

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. J-13
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name..............................
Street..............................
City......................State......

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

I'm going to read that note! Tell him to read it to you, John, then you can learn it and come back and *tell* me what it is, because nobody on earth can read it, and how he expects me to read it is more than I know!"

So John would take it back again to Mr. Warner, very solemn, and then tell Mr. Clemens what was in the note. When John did that then Mr. Clemens wouldn't fuss any more. He'd say, "Well, that's all right. That's all I want."

I used to often hear Mr. Clemens ask Mr. Warner, "Where in —— did you learn to write, Charley?"

"Well," Mr. Warner'd say, "I never have any trouble with anybody but you reading my handwriting, Mark."

Then Mr. Clemens, he says, "Of *course* they have trouble reading it, but they don't know you well enough to tell you so, Charley; that's what it is! They're afraid to tell you the truth!"

Mr. Warner was a very fine-looking man in those days. Tall, with a gray mustache and gray hair. He was very pleasant-looking and nice. He was a great story-teller, too. They always was happy when they was together.

Of course Mr. Howells was there about as much as anybody, tho he lived in Boston. He had charge of some little magazine there; I think it was called the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it's still going. He was a nice-looking man too, and one of the very pleasantest men that ever lived. One of those real jolly men, smiling all the time, no matter what happened. Mr. Clemens said to him one time when he was going to take a kodak picture of him, he says to him very loud, "Now, look pleasant, —— you, look pleasant," he says, "if you can!" Of course he was only joking, for Mr. Howells never looked any other way but pleasant; and when Mr. Clemens seen the picture and how smiling it was, he says, "Why, Howells, that's the best picture you ever had, because it is so smiling!"

Mildred Howells, the daughter, was a nice smart girl. She traveled in Europe a good deal—had a book of pictures she drew of all the cathedrals in Rome. She kind of sketched 'em off as she was traveling. People said they was very good (they had to!)when she showed 'em—and I guess they were. John Howells was her brother. He drew the plans of our Redding house later on. He was a very bright boy and I liked him.

IT WAS shortly after the telephone invention that I went to Hartford. They just put it in about that time and it made Mr. Clemens "so mad just to hear the —— thing ring," he said. Yes, that telephone used to make Mr. Clemens wild, because he could hear all right, but he couldn't give his message out good.

It wasn't very good service those days and he used to fight the telephone girls all the time. He'd say, "—— it, are you all asleep down there? If you don't give me better service you can send somebody up here and pull this thing out. I won't have this old thing in the house; it's a nuisance!"

One night Mrs. Taft, the wife of Doctor Taft—lovely people that lived in Hartford—she called him up, and George answered the telephone first, and then he went and called Mr. Clemens. So Mr. Clemens went out to speak to her, but he didn't know who was at the telephone, so he said, "Hello, hello." He thought it was one of them hello-girls.

Mrs. Taft didn't answer him quick enough, so he says very loud, "What in ——'s the matter with you down there? Are you all asleep?" And then she said, "Hello," and then he said, "Hello," and then she finally says, "Hello," and finally he says, "—— it, how many times more have I got to say hello?" Why, he was so mad by then he didn't even hear Mrs. Taft, and he kept shouting, "If I don't get better service than this I am going to have this thing pulled right out of my house."

He was swearing and carrying on something awful, so Mrs. Clemens heard him, and opened the dining-room door and put her fingers up to her lips; then he stopped swearing, and poor Mrs. Taft had a chance to be heard at last! She says very polite, "Good evening, Mr Clemens."

"Oh," he says, "is this you, Mrs. Taft? Well," he says, "I just this minute come to the telephone! George here has been trying to talk and he's been having such a bad time with this telephone I had to come and help him and see what I could do!"

Of course she never let on! "Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Clemens," she says. Then she went on with her talk, but she knew all the time it was Mr. Clemens carrying on like that. Of course he had to get out of it somehow. He was always ashamed after he swore like that. But his swearing never seemed really bad to me. It was sort of funny and part of him somehow, but it took him a long while to get used to the telephone. He was always mad at it and always thought it a nuisance.

ONE time, just before New-year's it was, he was wishing everybody in the whole world a Happy New-year's—everybody except Mr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone. "Because," he says, "the telephone's a —— nuisance and so I won't wish him a Happy New-year's."

Mr. Bell wrote to him to have him take it back, but Mr. Clemens didn't want to. He wrote a letter that was published in all the newspapers, and of course Mr. Bell saw it, so he asked him if he wouldn't take it all back and please to wish him a Happy New-year's too. It made him feel terrible bad to have everybody in the whole world wished a Happy New-year's but him! Well, Mr. Clemens was very stubborn and wouldn't take it back then. He wrote to Mr. Bell and said that he'd think it over, but he wouldn't take it back just then.

He did take it back later, tho. When Mrs. Clemens's mother, Mrs. Langdon, died in Elmira and Mr. Beecher was going to preach a wonderful sermon about her—he wasn't going to preach it at the funeral, but he was going to preach it several months later—then Mr. Bell wrote Mr. Clemens and asked him if he couldn't do something for him about listening to that sermon without having to leave the house.

Mrs. Clemens was sick and couldn't go up to Elmira, and Mr. Bell said he would put wires in at the Park Church right under Mr. Beecher's pulpit, and he would connect them up in the library in Hartford, so Mr. Clemens could sit in the library with his family and be comfortable and hear the sermon. Mr. Bell said he would put in seven or eight receivers and they would all set there and listen to the sermon.

Then Mr. Clemens wrote him and thanked him, and asked him what his charges was, and Mr. Bell wrote right back, "Nothing—nothing at all, but just please to wish me a Happy New-year's." So Mr. Clemens said, "You can have all the Happy New-years now that you want," so you see he did wish him a Happy New-year's after all. That was Mr. Clemens's way—his bark was worse than his bite.

Well, you'd think to hear me go on that I did all the talking in the house, but that wasn't so. Mr. Clemens talked more than I did, but I must say I kept up with him pretty good! Only I was such a part of it that it always seemed as if everything was happening to me just the same as to the family. Our life just rolled off like a smooth sea—wasn't a thing for eleven years—not a bit of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Light and Slender ways of wearing less under the Summer Frock

Oftenest it's just one lovely garment smoothly uniting girdle and brassiere

RECENTLY, fashion-wise designers of the newer, more enlightened corsetry, have struck a high note of success. They've given women what they've long been waiting for—the combination of girdle and brassiere.

Many women took to it instantly for year 'round wear. Others, still impressed with the need of corseting firmly during the formal months, conceded the combination to be the perfect garment for summer.

These it pleased because of its cool, easy freedom, its one-piece way of giving the flat-back and the natural uncorseted look every figure must assume.

As for the woman whose lines are those of youth, whether her years be fourteen or forty, she gave a sigh of sheer delight and slid into the combination, exclaiming, "At last, I've come into my own!"

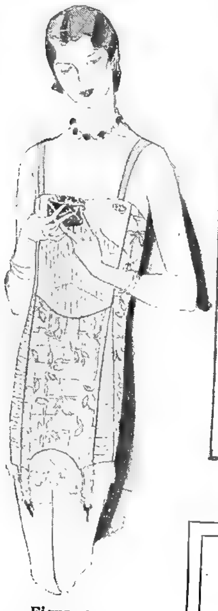

Figure 2

NOW the House of Nemo, taking a long look ahead in this matter of providing women with the underthings they need for the smooth simplicity of today, has designed expressly for the summer girl of 1925, a whole group of lovely combinations. Equally as cool, as free, as slenderizing as any which have preceded them, they accomplish what no other combinations have yet quite successfully done. For a Nemo-flex model has been carefully designed for the proportions of every type of figure.

Nemo devoted months to this study of the prevailing types of figure. It was able, by careful, scientific tests, to reduce them all to five. And for each of the five it created a model, thus making the success of the combination now complete.

If your waist is slender and your hips generous; if your curves go just the other way; if you are boyishly flat above but have developed a little too much weight in the diaphragm, a Nemo-flex model has been designed precisely to fit your special needs.

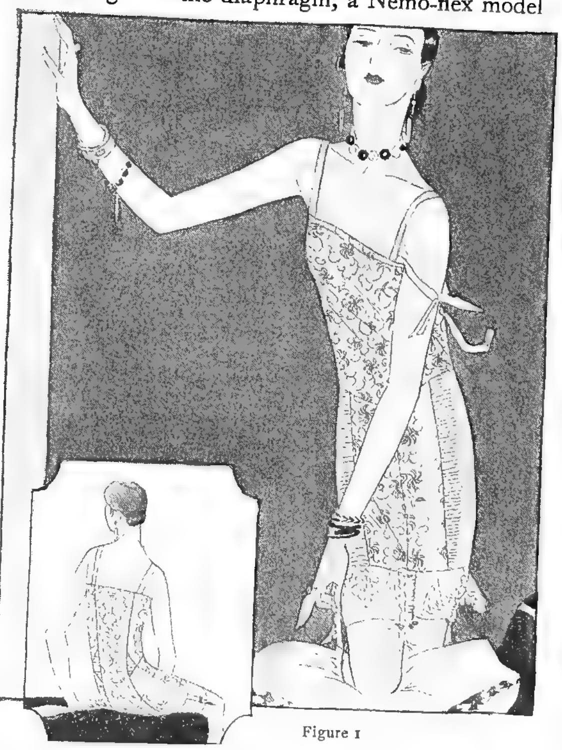

Figure 1

And they're all so attractive! Pink tulips are not more tempting! Yet you need only try them on to realize how gently firm they are about reminding your figure to take its loveliest lines. And everyone is light and washable.

You will find meticulous workmanship in every seam, every tiny—but oh! so important detail. Shoulder straps, for instance, of elastic—a new idea—adjustable to shoulders plump or slender. But if you prefer ribbon, straps of ribbon you may have. Easy fastenings; patented devices for restraining the diaphragm; elastic webbing of strength that varies according to the part of the figure it controls.

FOR the woman who really doesn't quite dare the combination—not until she's danced and golfed and swum off some twenty pounds—Nemo has made back-lacing corsets, and firmer girdles with generous panels of elastic, achieving that desirable paradox—the uncorseted look, while corseting quite firmly.

And, finally, for the woman who's in dead earnest about this business of "taking off," Nemo offers Nemolastik silk-covered rubber reducing girdles and brassieres, this year in lovely brocaded designs, and all lined with a soft fabric that absorbs the perspiration perfectly.

In every first-class store where up-to-date underthings are sold, you may see these lovely Nemo-flex foundation garments. All reasonably priced and all affording the light and slender ways that every woman seeks today of wearing less under the summer frock. Nemo, the House of Complete Corsetry, 120 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.

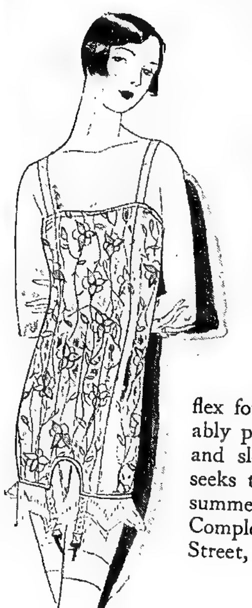

Figure 5

A Nemo-flex combination, shown on Figure 5, is intended to hold the average figure to the slenderness the little beltless frock requires. Brochés, $3.00 to $22.50.

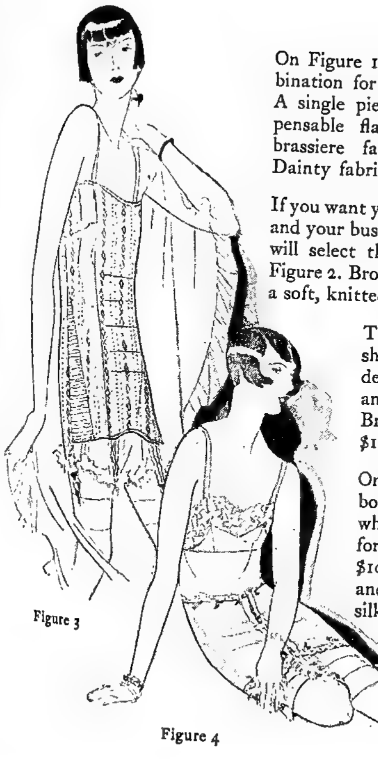

Figure 3

Figure 4

On Figure 1, a Nemo-flex combination for the heavier figure. A single piece gives the indispensable flat back; in front, brassiere fastens over girdle. Dainty fabrics, $5.00 to $18.00.

If you want your hips held firmly and your bust left quite free you will select the combination on Figure 2. Broché, combined with a soft, knitted fabric. $10.00.

The combination shown on Figure 3 is designed for full hips and slender waist. Brochés, $3.00 to $15.00.

On Figure 4, a little boneless silk girdle which Paris decreed for the summer dance, $10.00 and $15.00; and a wee brassiere of silk and lace, $1.00.

Nemo Week

MAY 4TH TO 9TH

For twenty-seven years Nemo Week has been a prominent feature in stores throughout the country. This year it will reveal not only all the delightful developments of the newer corsetry but a host of ideas unique in the Nemo line, now known as Nemo-flex.

Visit your store Nemo Week and see—

NEMO-FLEX COMBINATIONS—five models to suit the five prevailing types of figure.

NEMO-FLEX BRASSIERES—bandeaux, long down-over-the-girdle-top types and garter brassieres.

NEMO-FLEX GIRDLES and Corsets—elastic step-ins, boneless silk girdles, clasp-around girdles and back-lacing corsets.

NEMOLASTIK—rubber reducing girdles and brassieres.

THE WONDERLIFT—in lighter form for the mode of today yet retaining the famous Wonderlift device for holding weakened muscles in their proper place.

Nemo-flex

CORSETS
GIRDLES
BRASSIERES
COMBINATIONS

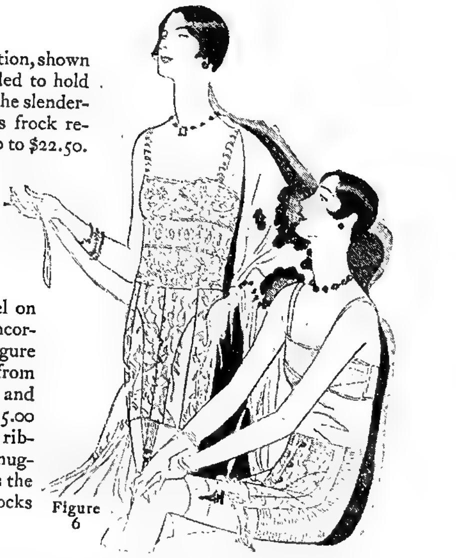

Figure 6

Figure 7

The back-lacing model on Figure 6 gives the uncorseted look to the full figure that wants to change from the combination now and then. Various fabrics, $5.00 to $10.00. A lace and ribbon brassiere, fitting snugly over the girdle, gives the smooth line sheer frocks demand. $6.50.

The clasp-around girdle with generous panels of elastic, on Figure 7 is light enough for summer wear, yet firm enough for the full figure's adequate support. Dainty materials, $5.00 to $12.50. This foundation is completed by a silk jersey bandeau brassiere with the new uplifting lines. $1.00.

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Unlock the hidden beauty in *your* skin

A FRENCH authority once said, "There are no ugly women—there are only those who do not know how to look beautiful."

The most important element in the beauty of the face is the condition of the skin, and every woman has complexion possibilities only waiting to be released by proper care.

The daily use of Resinol Soap gives just this care because it helps the skin to maintain its normal activity—the basis of all skin beauty. Made of the purest and gentlest cleansing ingredients *to which has been added the Resinol properties*, it easily rids the pores of clogging impurities, permitting them to breathe and resist germ infection.

Its distinctive fragrance and deep color come naturally from the Resinol it contains,—that same quality which makes its lather so soft, soothing and refreshing. Begin today to use Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath. Within a week you will doubtless be amazed at the new beauty in your skin.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name.......................................
Street.......................................
City.................State..............

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

sadness in the family or unhappiness of any kind. Eleven years we lived there.

And then we went to Europe; but I'll tell you about that later, and I'll tell you why. Then the trouble began, and the typesetting-machine that Mr. Clemens thought was going to make such a fortune failed. The publishing-house that he was connected with busted too (that went first), on account of the typesetting-machine, I guess.

Mr. Clemens was getting kind of tired of writing, I think, so he wanted to be a publisher himself—try it, anyway. He got his niece's husband, Mr. Webster, and made him manager of that publishing company that he was interested in (I forget the name of it). They published some of Mr. Clemens's things, and then by and by Mr. Clemens, he got General Grant to let him have his "Life" that he was writing, to publish. I can't tell you very much about that—I only heard a little about it; but I know it was very important, and I think they did very well with that Grant book. They sold lots of copies.

Mr. Clemens paid an awful big price for the Grant book in the beginning, a great deal bigger price than anybody else would pay because he admired Grant so much and loved him so. He felt that he wanted to pay General Grant a lot of money for that book; he thought it would be a wonderful book and everybody would want to read it. He was always too generous about everything he believed in.

I heard that General Grant was going to give it to some other publishing-house, but when Mr. Clemens talked with him he said, "Why, General, that company isn't going to pay you half enough. That offer they make you isn't near enough for your book."

It seems that General Grant said he thought that the person that first give him the idea of writing his book was the one he ought to let publish it. Well, Mr. Clemens had given him that idea years ago. He suggested it to him—told him he ought to do it, and then when General Grant remembered that, why, he just up and let Mr. Clemens have it for his publishing-house.

Of course, Grant said Mr. Clemens was too generous—was paying too much for it, but Mr. Clemens wouldn't listen to him at all and just drawed a big check right then on the spot. Twenty-five thousand dollars, I heard it was—to clinch the bargain. It was this firm, the Webster Company, that published Mr. Clemens's "Huckleberry Finn," too. Everybody knows what a wonderful book that was. He made lots of money out of that, I guess, because everybody read it.

It seems Mr. Clemens was right, after all, for Grant's "Life" did make lots of money—more than any other book ever made, they said.

The third instalment of "A Lifetime with 'Mark Twain'" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Other People's Lives

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

is a book that tells how some one, badly handicapped in the race of life, managed to keep cheerful and win through. A meeting given to such books is often beautiful and always bracing—if the reports are made with a ring in the voice! Helen Keller's "Story of My Life," the "Journal of Marie Lenéru," who, tho stone-deaf, became a famous dramatist, and the mighty struggle of Dr. Trudeau, told in his "An Autobiography," are books of this sort.

The club interested especially in American education can approach it not only through the famous "Education of Henry Adams," but by books like Professor Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" and the new "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," by M. A. D. Howe.

I have lately observed the success of an unusual program called "Our Aristocracy: a Study of Recent Autobiographies," which considered Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story," Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Social Ladder," Maurice Francis Egan's "Recollections of a Happy Life," and P. W. Wilson's "An Unofficial Statesman—Robert C. Ogden," in an effort to discover whether we were likely to find "our best people" in literary, political, social, or business circles, coming to a climax with the new edition of Frederika Bremer's "America in the Fifties," in which she describes our "aristocracy of merit," with Emerson as a type of the "born nobleman."

An important program could study our history through the lives of our pioneers, in books as inspiring as Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border."

What an interesting view of our literary history one may get through the memoirs of publishers or editors! Henry Holt's "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," Robert Underwood Johnson's "Remembered Yesterdays," W. W. Ellsworth's "A Golden Age of Authors," and the many volumes of reminiscences—I never read one that was dull—of our newspaper men. There are plenty of other groupings suggested in an admirable book-list, "Viewpoints in Biography," by Katherine Tappert, American Library Association, Chicago, Ill.

"And now," says the one with the paper to write, "how to make my report on one of these books as interesting as I made my review of a novel on your advice last February?"

On much the same plan. After you have read the book set it aside for a day or two, and then, *from memory*, see how good an outline of it you can set down on paper. Get out the book and fill in the gaps after you have done as well as you can without it.

Don't begin by saying he was born; you may safely take that for granted. Tell what the world, or his town or country, was doing when he was born. As for dates, "he was six years old when the Declaration was signed" means more than that "he was born in 1770." Give him only ancestors enough to place him, and do not let anecdotes of his childhood or details of his school-life keep you too long to hinder giving most of your time and attention to his life-work.

In a club paper one must choose, on the principle of Spencer, "not what is good, but what is of the most good" to the purpose at hand. A model for style in such a paper as this is, to my mind, the "portraits" of Gamaliel Bradford.

If you have once seen for yourself how the essential traits of a man's or a woman's life can be presented vividly and gracefully in a few unhurried pages, you will find yourself properly dissatisfied with dull and perfunctory "biographical sketches." Maurois's "Ariel: the Life of Shelley" and Strachey's "Queen Victoria" have the same sort of charm, but they are on a larger scale. Gamaliel Bradford's essays are no longer than a club paper, and reading them is bound to improve one's style in such productions.

Ancient Britons traded tin for precious dyes from Phoenicia.

Do you know that today home-dyeing is one of the simplest, most satisfying of household arts? Try the sensible economy of dyeing or tinting with

New Improved

RIT

Now Guaranteed to fast-dye or tint

in permanent, lustrous, live colors or in delicate shades and fashions latest color blending (24 colors and tints.) You will be delighted with the artistic results you can achieve by following simple directions.

Satisfaction Is Sure

New Improved RIT is a guaranteed fast-dye. Follow directions and results are certain, but if you are not satisfied, the Rit Laboratory, 1401 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, will re-dye the garment or fabric without charge.

WHITE RIT

Removes Old Color

The marvelous help for home-dyeing. Takes dye out of fabrics, making them ready to be dyed lighter or darker as desired. 15 cents per package.

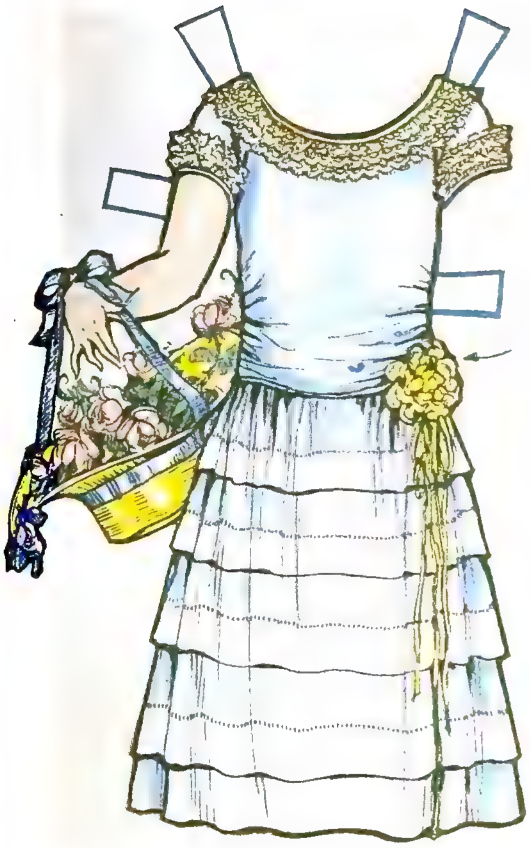
Buy a 15c cake of New Improved RIT and a package of WHITE RIT today at your drug, department or notion store. That you must be satisfied is our guarantee.

NEW IMPROVED RIT
Fast-Dyes or Tints

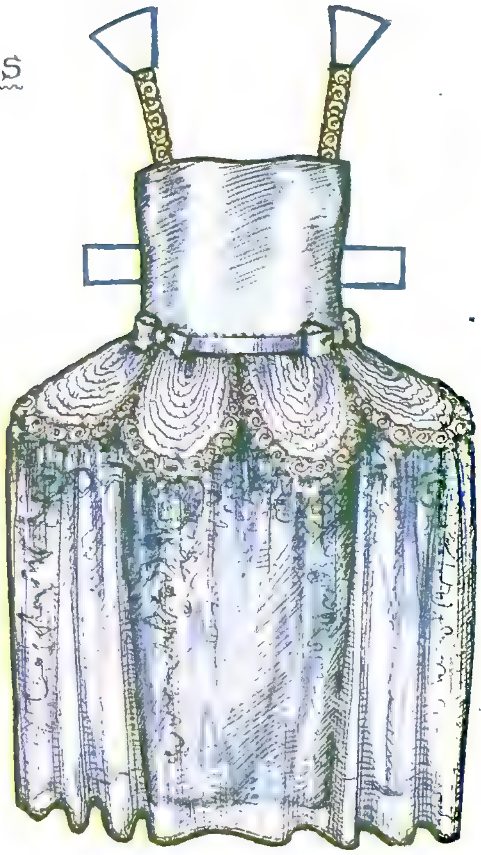
· THE · BETTY · BOBBS · FAMILY ·

Betty's older sister Bonnie Bobbs

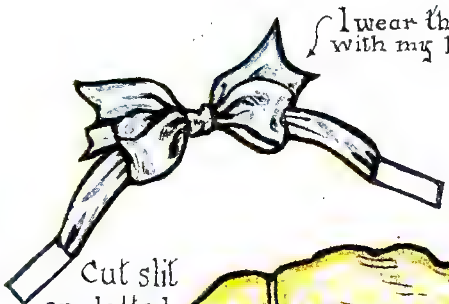
Drawings by Orpha Klinker



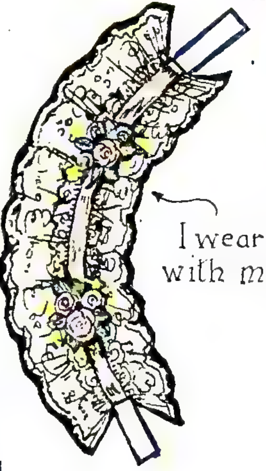
This is my afternoon dress that I made



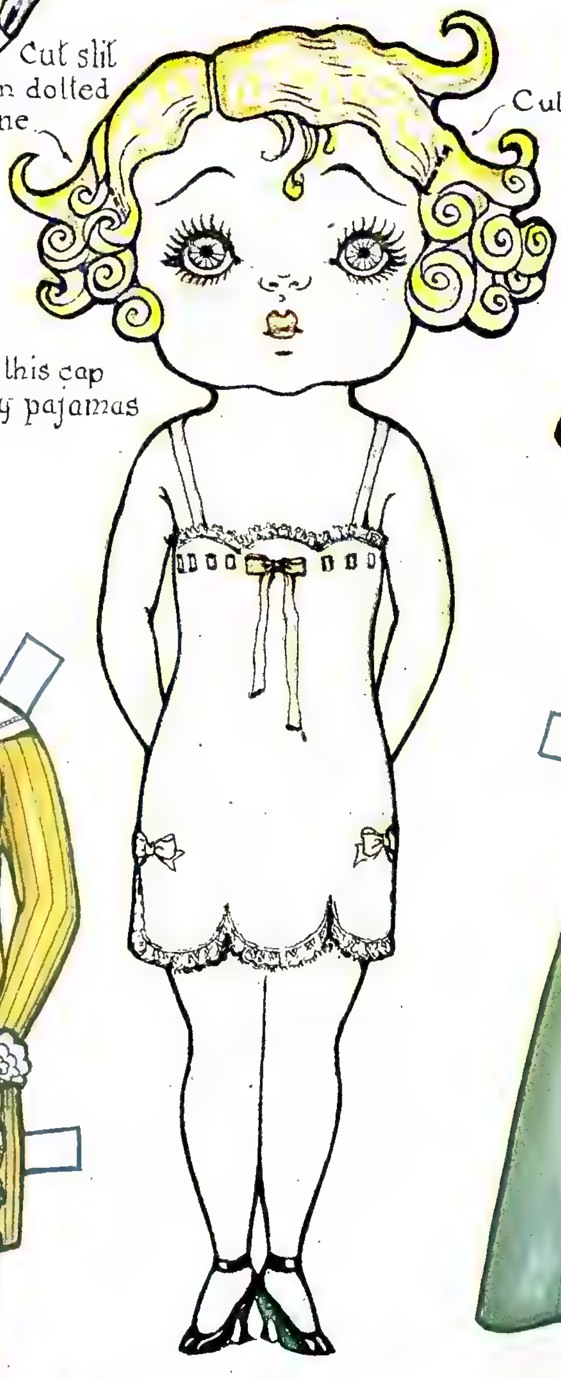
This is that lovely party dress my aunty brought me from Paris



I wear this bow with my blue dress



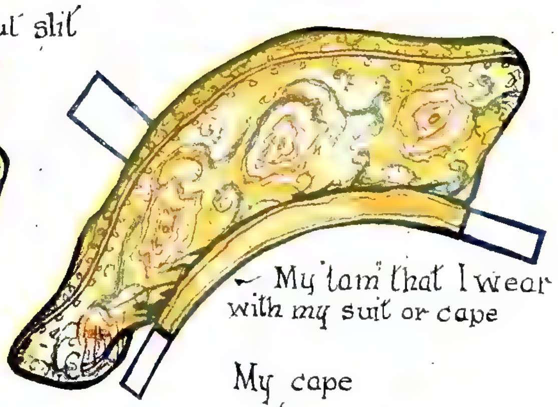
I wear this cap with my pajamas



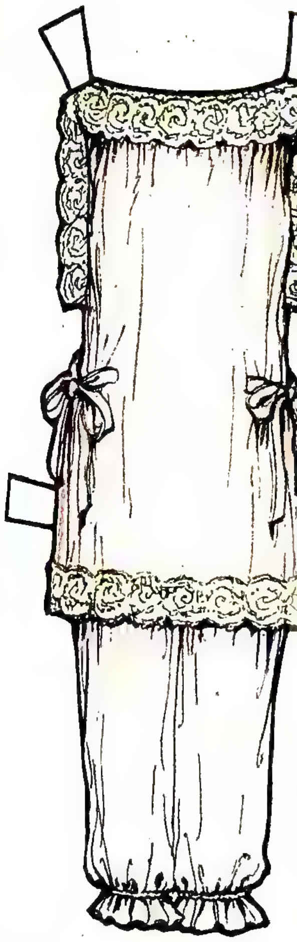
Cut slit on dotted line

Cut slit

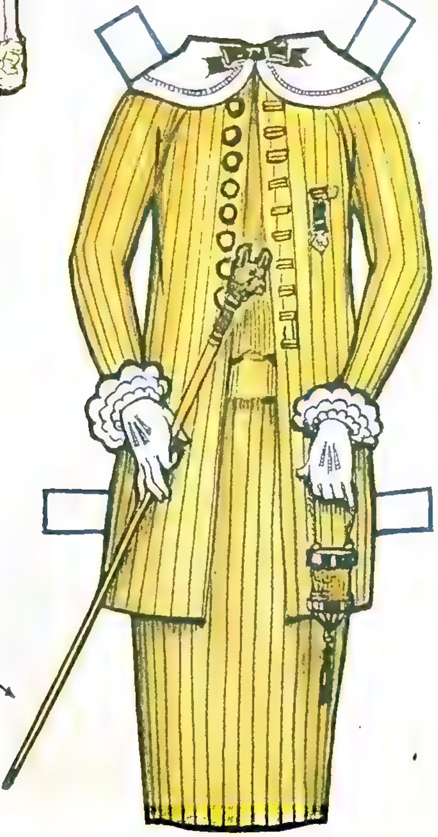
Bonnie Bobbs (herself)



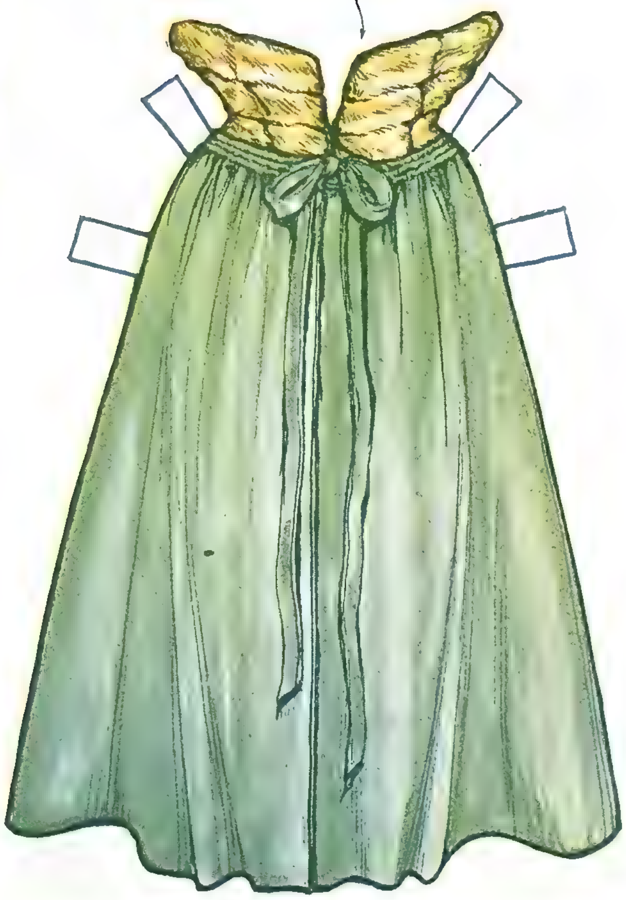
My tam that I wear with my suit or cape



These are the pajamas I made



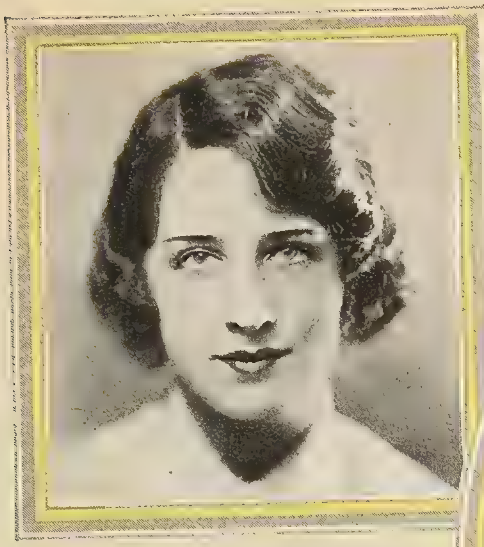
This is my suit and swagger-stick



My cape

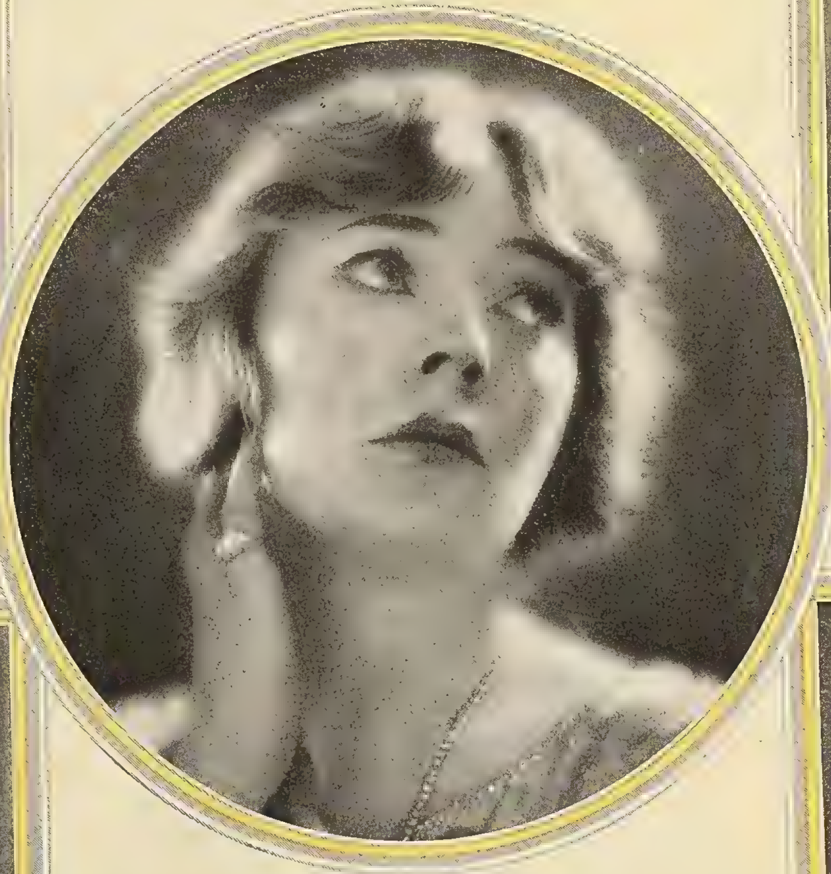
— Orpha Klinker © 1925

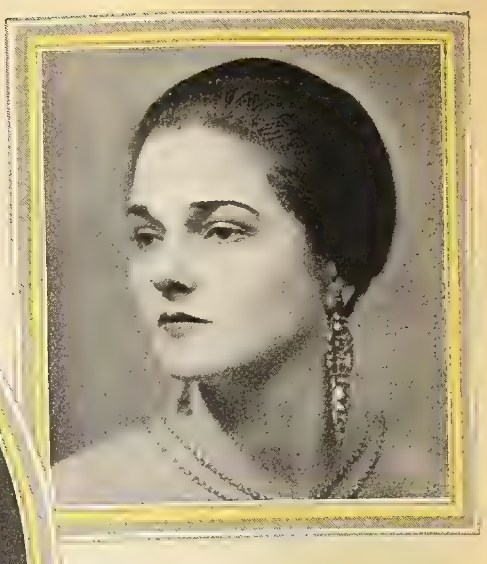
Entertaining the Public



Photographed by Apeda

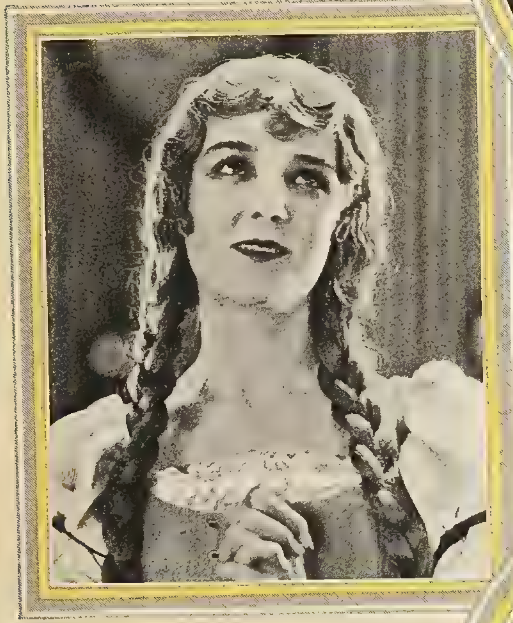
NORMA SHEARER, who won fame in the picture version of "He Who Gets Slapped," is soon to appear in "Lady of the Night" and "Excuse Me."





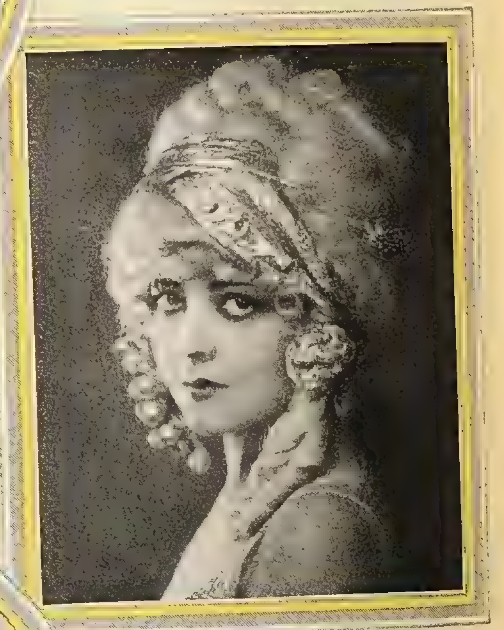
Photographed by Nickolas Muray

JULIA HOYT, prominent in social and theatrical circles, is now playing the leading feminine rôle in "The Virgin of Bethulia," by Henri Bernstein.



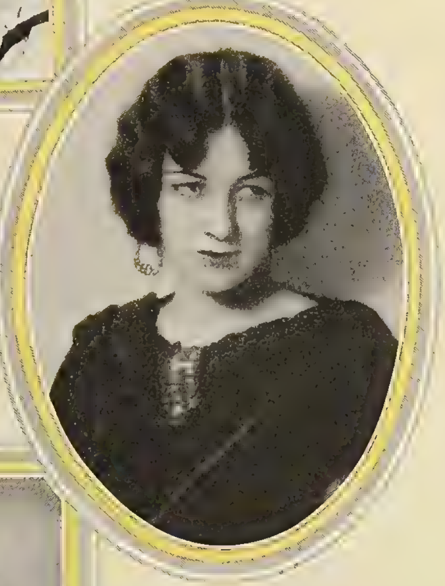
MARY PHILBIN, in the gown she wears as Marguerite from the scene in "Faust" interpolated in the spectacular motion picture, "The Phantom of the Opera," produced by Universal.

VIVACIOUS Marjorie Rambeau, beloved by all theatergoers, finds expression for her fascinating personality and consummate art in "The Valley of Content," an emotional drama of the highest order favorably received on Broadway.



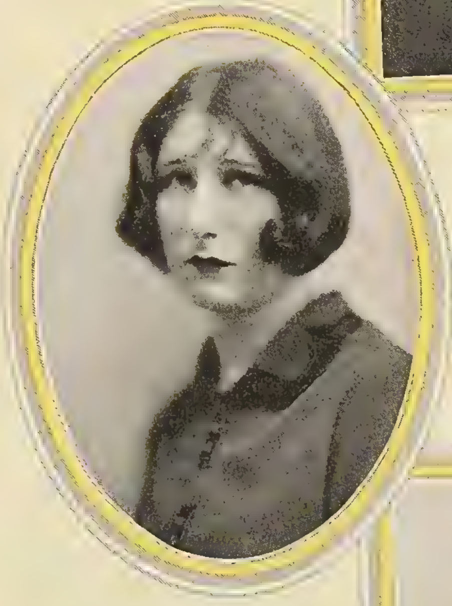
Photographed by Ira D. Schwarz

MARION BENDA finds it an easy task to help make the Ziegfeld Follies the most beautiful of revues. She is shown in a gorgeous Marie Antoinette costume especially suited to her type of beauty.



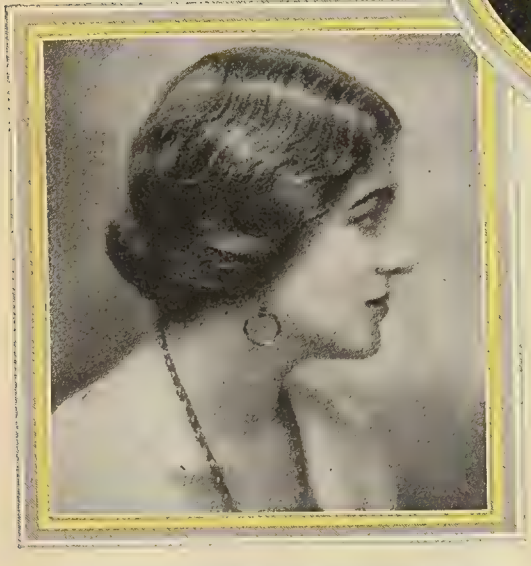
Photographed by Maurice Goldberg

IN THAT amusing if somewhat daring comedy, "Ladies of the Evening," presented by David Belasco, Kay Strozzi plays the rôle of Claire Standish, and does it so effectively that she is one of the hits of the show. The popularity of this splendid play assures it of a long run.

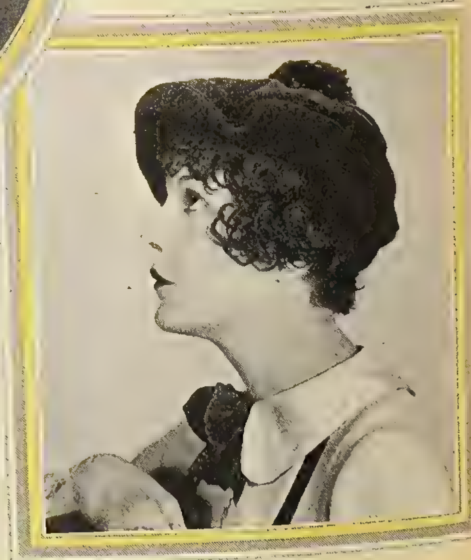


Photographed by Apeda

JUDITH ANDERSON, versatile young emotional actress who is sharing stellar honors with Holbrook Blinn in "The Dove," a sensational melodrama written by Willard Mack and produced by David Belasco. Miss Anderson scored an unusual success last season in "Cobra."



IN THAT hilariously funny comedy, "The Show-Off," now in its second year, Juliette Crosby plays an important rôle.



LEATRICE JOY'S latest stellar rôle is that of Fifi, in Paramount's newest production, "The Dressmaker from Paris."

AFRICAN PALM TREE

OLIVE TREE

COCONUT PALM TREE

A Mother's Duty

is to help her child keep that schoolgirl complexion

Authorities say every mother should follow this simple rule in skin care with a growing child

SHE'S indoors one moment, outdoors the next. She's exposed to all the extremes of temperature known.

Are you giving her skin the correct care? Beauty scientists now tell us that skin radiance in girlhood is largely dependent upon the precautions taken in childhood.

Help her *keep* the exquisitely supple skin she has today. Remember that she can, all through life, if only a few simple rules of caution and care be followed now.

Never let a day pass without this

The secret, as experts all can tell, is in the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—the perfect blending as found in Palmolive.

As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Just before retiring, wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then apply a touch of cold cream if the skin is dry and needs it.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. The skin will be of fine texture. Coloring will be good.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is as good. Palmolive is a *skin emollient* in soap form. The secret is in the oils and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, Ill.

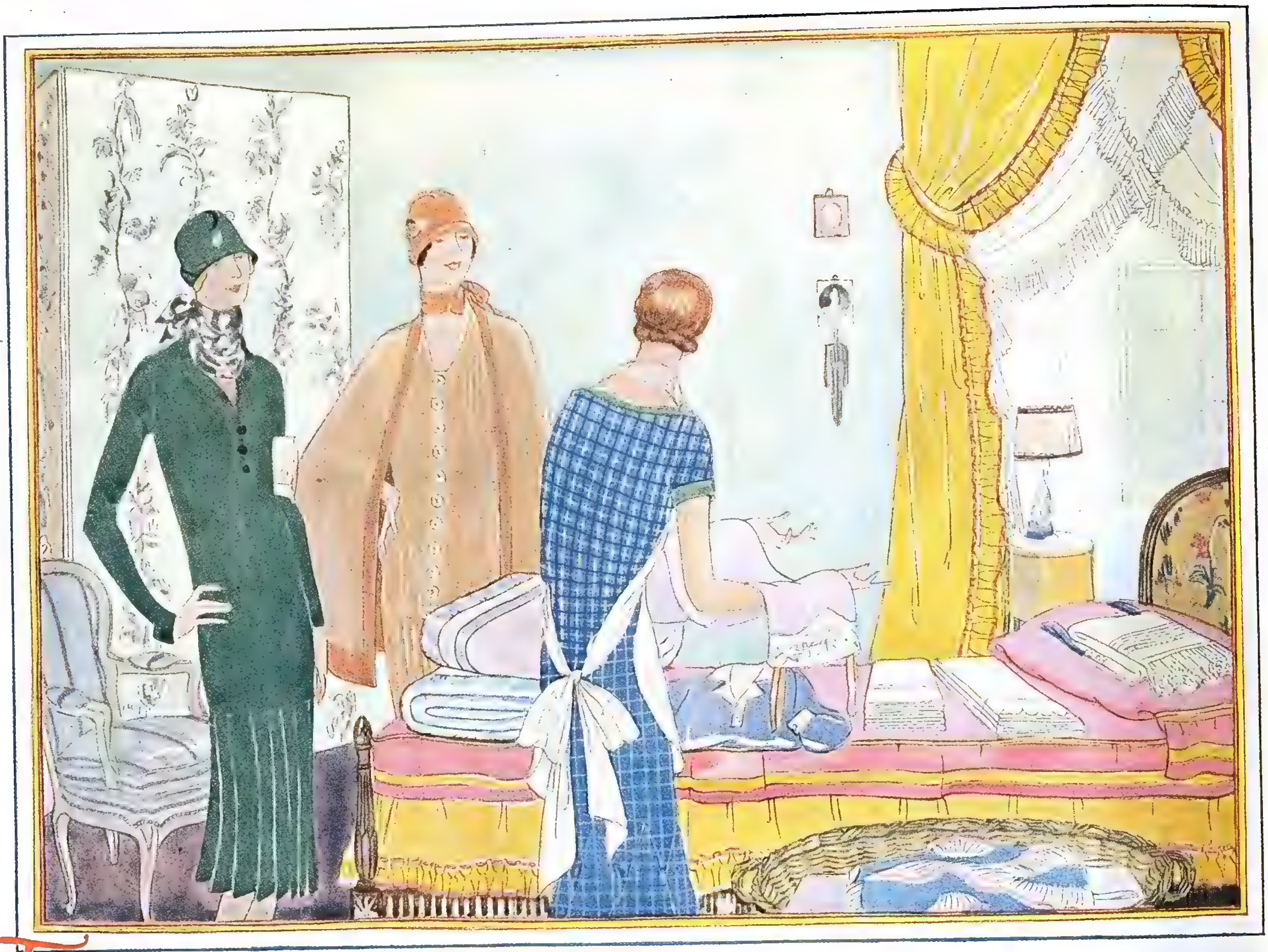
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.



Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

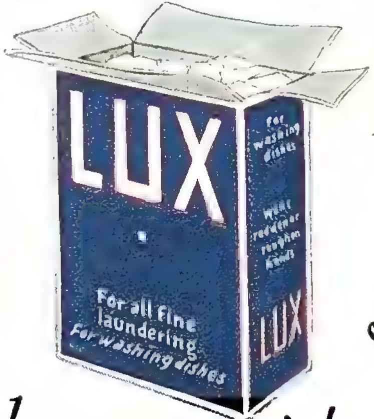
FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingeries—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunken—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little ginghams, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Lux suds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays, they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.



So little Lux will do your biggest wash—do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft.

Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

Who Follows—?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

his mouth on the back of his hand, went out into the yard, and washed up the tin basin. As he poured out the water he seemed to pour soft, warm, shifting moonlight into honey-gold. Lifting themselves out of the moonlight ground on stilts, the mill-houses stood like hives. At the foot of the street Excelsior boomed and shook and quivered, crashing away fifteen hundred lives an hour, spurting its yellow-colored light into the moonshine. Beale went and flung himself on the back of the trolley for Orchard.

LIFE for Miranda became like a glove shrunk in the washing. She could not fit it on. Its shape was lost. There was nothing she wanted to do, nobody she wanted to do it with. The minister's daughter had not even a best friend, but she had a Sunday-school class and went to mothers' meetings, and when she saw women holding up little clothes like things made for fairies, she trembled and blushed.

Her father liked Jim Beale and would not put anything in their way. When she dressed in her apricot gown nobody in Orchard short of Richmond had an envelop so wonderful as the stuff in which Miranda's ivory body was sheathed! She set her hair free and it uncurled like gay birds' wings round her face; the sun-dust in it gathered scarlet close to her head. She was dressing for the excitement of putting cookies and lemonade in the study, and she bathed with the accentuated violet soap. She heard the front door shut and was ashamed of her emancipated hair and would like to have crushed it out, to have turned the hose of the net on it, but it was too late.

As she carried in the tray, the lemonade-glasses jingled, and Jim Beale, jumping up, took it from her. Her father, with his hands behind his coat-tails, stood beneath a wreath of wax lilacs under a glass cover, an imitation of the wreath that had been on her mother's grave. In the minister's study there were always a little coolness and a damp smell like that of a graveyard. There were five little wreaths on the wall.

"You-all go on up-stairs, 'Randa; don't wait—you go on up-stairs."

Miranda backed toward the door. She was used to instant obedience, but as she backed out Jim Beale looked at her. She shook from head to foot. She could hardly get out into the hall, and there she took off her shoes and hugged the door as she had done before. This time her heart seemed to beat out of her dress onto the brown-varnished door.

She heard a cataract and avalanche of voices from behind the door, bursting forth into passion on the part of both men in a pitched battle; the minister trying to break down Jim Beale, Jim holding up the cause for which he would have given his life. The battle went on, went so fast and hard that the girl who was panting there, mentally between them, was thrown like a shuttlecock from one to another.

Then she heard furniture moved, and her father's fist came smashing down on the table—an oath from the minister, the name of God taken in the commonplace way of his commonplace flock! He had failed! Dod Purdy had failed. He did not have a "hold of Jim Beale!" She was physically afraid for them both. If she had not heard the men move she would have gone in. She had time to escape to the kitchen and shut the door when Jim Beale rushed out, slamming the front door thunderously behind him.

She crept back into the study, where her father stood hanging over the untouched lemonade and the cookies. She had sugared them with the thought that Jim Beale's teeth would bite into them. Her father threw out one long arm with a gesture of anathema.

"Son of perdition! Element of destruction! He is taking the Empire people to hell!" As she leaned against the door he said, "Don't let me ever hear the name of Beale in this house! I had the feeling—I had the idea—that him and you—" he threw his head back and rattled in his throat—"just as if you'd ever—I'd ever! Why, if he sets foot inside this yard again I'll turn a shotgun on him! Here—" splashing the lemonade from the pitcher into a glass—"drink this and eat a cooky!"

Her teeth clicked on the glass edge. She did not dare refuse. She was cold and it made her colder from the soles of her feet. Her father drank two glasses greedily. He stuffed a cooky in his mouth, unfolded from its tight, precise wad his clean handkerchief, and wiped his lips. He turned out the lamp sharply, and the humid, milky moonlight lay all along the room, for the blinds were not shut.

"Go on up to bed," said the Reverend Purdy. "Leave all this lay, 'Randa."

As he dragged his broad-soled, square-footed boots up-stairs he said cannily, "I took my money out of Orchard National two weeks ago. Sent it up North. When the town is rocking like a cradle it don't do to trust town banks. Come on up, 'Randa."

THE blur at the garden's foot was the volume of blue lilac-trees, yearly climbing to the height of a stout forest. White and purple lilacs, bloomy, cascading bunches; feathers, plumes, masses of colorful, essenceful, narcotically sweet blooms.

She had to break through the flowers with bare hands and arms in order to make her way to the fence. The parsonage was built at the end of the town, on the road to Rusthollow. From there on, snapping clean off, the road became a forest path as far as Sawmill, ten miles round; from then on a trail into the hills. Folks took the train to Sawmill Junction, and from there, excepting pedlers and mill-prospectors beating up the mill-hands, no one went up into the mountains.

Beale's concentrated shadow as he leaned against the fence in the honey-bright moonshine cooled her excitement, sobered her. She crept softly through the thick bush.

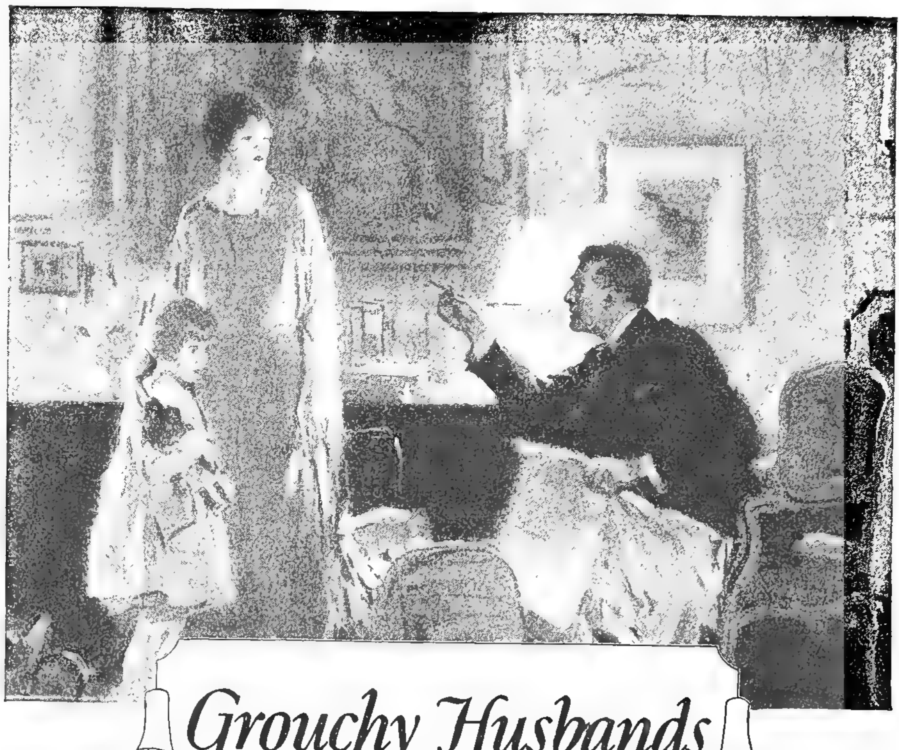
"Oh, Mr. Beale, you-all gotta get away from here quick, quick!"

Miranda glistened in the moonshine, her soft hair freed for him bright around her face. She had to hold the lilacs back strongly, for the thick, determined branch hid her. Lilacs had been her mother's favorite flowers. Her mother had planted these trees and she had used to pick for her the first lilacs from them when she was a little baby girl. She had seen them bobbing, bobbing over the coffin as the horse walked slowly not to shake the hearse.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep
From which one never wakes to weep—

all deep and dark and violet, all around that cold, thin face—purple lilacs, white

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



Grouchy Husbands

EVERYTHING a moment before had been peaceful—and even comparatively quiet. Perhaps the youngster did make a slight disturbance at play, but it was unintentional—not anything over which a normal father should hit the ceiling. Perhaps some remark was made, innocently enough—but from the eruption which followed it might have been criminal!

What is the cause of outbursts like that? Unreasoning fits of temper on the part of men who ordinarily are kindly husbands and fathers!

The chances are that the man isn't well. Nerves! He would be the first to deny it, of course.

Why men fly off the handle

"Never felt better in my life!" he sputters. But he doesn't. His very vehemence is indication of the trouble which is secretly worrying millions of men in America. They are wearing out prematurely. They are not "sick," no; but certainly they are not well.

And nine times out of ten the reasons are these: they neglect exercise, they don't get enough sleep; they shun fresh air; they eat too much, and eat the wrong things. And worst of all, they unthinkingly load their systems with artificial stimulants which contribute nothing to their well-being, but which rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has no food value. It seems to give new energy, but this is a delusion. Actually it whips and goads the tired nerves to action when what they really need is rest.

In 2,000,000 homes, people are eliminating one form of abuse by making Postum their regular mealtime drink. It is all wheat, skillfully blended and roasted. Instead of caffein, an artificial stimulant, it gives only the healthful elements of whole wheat and bran. It is delicious! —rich, full bodied, with the appetizing flavor of roasted wheat.

Here is a drink which every member of the family can enjoy together, with no fear of sleeplessness, ragged nerves, headache, indigestion—with no sign of a grouch! Made with hot milk instead of the usual boiling water, it is the ideal drink for children, too.

You—the wife, the mother—are in a wonderful position to improve the health of your family. Postum is one easy step! Get it at your grocer's —or accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it. You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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CONVERSATION needs no prompting in the graceful ritual of after-dinner coffee. Here is the color of life, the fragrance and the sparkle. Skillful is the hostess who selects her coffee service with care, and who uses the subtle charm of International Silverplate in many rooms of her home—the silver vegetable dishes and platters in serving her meals, silver centerpiece and candlesticks upon the dinner table and, in the living-room, the silver vase for flowers and box for cigarettes.

International Silverplate is so rich in design and in variety of pieces, so durable and so reasonable in price, that it represents the most effective of expenditures in setting the stage of the home. International Silverplate is sold by the better stores and you will find the trade-mark on every piece.

May we send you a copy of booklet HW-13, *Silverplate and Why It Is Fashionable?* It contains many suggestions for making your home more attractive. There are also delightful menus with unusual recipes for dishes to serve on every occasion. International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

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Hamilton, Ontario

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Who Follows—?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

lilacs. She could not get close to the fence for them—great imperial lilacs, inholding their scent, unctuous, close, impact, dark, purple, shadowy, red purple down to the small spiral of the flowers. The smell of them mounted into her nostrils. The tears got into her eyes.

Between Beale and Miranda were the fence and branchful, flowerful sprays of lilacs. They tried to get in her face as tho her mother's hands were putting them there. With her elbows she held back the branches, craning toward him. There was his face looking at hers, held up in the moonshine, white, beautiful black eyes, black brows, and appealing lips.

"I came right here and now I am going home, but I had to see you before I went——"

She interrupted him. "Father's crazy. He's bound to shoot you! You never, never can come here again! Never!"

He laughed softly. "I'm not afraid! I never did care much for living! I only care to help those poor Empire folks."

He drew back and then vaulted the fence, landing close to her. He put his hands on the curves of her elbows where she was holding back the branches, the lilac-blooms between.

Her hands found his hair and lifted it all through with her fingers, drawing his face again to hers. She brushed passionately away—not his lips, but the full-scented plume of the lilac that fell between their faces. She cried, "Oh! Them lilacs!"

Jim Beale broke it off and thrust it into his pocket. "I'm just crazy about it. I have kissed *you* through it."

"How you goin' home, Jim Beale?"

"Through the woods to the cross-trail, then on, straight up to Sawmill. Back of Sawmill I'll find my horse, then ride her up to my own shack, two miles beyond the Darsey Falloners'."

AT THE house back of them a shutter banged. They started violently. Encircling his wrist, she whispered, "Oh, my God, you have got to go! Listen! I'll come up to you there. I'll come! I'd love to! I can find my way there. I'll ride your horse! I'll come! I'd rather have you never come back again than be shot. What's the good of being shot?"

Beale kissed her once more. "You don't need to ride the horse up the trail," he said. "Falloners will send you up—Darsey Falloner's people to the left of Sawmill. Just go up and tell them you came for me. He'll see you get up there. But you needn't worry about that, either. I'll be there! I'll meet you Sunday at Sawmill. You wait for me on the shady side of the mill. I'll be there at three o'clock."

Beale kissed her once more and vaulted the fence. From the other side he said softly to her, "Sunday, then; yes, come Sunday. I'll meet you at Sawmill! Remember!"

HARK to the chamber-music sonata! Hidden love! It sang in her heart and in her brain all day. A secret meeting! A secret love-affair! She, Miranda Purdy, of all Orchard singled out for romance, but with it security and the blissful, safe home feeling and everything comprised in one circle, the safety feeling—gone. A world that began up-stairs and ended at the front gate, gone, broken, shattered just by one secret meeting down at the fence. Lilac kisses! She hung on every one of her father's words, listening for him to speak of Empire, and when she found the conversation to be of ordinary news she unmoored her boat and slipped it off into the moonlit sea of love.

Wednesday evening prayer-meeting was taken over from the Reverend Purdy by his oldest deacon. Purdy, in a sudden uplifted and inspired excess of devotion to his colleague over at Empire, went to the mill town to stand by the pastor of the Baptist Church through the strike. Before he went he "fixed up" Miranda. Richmond fell into her plans and his like a charm.

The Reverend Purdy saw her off on the Richmond train, came back, and packed his little black bag, drew on his decent, stable, gray-cotton gloves, angularly good, with an elated sense of going into danger and showing Jim Beale what law-abiding reason was. He thrilled with excitement, and as he went past the church on the eight o'clock trolley he was serenaded by the prayer-meeting. All the way down the street the hymn came pouring after the *chevaleresque* minister going over to Empire:

The Son of God goes forth to war—
Who follows—? Who follows—?

MIRANDA did not go to Richmond! She got off at Sawmill Junction, where the folks bought their tickets for the Northern train. With her little valise she stood on the platform, her back to the railroad track, and laughed at fathers and locksmiths. The valise was packed for her adventure. Altho the *Journal* supplement had never given any directions regarding the packing of an elopement valise (honeymoon luggage, wedding luggage had been ably provided for) she had often hung over "Snappy Luggage for People Who Know How to Travel," and the big trunks with the white bows.

In her suitcase she had put a couple of fresh-baked cakes. She had seen Jim Beale eat only once at a meal at home—he had taken twice of her home-baked cakes. Black, rich, spicy, with nice white frosting (like her cheeks, and her eyes like plums—she might have been any bridal cake in a confectioner's window)—love loves to see the beloved eat. It is part of the passion, just as the contrary gets on the nerves.

Jim Beale would meet her at Sawmill. She knew where to wait for him over by the red barn where he boarded his horse. She wore a short skirt and bloomers because, with her little valise, she was to ride up back of Jim Beale over the trail.

JIM BEALE arrived late at his rendezvous—hours late, and he heard the whinny of his mare through the window. Miranda had taken advantage of his directions and gone on to Falloners'—or perhaps she had not come at all!

As Beale led the horse out into the trail he stopped to look toward the road leading to the Junction. He had plenty of time to take the train North. He had escaped from the biggest strike in the South in the history of the cotton-mills, and he had been beaten. The hands had all walked back. The bosses were on top. It was too big for him.

But Boscombe was not on top. Boscombe would never, never break up families again and drive men crazy.

He picked the upward trail, and from sheer exhaustion dropped his head forward on the horse's neck as she climbed. She had feet like those of a cat, and picked her way over the gnarled branches of the trees across the path, through the ghostly silver of the night, and all the while Jim Beale was breathing haunting lilac kisses; lilac kisses fiercely sweet, lilac brew drunk and drained. They soothed, like flowers across the lips and cheeks, his raw nerves, his overwrought nerves. Those kisses had drawn him up the trail to keep his rendezvous.

Presently the sound of a cataract met him, the rushing, rushing of the waters under his high-hung shack. As he climbed down off his horse in the moonlight the little lean-to seemed a silver house and the white light splashed against the shingles.

Was Miranda there?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

10-day Test FREE
Mail the Coupon

How millions are finding clearer, whiter teeth

—and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. Beneath it are the clear, glistening teeth that you envy in others. Ordinary methods are inadequate. This new way combats it scientifically without harsh grit dangerous to enamel. See what 10 days will bring.

DULL teeth, dingy teeth, teeth that lack gleam and luster—modern science has discovered a new way to correct them.

In a short time you can work a transformation. In ten days you can have whiter, more gleaming teeth than you ever thought you could have.

This offers you free a 10-day test. Simply use the coupon.

Why teeth lose color; how combating the film works wonders—note results in 10 days

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must combat it.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that has changed the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated. Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Make the test

Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their luster, makes them look dingy and dull.

This new way will combat it—will give the lustrous teeth you envy.

It will polish your teeth; give them a new beauty that will delight you.

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube from your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Every man—particularly any man who smokes—will find remarkable results from this new method.

1707

MAIL this for 10-day tube to

Pepsodent REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 638
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name..

Address..

Only one tube to a family.

for all those pineapple dishes you like so well

SLICED or CRUSHED

Remember the importance of quality!

With pineapple—as with every other canned fruit—you are sure when you say Del Monte.

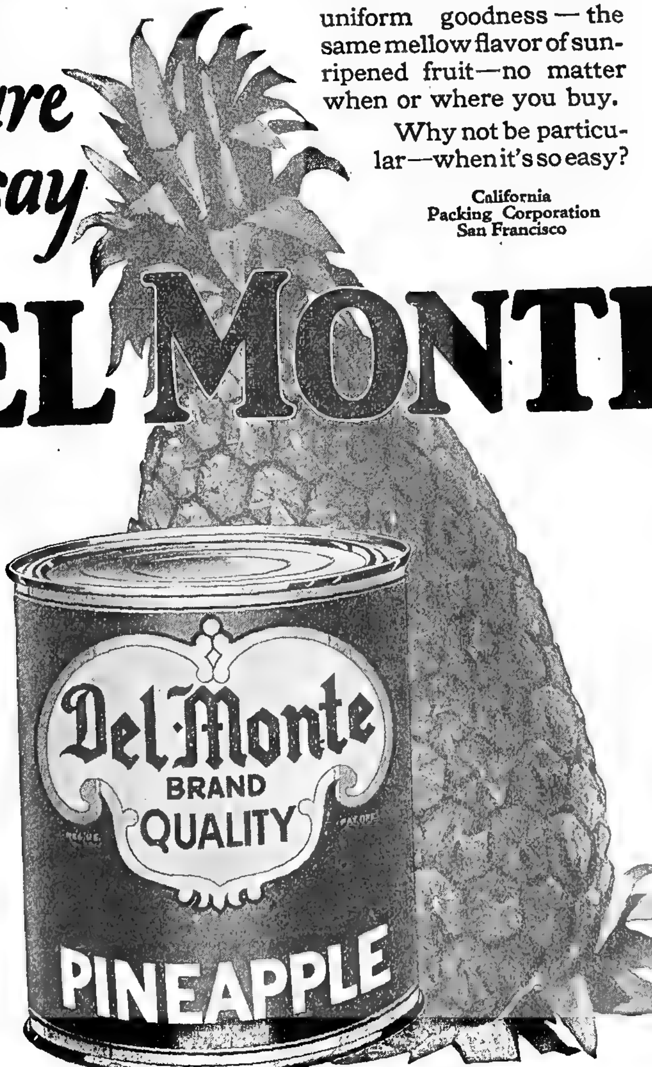
You always know in advance exactly what this label stands for—the same uniform goodness—the same mellow flavor of sun-ripened fruit—no matter when or where you buy.

Why not be particular—when it's so easy?

California Packing Corporation
San Francisco

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Who Follows—?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

A ghostly spiral of smoke from a fire, the last fine thread rising on the air, was his answer. No sound but the moist, sweet, impersonal voice of the waters. He bent down and touched the cat as she rubbed against his legs, and he softly pushed in the door.

Asleep on the floor he saw Miranda, wrapped in his gray blanket. She was sleeping deeply, her hair across her bare arm.

Beale slipped off his shoes and threw off his coat and drew in the blind of the shanty, for through the eastern window the sun came rushing so nobody could sleep a mite for it, once it was morning. By her side were a heap of lilacs, a hymn-book and a Bible, and a big black spice-cake.

Yearning over her, he knelt down by her side and called her name so softly that when she opened her eyes she heard only the rushing water.

The Empire trolley-line was cut by the strikers, and over three hundred citizens tramped from Empire up the mountain, led by the preacher. Ants spilling out of ant-hills.

The Reverend Dod Purdy led them, and close behind him, as far as Orchard, had come the Reverend Ferdinand Smythe, the pastor of the Empire Church. But Smythe was a mild brew with thin, corn-silk hair and chronic conjunctivitis. Where the forest bit into the town Purdy stopped his brother in front of the rectory.

"You go on in, Brother. My daughter's gone to Richmond. House empty! Fix yourself up!" Purdy fathered him. "Better not follow, Smythe—better not follow!" But Purdy followed!

Purdy had worked like mad for Empire and tried to put pep and guts even into Boscombe, bulge-eyed, clear-cheeked Boscombe, terrified to death, now that the day had come. Purdy had led him through the riotous streets, Boscombe clinging to him as tho his cloth would protect him.

A thousand mill-hands had closed themselves in the mills, destroying machinery. When the mill-owners threatened to turn the machine-guns on them the hands marched out. Not long after the last white-faced child had left, the fire burst through the windows of the mills. Then Empire Mills went—and Boscombe, white-livered, flannel-souled, sensuous Boscombe met his fate. Jim Beale shot him through the heart.

Dod Purdy knew where the road snapped off breezily and briskly in front of his house, running up into the woods and sawmill. He led the Empire police, two sheriffs, and the leading citizens. He was all alive now, on duty and on tick; unused energies, stored up, moth-eaten, mossy, all working now.

Up at Falloners' above the Sawmill, old man Falloner gave them directions—had to—were two guns at his temples. They haled him out of bed into the open, shaking in the knees, the color of hoe-cake, and the little children around him, and his wife standing by.

Old man Falloner, miserable, painstaking, pointed out the trail between the guns at his head.

"Yes, suh! Pretty clear trail, suh; blaze, clean going—Jim rides it! Straight on up till yo' get t' the light'ning pine, then go round it; it lies across the trail—go on round an' on straight! What's Jim done?"

"Fired Janet and Compton Mills and Empire. Shot Neil Boscombe cold!"

"The devil!" The words all crumpled up in Falloner's throat. "Boscombe shot?" He stretched his head forward over his arm, his chin going out over his fingers as he pointed up the trail. "On—up and up!"

The Orchard sheriff, who was the last man, said roughly, clutching at Falloner's sign-post hand, "Come on, yo'-all! Harness in! Follow up and show us the way!"

But old man Falloner never moved, his yellow face like corrugated copper, and his pale eyes all one color, shaking with fever and ague. "I've bin bedded nigh onto three weeks! I ain't got a mile in me—I ain't walked a mile any'ow in five months——"

The sheriff's hand clutched Falloner's arm, clutching bone. He dropped it. Falloner continued to point:

"It's crow's flyin' to Beale—on and up!"

The last man had broken through into the trail, and Dod Purdy was well on ahead. Old man Falloner grinned at the vanishing mob.

"They all mus' 'a' hiked close on thirty mile! Get ma gun, Maw, and follow me up the walk—fast! I don't want t' lose no time an' yo' don't want t' lose no time, neither—hyar me, Maw?"

She heard him. She had hated dirty, gold-toothed Boscombe when he came up to their shanty to take away Milly.

Mrs. Falloner watched him till he was lost round the curve of the hill, following the path until it spurted into the thick pines—not a path—a goat tract—and it hid him. This vivid climb, two miles shorter than the blazed trail over which he had sent the others, a pull-up by bush and thorn, dragging you straight to the cataract that crashed under Beale's window, led up to by a slight, quivering little bridge above the cataract over the churning waters—the Cat's Bridge—Jim Beale and his Maltese cat went over it; nobody else dared to.

If any one had told old man Falloner in one of his fever-and-ague dreams that he was going to balance his shaking legs over the Cat's Bridge and then with Jim Beale and a woman, to help to tear it down——

The crowd surrounding Jim Beale's cabin, moiling there, spilling over, antlike, into the clearing, sent the Reverend Dod Purdy in first through the wide-open door, his coat-tails hanging meekly like the tail of a dead-tired dog, a pale flail of hair stuck tight across his forehead, his thin mouth pressed in against his teeth. The others packing in, climbing in through the window, ants crawling all close, sticking together around this bit of gray-shingled cabin, wide to the winds, deserted.

Jim's bed on the floor, tumbled; army blanket, tumbled; a gray, brown, untidy, primitive nest—love's nest—rifled, disturbed; the disenchanted twigs all torn, the shape all lost—love's nest destroyed; half a frosted spice-cake, and the crums:

> Take six eggs and four cups of flour—allspice——(*Journal* recipe.)

Bible and hymn-book, and on the army blanket lilacs, dead lilacs, withered lilacs; soft, dark, deep lilacs scattered on the floor.

The Reverend Dod Purdy swooped on to the hymn-book. It fell open at Miranda's favorite hymn:

> The Son of God——

Orchard got this once a week through Miranda. Outside the windows he could hear the mob yelling, calling to him to come on out; they'd struck a new trail. He scarcely heard them over the booming, screaming, snowy, flashing, smashing cataract. It drowned their voices as it had drowned Jim's and Miranda's kisses. He flipped on to the title-page of the hymn-book, leaning against the sheriff from Empire, who peered over his shoulder.

The Reverend Dod Purdy knew the handwriting on the title-page:

"Miranda Jane Purdy, from Her Mother."

In this month of gift choosing and giving—
See Eversharp and Wahl Pen

ALTHOUGH we look upon this as the month of May, nevertheless the harbingers of June are already present in the flowering of the early June brides.

This is a gift buying month!

Not only are the ministers active but even now the institutions of learning are loosing upon the world, the bold, masterful graduates and the sweet girl graduates.

When the invitation or announcement appears in your morning's mail, what do you expect to do?

Seriously, the best possible thing is to choose the nearest of the thirty thousand Eversharp dealers.

Go to his store.

Select an Eversharp, Wahl Pen, or an Eversharp, Wahl Pen Combination. Have the salesman put your purchase in one of those handsome silk-lined gift boxes—and everything is over but the pleasure.

You are justified in feeling perfectly satisfied with yourself. No one could have done better.

Eversharp and Wahl Pen are the products of the foremost manufacturer of fine writing equipment.

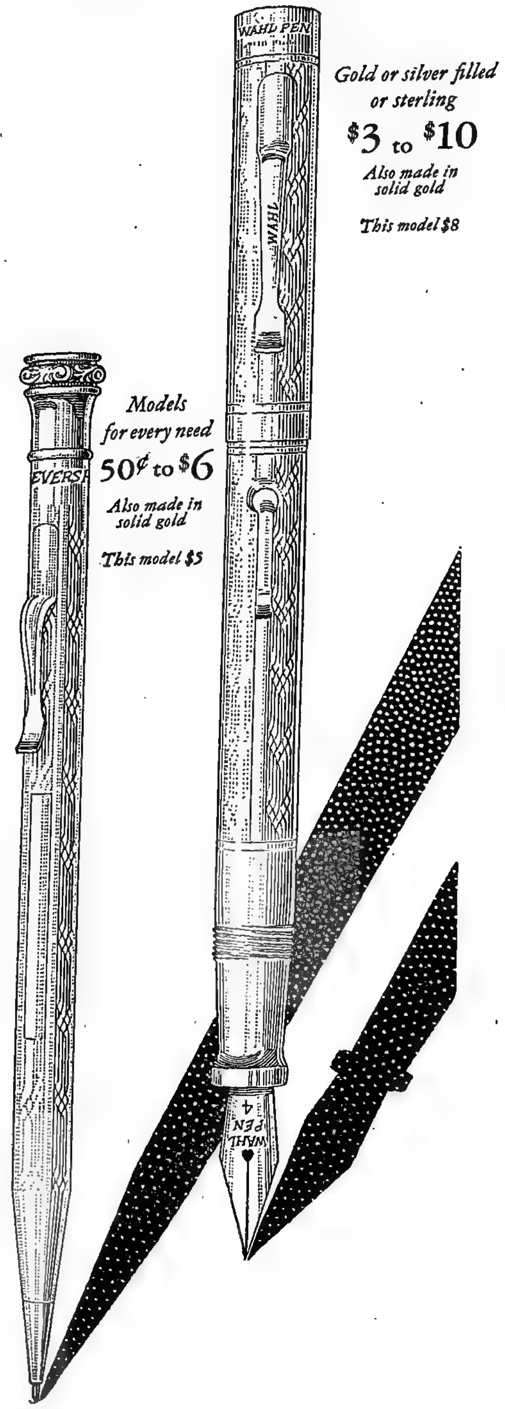
They have beauty to carry a heart full of sentiment.

They are useful, which signifies your thoughtfulness.

Their precious metal construction insures that they will wear well—for remembrance.

The qualities which have made Eversharp and Wahl Pen the world's standard writing instruments are the qualities that make them the first and best thought for all gift occasions.

Prices to suit your purse and the situation.



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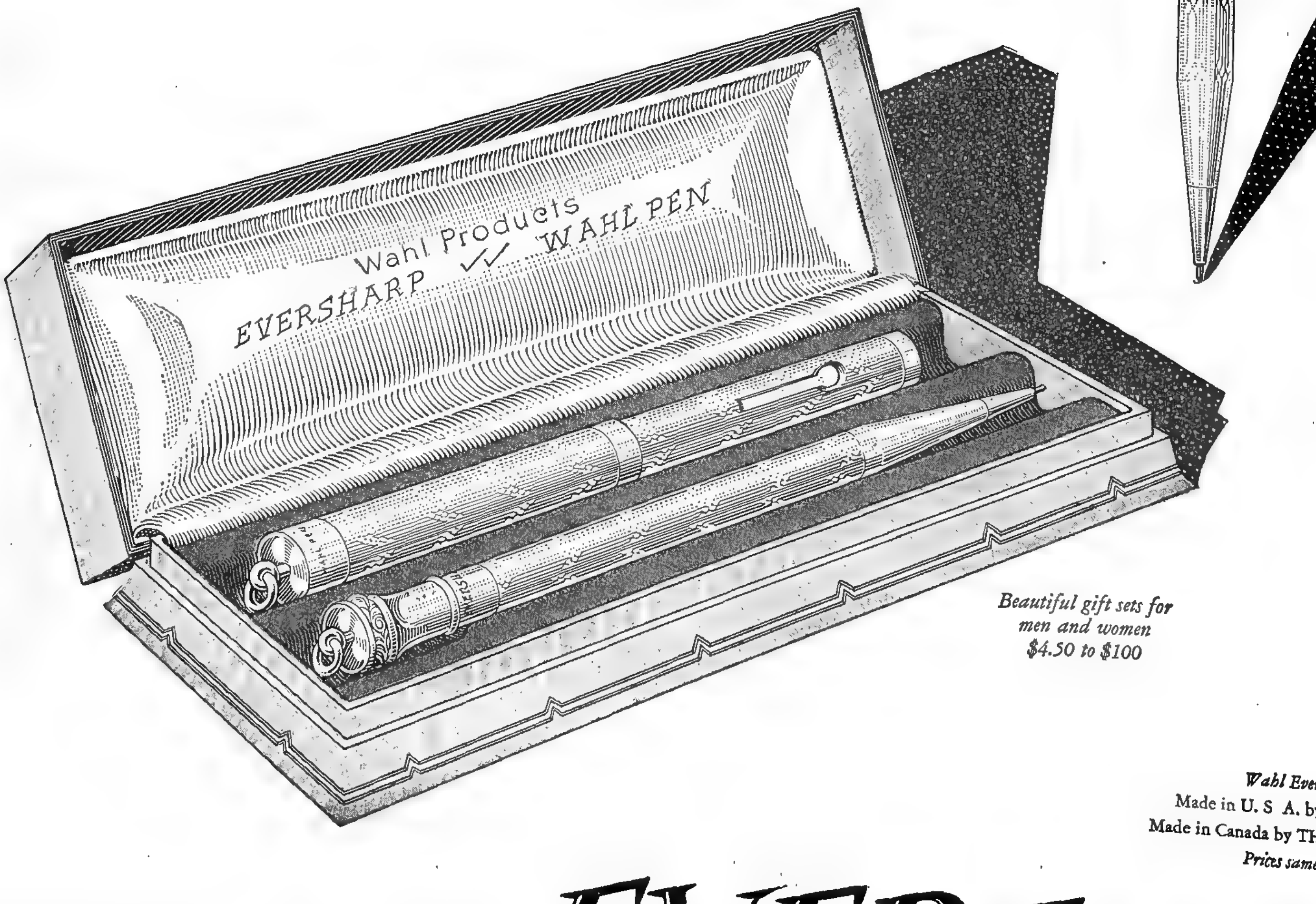

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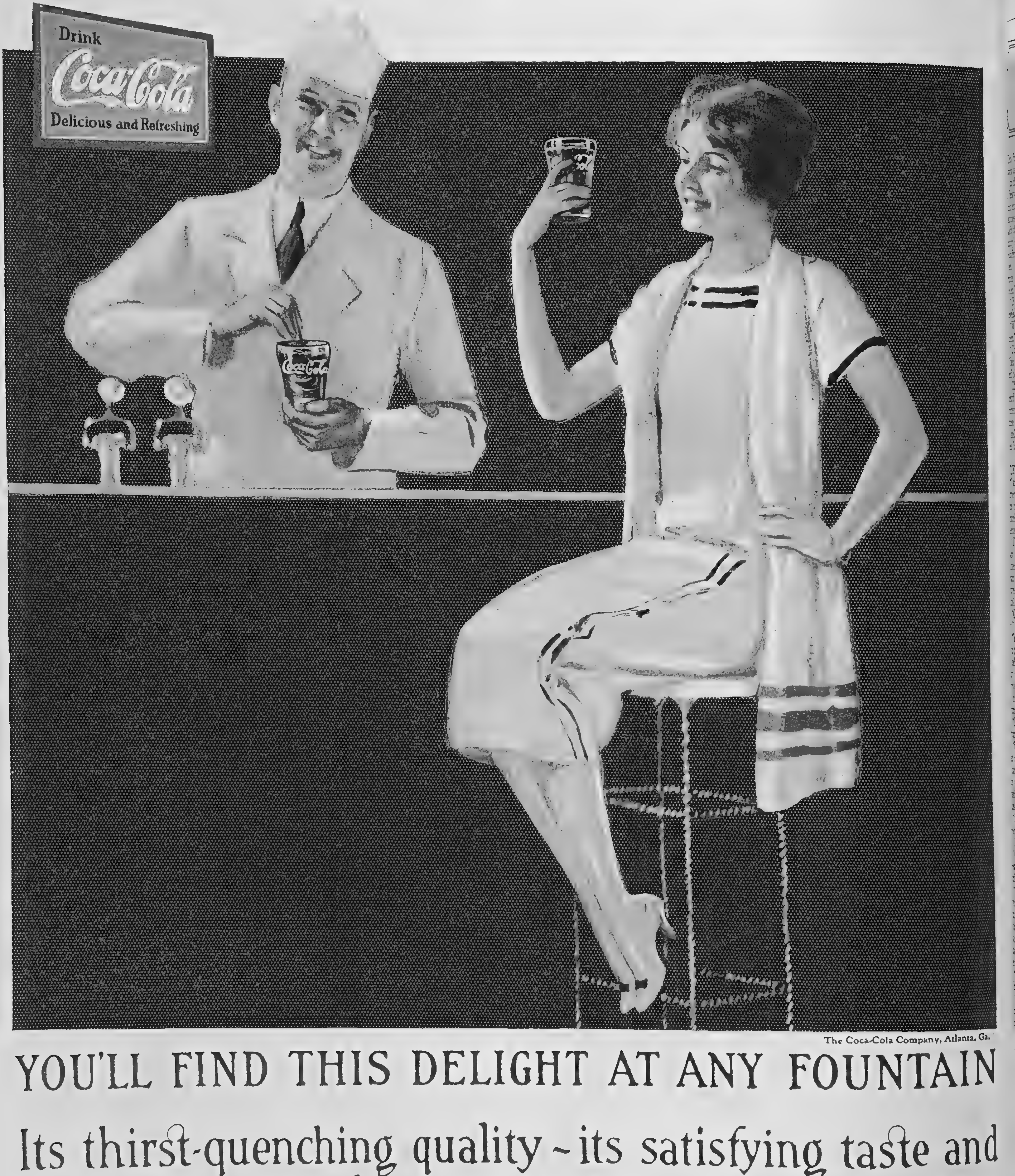
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Delicious and Refreshing
Coca-Cola

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YOU'LL FIND THIS DELIGHT AT ANY FOUNTAIN

Its thirst-quenching quality – its satisfying taste and charm of purity – has won for Coca-Cola tremendous popularity – and caused it to be sold everywhere.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Gita frowned she added hastily, "Come back and lift out this tray."

In the large compartment beneath was a heavy and hideous tiara of diamonds and emeralds. Mrs. Carteret sighed. "I suppose you'll never wear it. I'm told such things are no longer in fashion. But many's the time I wore it in the old Academy of Music—and in Covent Garden. Well, you can have the stones made into a necklace when you are older."

"I? Am I to have all these wonderful jewels?"

"Who else? But you are not to sell them."

"I'd never dream of selling them. When I'm blue I'll just take them out and play with them."

"That is the first sensible thing I've heard you say. And many are heirlooms, remember. Sit down and play with these things now. I see they have cast a spell over you and I am beginning to feel hopeful."

GITA took a low chair beside the bed and poured the contents of the upper tray into her lap, letting the chains run through her fingers, trying on the bracelets and rings. The fine stones seemed to wink at her knowingly.

"They'll have to be reset," said the old lady sadly. "*Tout passe.* Now," she added briskly, "there's another thing I want you to promise. If you don't I'll leave every one of these jewels to a hospital."

"Grandmother! Blackmail! What is it?"

"You must wear mourning for me. I'm told it's more or less out of date, but I believe in the decencies of life. You say neither you nor your mother approved of mourning, but that has nothing to do with me. You will do as I ask, I suppose?"

"Of course." Gita was in a mood to promise anything.

"Well, that's one point gained! And six months will be enough. I'm only your grandmother. But after that you are to dress not only like a girl, but a fashionable girl; you'll give those ridiculous suits to the servants."

"But all the girls wear tailored suits—and as for sport——"

"Like yours? No furbishing up?"

"Oh, they wear scarfs and bright hats—other things, I suppose. I've hardly noticed."

"But you have noticed they indulge in every feminine vanity, even if they've cut off the hair that nature meant to be woman's chief adornment, and have neither the full bosoms nor the swelling hips that once made a beautiful woman's 'figger,' as we called it. And the tiny waists!"

"They must have looked horrid," said Gita sincerely.

"Not at all. Quite the contrary. I wonder men are ever attracted to women these days. Nature intended women to have 'figgers' entirely different from men. Else why didn't she make them on the same plan and save them the trouble of starving themselves? Answer me that!" said the old lady triumphantly. "And these young ninnies of to-day may have a certain style, but not a particle of elegance. No wonder they wear little straight frocks. It takes a 'figger' to show off elegant gowns. What in the world started such a fashion?" she asked querulously. "Do you mean to tell me men admire girls that look like boys?"

"They seem to. Probably that's the reason the girls have sacrificed women's chief adornment."

Mrs. Carteret cackled, her frail body shaking. "I suppose that's the reason you shingled your head—didn't even leave a few locks in front to cover your ears and soften your forehead."

"I?" Gita forgot the jewels. "I should think not. It's about the last reason!"

"Anyway, jewels and hairless heads don't match. It will be a good time to let your hair grow while you are in mourning, and some clever hair-dresser will find a way to tuck it up. And that reminds me. I am asking you to promise a good many things, but this is one of the most important. When the proper time comes Mary Pleyden will introduce you to society, and you are to go to the best dressmaker you can afford and wear the most elaborate clothes that fashion permits."

"Nothing is very elaborate these days."

"So I understand. But you are to dress like other girls. That's all I have to ask. Is it understood?"

"Yes, Grandmother, but I don't care for clothes—really."

"Never had 'em. That's the reason. You're a stoic, I fancy, and wouldn't permit yourself to want what you couldn't get. Wait until you have a wardrobe full of pretty things. Now put those jewels back in the casket in that wall-safe over there. You may keep the pearls. Better wear them under your shirt-waist if you toss about at night. But wear them."

After Gita had hidden the casket she returned to the bedside and brushed her lips against the old lady's tabid cheek. "You are very kind and generous, Grandmother," she said gratefully.

"Thanks." Mrs. Carteret's voice was as dry as usual, but her eyes gleamed. "And your lips are very soft, my dear. Here comes that woman. It is time for your dinner. And when you have replenished your wardrobe I hope you will always dress for dinner, even when you are alone."

THAT was Gita's last talk with her grandmother. The next day Mr. Donald called, and on the following the old lady had what the nurse alluded to vaguely as one of her attacks; two nights later she died quietly in her sleep. At the earliest moment consistent with cherished proprieties Topper telephoned to Mrs. Pleyden, and she came to the manor an hour later.

"Polly had a telegram from Bar Harbor yesterday inviting her to a house-party," she said sympathetically to Gita, "and she went off last night. But she'll be home in a few days and I know she'd want you to come to us for a bit. You will, won't you, my dear? You've hardly had time to get accustomed to this gloomy old house. Do run up and pack a bag."

But Gita shook her head. She felt uncommonly bereft. Her grandmother was a person to be missed, whether she had unconsciously grown fond of her or not. At all events she felt an inclination to stand by until the last of the ceremonies. And the old house, in which so many of her blood had lived and died, mysteriously held her.

"You are very kind," she said, "and I'll be glad to see Polly when she comes back. But I'd better stay here. I am sure grandmother would have wished it. If—if—you'll attend to things, tho, I'd be grateful."

"I will indeed." Mrs. Pleyden was a tall, slender woman, admirably dressed and poised, but altho her life for the most part was spent in a round of bridge, she was by nature executive and always willing to exercise her talent. Her house in Chelsea and her apartment in New York were models of bland extravagance and housewifely skill. In an earlier day she would have been a "leader," and as it was her large and exclusive group deferred to her and regarded her as a personage. Between herself and Polly there was an unspoken compact. Mrs. Pleyden moved with the times, and life had taught her philosophy.

"Better go out-of-doors," she continued. "And I'll do the telephoning, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

DURING ILLNESS *your body bathed in Alcorub feels cool and rested, and it is fully protected from cold. The country's great hospitals and dispensaries find that Alcorub contains the exact amount of alcohol best suited to refresh and invigorate the human skin. It firms and strengthens your body, and helps prevent the infections that result from long lying in bed. Combined with healing and soothing ingredients it leaves the skin actually smoother.*

Physicians - Nurses - - Great Hospitals Helped Perfect it

Out of their need has come this remarkable new product

WHEN pure grain alcohol was no longer readily obtainable, and many of the hastily prepared substitutes were found actually harmful to the skin—physicians and hospitals appealed to the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. They asked the world's largest producers of alcohol to create a new product.

Better than pure alcohol for the skin

Alcorub is more effective than pure alcohol. Into it the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. has put the exact amount of alcohol best suited to invigorate and protect the body—70 per cent.

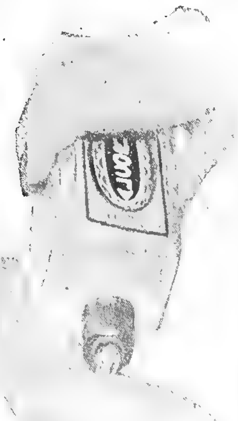
More than 70 per cent alcohol dries and burns the skin tissue. And is actually *less* antiseptic. Too strong, it instantly coagulates the albumen around germs instead of penetrating and killing them.

* * *

Finally the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. has skilfully compounded Alcorub with the most soothing and healing ingredients known to skin specialists.

No matter how often you apply Alcorub or how thoroughly you rub it in, it cannot hurt the tenderest skin—even a baby's. Alcorub actually leaves your skin smoother.

To get true Alcorub, look for the label of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. Alcorub comes only in pints, specially sealed for your protection. In square bottles with the finger grips on the sides. Ask your druggist for Alcorub today.



"IN CASE OF SUDDEN HIGH FEVER before the physician arrives—*Add eight ounces of alcohol to a quart of water at a temperature of 70° F. The child is stripped and covered with a flannel blanket, and the entire body sponged with this solution for ten or fifteen minutes.*" From "Short Talks with Young Mothers" *by New York's famous baby specialist.*

With Alcorub, already prepared, use a little more than a pint of water to eight ounces of Alcorub.

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The little tads
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For young and
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Meal"

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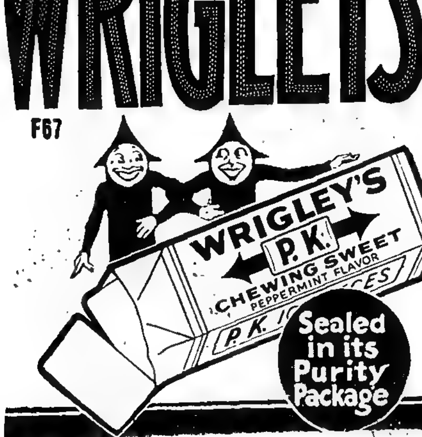

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

Topper always knows what to do. He's seen many a funeral in this house."

Gita shuddered and went out into the garden.

The old lady lay in state, not in the drawing-room, but in the great central hall. Her face looked like an ancient wax mask. It was devoid of expression, and it had had so much in life. Gita did not give it a second glance. She preferred to remember that wise, sarcastic, old face on the pillows, lit by the indomitable dark brilliancy of the eyes.

Mrs. Pleyden had telephoned to a New York house for Gita's mourning outfit and it arrived early on the day of the funeral. It was merely a straight little frock of crêpe de Chine and a black-straw hat, like an inverted bowl, from which a short veil of chiffon depended. Gita wondered what her grandmother would have thought of it.

She rummaged in the drawers of a chest in the old lady's room and found a long necklace of jet and oxidized silver and put it on. The act made her feel less modern than usual, but she thought, somewhat humorously, that her grandmother would approve of this subtle if momentary linking of her unruly descendant with the past.

She had heard the rolling of many motors, and as she descended the broad stairs she saw that the hall as well as the large and smaller drawing-rooms were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who, as she learned later, had come not only from Atlantic City, but from Philadelphia and many of the country estates in New Jersey. It was a last tribute from friends and acquaintances that would have pleased Mrs. Carteret, altho she would have regarded it as a matter of course.

Topper, in a rusty dress-suit, once in the wardrobe of Mr. Carteret, and black gloves, was master of ceremonies, and Andrew, the old gardener, bent nearly double with rheumatism, had been given a chair near the casket.

Mr. Donald, the family lawyer, met Gita at the foot of the stairs and offered his arm. She was conscious of a ripple of decorous interest and several hundred examining eyes as they made their way to the upper end of the hall and took the seats reserved for them. There were no young people present. Polly, who had returned the night before, had telephoned that she would be over after the funeral.

Gita privately made up her own mind that it was the last funeral she would ever attend. In an effort to look grave the company was as if suddenly bereft of individuality, and all the women who possessed black gowns wore them, whether they were cut in the latest fashion or not. The pall-bearers, most of them keen business or professional men, looked like expressionless mutes. Mr. Donald, who was one of them, wore a band of black cloth on his sleeve and flourished a handkerchief with a black border.

THE atmosphere was sickening. The day was hot and close. Several of the women surreptitiously inhaled smelling-salts. The clergyman in his Episcopal robes droned on interminably. Not a phrase of the long funeral service could be omitted on so august an occasion. Gita felt as if she were on the verge of hysterics. At her mother's simple funeral on the desert, where Millicent had asked to be buried—she was "tired of traveling"—Gita had felt only numbness and desolation, and had passively permitted herself, when it was over, to be carried off to San Francisco by Mrs. Melrose to await a possible letter from Carteret Manor.

The numbness had not passed until she found herself alone in the train, free of solicitudes and plans for her future, should Mrs. Carteret ignore her. But to-day she felt a wild desire to laugh and shock some sort of expression into these portentously solemn faces. What a comedy! What one of them had really cared for her grandmother?

The sonorous voice rounded its final period. There was a sigh, a rustle. Mr. Donald left her to join the pall-bearers. Mrs. Pleyden took her firmly by the arm and led her past many staring eyes to a limousine somewhat apart from the rest.

"You are going with me to the cemetery," she said kindly, "and then I'll turn you over to Mr. Donald, who'll bring you home and read the will to you in the library."

THE casket had been placed on its shelf in the Carteret vault and wreaths and crosses piled to the roof. Mr. Donald conducted Gita to his motor, and they returned in silence to the manor. Gita drew a long breath. Her grandmother had made her final exit. She might regret, but she had mourned too deeply for her mother to confuse regret with grief. And she was conscious of a thrill of expectation. She had seen plays where wills were read by a solemn lawyer to a solemn family and thought them highly dramatic. Now she was to be the central figure in such a scene, and that old library would be a proper setting.

Topper was standing in the hall. She gave him her first order.

"Please send all these flowers that are left to some hospital—at once. And open every window in the house."

Topper, who distrusted fresh air even by day, shook his head in protest, but his eyes fell before the dark, imperious gaze that had mastered his will for seventy-odd years. He had never expected to have a young mistress in his old age, and he and Andrew retired to the pantry and wept into two generous glasses of old port.

Gita followed Mr. Donald into the library and opened its windows herself. She took a chair close to one of the windows and Mr. Donald settled himself with a sigh of relief in a large leather chair by the central table.

"This has been a trying day," he said, "and I am not as young as I was. I shall miss my old friend, who was a remarkable woman, Miss Carteret—a remarkable woman."

"Yes," said Gita sincerely, "she was. I wish I could have known her longer—and that she could have been sixty instead of eighty."

Mr. Donald looked at her reprovingly. Proper sentiments, certainly. Hardly to have been expected perhaps, brought up as she had been; and with her boyish hardness. He had never before seen a Carteret who did not look feminine, however imperious. He had met her twice before and had anticipated impatience, slang, and a total lack of respect. But Gita looked rather meek sitting there by the window and quite properly subdued. She had laid aside her hat. What a beautiful head she had! Mr. Donald studied it against the light, and with approval. Lines of face and head perfectly balanced. Set on a long throat. Small, high ears. A spirited profile and the magnificent black eyes of the Carterets. It was something, at least, that this girl was a Carteret in looks. But had she any regard for tradition, or would she take the bit in her teeth, laugh at his advice, sell the manor in spite of her promise to her grandmother, and behave like a young colt generally?

He cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and, opening his bag, drew out a document. "This is the last will and testament of your grandmother," he said solemnly, "and, as is customary, it is my duty to read it to the family immediately after the final ceremonies."

"Yes," said Gita, smiling. "I always wanted to hear a will read. I know what is in it, but it will be interesting, all the same."

Mr. Donald frowned. "This is not an occasion for levity, my dear Miss Carteret."

"Of course. Sorry. But I really do want to hear a will read."

"Are you romantic?" asked Mr. Donald hopefully.

"Good Heavens, no! But I have a sense of drama."

"Well, I shall not argue the point. But I think—first—may I ring for Topper and order a glass of sherry? This really has been a very trying day."

"Indeed, yes!" There was no lack of Carteret hospitality at least.

Topper brought the sherry and retired. Mr. Donald filled two glasses, handed one to Gita, and lifted his own gallantly. "Here's to your very good health, Miss Carteret, and a long and useful life."

"Thanks," said Gita dryly, but drinking the sherry, of which she suddenly felt the need. "Same to you. But please call me Gita. Miss Carteret doesn't suit me at all."

"Ah!—well, yes—I'll call you Gita with pleasure. And now I shall read this last testament of my dear old friend."

HE BEGAN to read in a dry, legal voice. Mrs. Carteret, after generous bequests to Topper and Andrew, left her entire fortune to Gita, with instructions that she give her late grandfather's studs, cuff-links, and scarf-pins to Mr. Donald, who was named the sole executor of the estate.

"It consists of this house and grounds, two farms, a house on States Avenue, Atlantic City, and good securities," Mr. Donald informed his client. "There are no mortgages. The value of the estate after the inheritance tax has been paid will be something under two hundred thousand dollars. The rent of the house in Atlantic City just about pays for itself these days, what with taxes and repairs. When the present lease expires I should advise you to sell it. It was built for your granduncle, Byllynge. But—" he paused, coughed, and polished his spectacles—"I hope, my dear Gita, that you do not contemplate selling or even renting the manor."

"I shall not sell it, but I certainly shall rent it if I should at any time want a larger income."

"That would be almost as bad," grumbled Mr. Donald, who, however, was relieved. "Of course it is rather a dismal home for a young girl and I can imagine you would prefer to live for a time in a large city; but I feel sure that later in life you will be glad to know that you still possess this historic old manor of your ancestors."

"My ancestors are not worrying me. I'm mighty glad I've no relations to ding-dong about them. But I like the old place and I intend to hang on to it."

"Ah—yes—well, I'm glad to hear that. May I ask if you have any immediate plans?"

"I intend to stay here for the present."

"Couldn't do better. Finest climate in the world in Summer."

"Better not say that to a Californian! Must you go?"

Mr. Donald had disposed of his spectacles and risen. "I am very grateful to you," added his young hostess with unexpected graciousness, "and to my grandmother. If she hadn't left me all this I'd have had to go to work. I hate work, and all the insincere jargon about it. Nobody works who doesn't have to. The only joy is not having to do it."

Mr. Donald answered suavely:

"Very creditable of you to think for yourself. And it certainly would be unbecoming for one of the Carteret ladies to work for her living."

"That isn't worrying me, either. My objections to looking for a job and holding it down are purely personal."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

NAIRN *INLAID* LINOLEUM

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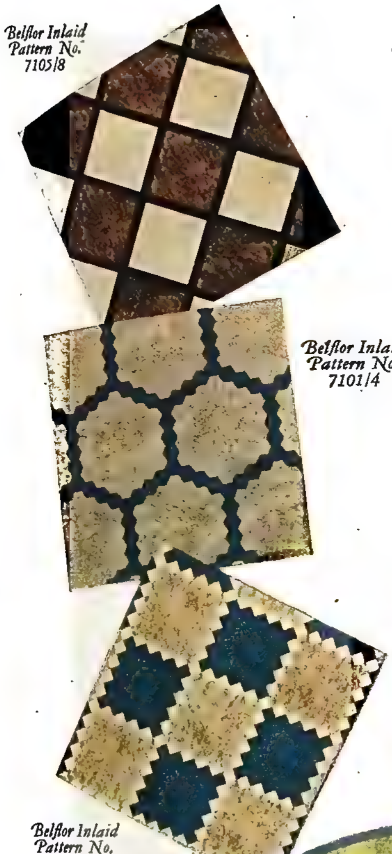

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7105/8

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7101/4

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7104/8

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WOMEN familiar with all kinds of flooring agree that the beauty of *Belflor* cannot be duplicated. Its aristocratic patterns, its soft clouded colors, are entirely unique. Yet the price of this lovely new Nairn flooring is surprisingly low.

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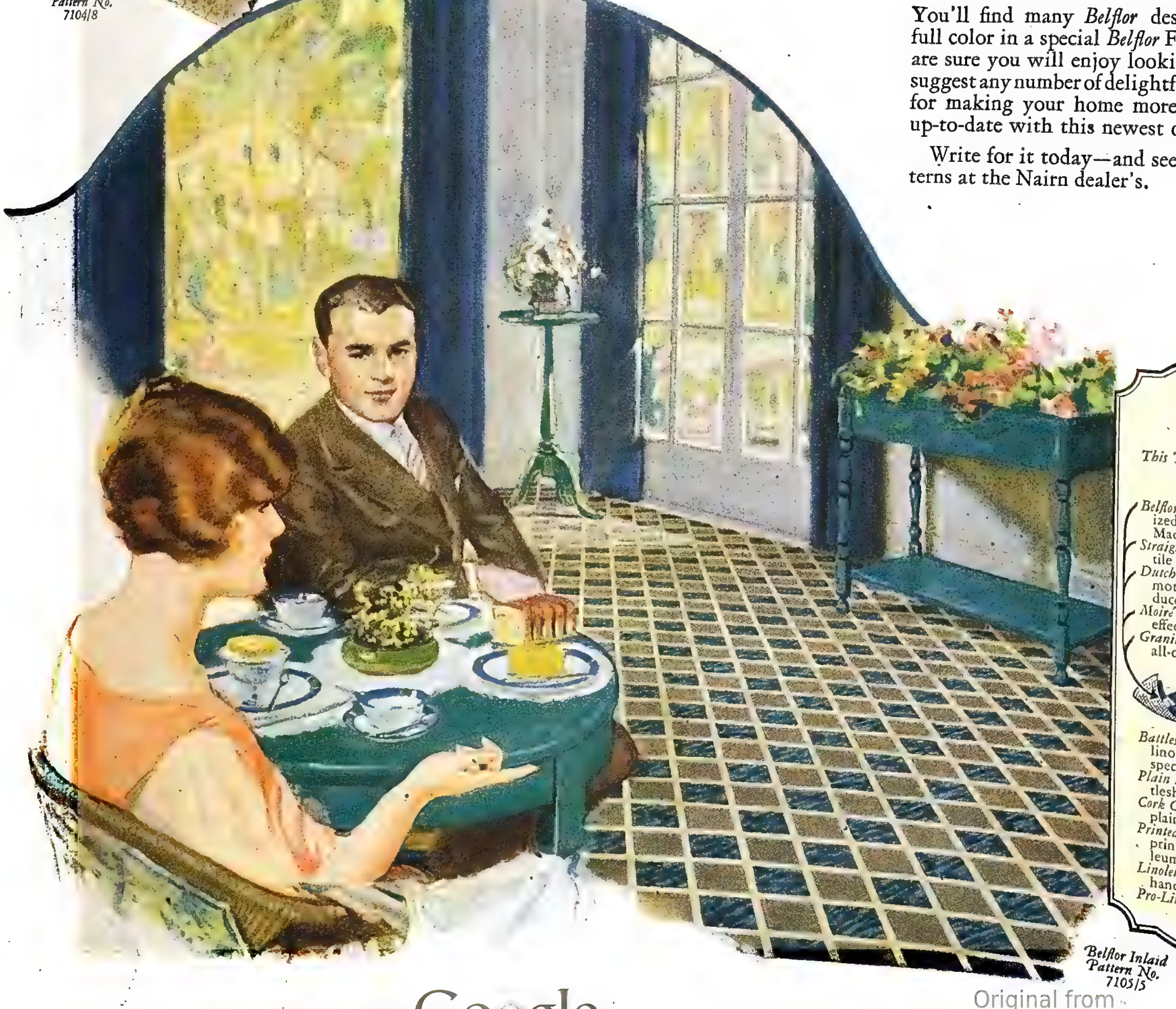

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Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7105/5

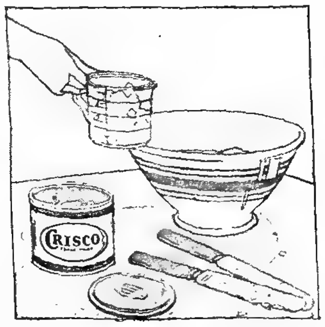
How I make good

IF you have not yet learned how to make them you can do so very easily. I remember well my first pie. So hard and tough it was likened to a cart wheel. For a long time pie was my bugbear and I have heard many others say the same thing. I wanted to make good pies but dreaded to start because I was always worried and wondered how it was coming out. Would the crust be tough and hard, or perhaps so greasy it would leave an unpleasant stickiness in the mouth? And would the filling run out, all over the bottom of the oven and burn and fill the kitchen with smoke and make the pie taste smoky? And would the bottom crust be soaked and uneatable? If an apple pie, would the apples be still hard and uncooked when the pie looked as if it were thoroughly baked?

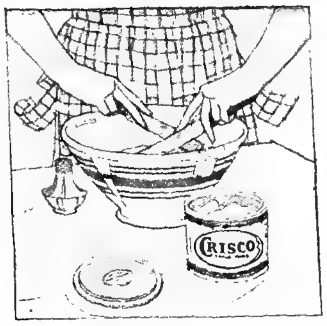
I am going to tell you how I learned to make perfect pies with a tender, flaky, digestible crust.

The first pie I ever made with which I was perfectly satisfied, I made with Crisco, a wholesome vegetable shortening. I have found that Crisco makes perfect pastry of every description, not only delicious to eat and look at but digestible as well.

But I started to tell you how to make a perfect pie.



*The surest way I know to make a good pie crust**



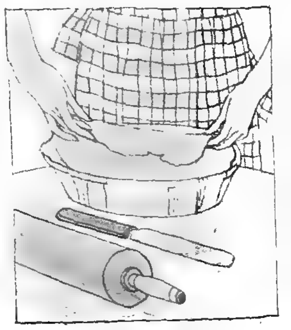
For a medium size pie I use 2½ cups flour, ¾ cup Crisco, 1 teaspoon of salt. To measure ¾ of a cup of Crisco I take a measuring cup, put in ¼ cup of cold water, then add enough Crisco to bring the water to the top of the cup, pour it off and I have an exact ¾ cup of Crisco. Then I cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives, criss-cross fashion. (If I used my fingers the heat from them would soften the Crisco and blend it with the flour too closely to make a flaky crust.) As the Crisco is cut into small particles each one becomes covered with flour, and when enough cold water is added (4 to 6 tablespoons) the dough will then be composed of these small particles, which when rolled become layers of flour and Crisco. Then if baking is started in a very hot oven to set the mixture before the Crisco has time to melt, the result will be a tender, flaky pastry.

Be careful about water

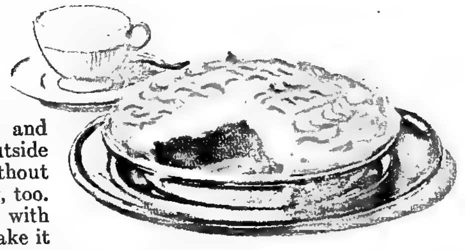
Have the water cold and use only enough to make a paste which will easily clear the bowl and is soft enough so it will not break at the edges when rolled. It is easier to tell when you have just the right amount of water if you use your fingers to mix it. Now take half the dough, dust the board with flour, using as little as possible, and roll the pastry very lightly from the center outward, each motion of the rolling pin ending in the air, not on the board. It should be about an eighth of an inch thick. Fold it over one half, lay over a Criscoed plate, fold back over the plate, smooth into shape with the fingers and trim the edges.

To prevent the filling from soaking into the bottom crust

Brush it over with melted Crisco, dust a little flour over that, then add the filling prepared according to the recipe you are using. Moisten the edge with water, then roll the other half of the dough, fold it over one half, make slits with a knife in the center of the fold for steam



Chocolate Meringue Pie*

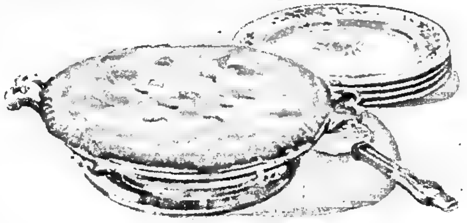


Make the pastry with Crisco and your pie shell will slip off the outside of the plate into the inside without breaking, and be tender and flaky, too.

Cover an inverted pie plate with pastry; turn back the edges to make it firm. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. Then fill with Chocolate Cream made as follows:

2 squares from ½ lb. cake of chocolate
¼ cup corn starch
2 cups milk
3 egg yolks
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla
1 teaspoon Crisco

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Blend sugar, salt and corn starch. Add milk. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg yolks, melted chocolate and Crisco. Continue cooking a minute or two. Pour into the baked shell, cover with meringue made by beating the 3 egg whites until stiff and dry, and add 6 tablespoons granulated sugar. Return to slow oven, 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until brown. Serve when thoroughly cold. Makes one medium sized pie.



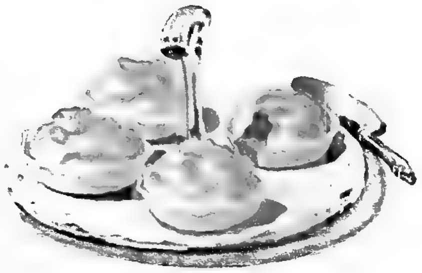
Rhubarb Pie*

4 cups rhubarb, cut fine
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour

Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb. Mix together the sugar, flour and salt and then mix with the rhubarb. Bake between two crusts in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. until it starts to brown; then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F. and finish cooking (about half an hour). Makes one medium sized pie.

Crisco is the ideal shortening for pie crust. It makes a tender, flaky crust which is light and dainty, not greasy. A little cinnamon—or nutmeg if you prefer it—gives pleasant flavor to rhubarb.

Butterscotch Tartlets*

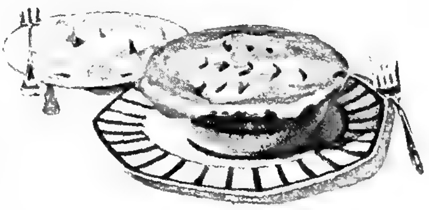


Use Crisco in making the pastry for these tarts and the tender, flaky crust, blended with the delicious filling and fluffy meringue will fairly melt in your mouth.

Take bits of dough about the size of an egg. Roll; cover the bottom of inverted muffin pans which have been greased with Crisco. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. When baked, slip shells off, turn pan over and put in a muffin tin. Fill with the following Butterscotch filling.

1 cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon Crisco
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, salt and flour. Add water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Just before removing from stove, stir in beaten egg. Add Crisco and vanilla. Cool slightly and fill the tart shells. Cover with a meringue made by beating 2 egg whites stiff and dry; add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar; cover tarts, return to slow oven 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until brown. This amount will fill 12 tarts.



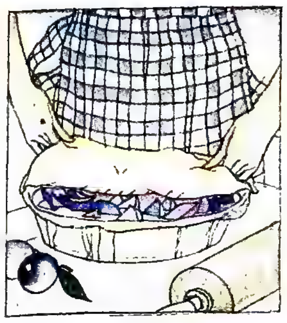
Deep Dish Apple Pie*

(a pie without an undercrust)

Serve in dishes they are baked in. Or when they are baked, turn them upside down on plates, cover with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkled with chopped nuts and call them Apple Crow's Nest.

Prepare 3 cups of sliced apples, then mix in 1 cup of sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Divide into 4 or 5 individual baking dishes. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt to each. Dot with bits of Crisco. Cover with the pastry, making slits in the center for steam to escape. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. until pastry starts to brown. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F. until apples are done. (About one-half hour.)

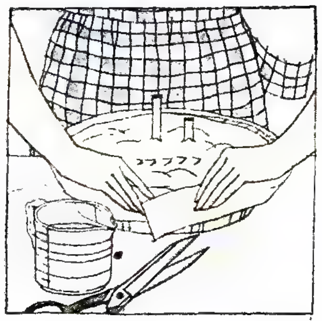
pies every time



to escape. Lay over the pie, with the fold in the center, turn back to cover it, press edges together with thumb and finger, trim, then press together again.

To keep the juice in

Take a strip of plain cloth about 3 inches wide, wet it in cold water and put around the edge of the plate, letting one half lie on top of the edge of the pie crust and the other half just under the pie plate. Have the strip long enough so that the ends will lap over each other two or three inches. For very juicy fillings, make a little funnel of paper or take pieces of macaroni and stick into 2 or 3 of the slits you have made. The juices will bubble up into these and return to the pie as it cools.

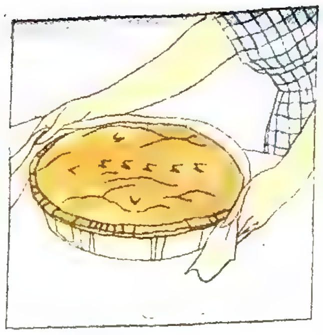


When pie is partly cool remove cloth and funnels.

When juices run out they will burn on the bottom of the oven, causing a smudge which is likely to add a smoky taste to the pie and leaving the oven hard to clean.

To make a nice brown

Wet the top crust with milk; or for a rich brown glaze brush over with a slightly beaten egg white or an egg yolk mixed with 1 teaspoon of water. Start baking in a very hot oven, 450°, until the pie begins to brown. Then reduce the heat to moderate, 350°.



If the pie should be browned before the filling is soft enough, take out the macaroni and cover with another pie plate until the filling is baked.

A special Crisco help

Every pie I make in this way is perfect when I use Crisco. And for several years I have used nothing else. You can mix a large quantity of Crisco, salt and flour and keep it in the ice box. Simply add the water whenever you want a pie. You can do this with Crisco as it keeps a long time without becoming rancid. This mixture will, of course, be thoroughly chilled and this chilling helps to make a flaky pie crust which will still be tender and light.

Lots of other good things

I make all my cakes with Crisco because it is easier. Crisco doesn't have to be kept on ice, so it is always ready for instant use. It makes perfect cakes and so much more economical. When I grease my pans with Crisco my loaves and layers come out whole, which makes them as good to look at as they are delicious to eat. I use it for all my frying because I can fry without smoke, either in the frying pan or the deep kettle. I use both and I never had such beautiful looking food as comes out of my Crisco kettle. It is never greasy, because Crisco does not soak into the food. It simply cooks it. I use Crisco for every purpose which requires shortening and find it always the same, giving uniform results.

W.S.C.

Custard Pie*

Crisco pastry will not soak the custard if you follow the directions below.

Line a Criscoed pie plate with pastry, building up the edges to make it deep enough. Scallop the edges by pressing the edge between the thumb and finger of the left hand with the first finger of the right hand. To prevent the custard soaking into the pastry, brush with melted Crisco and dust with flour. Prepare the custard as follows: Beat three eggs until light; add ¾ cup granulated sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg. Beat together thoroughly and add one pint of milk. Pour into shell. Bake in hot oven 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes until the custard begins to brown on the top, then reduce the heat to moderate, 325 degrees F. until the custard is set, about 30 minutes.

Individual Chicken Pie*

An attractive way to serve Chicken Pie. The standard Crisco pastry recipe makes a crust which is just right.

Stew until tender a large fat fowl. Cool and remove meat from the bones. Thicken the gravy with flour. Fill small earthen baking dishes half full of chicken meat. Add a few slices of boiled carrot and two or three boiled button onions. Pour over enough gravy to almost cover the chicken. Roll pie crust, spread over top of each dish, letting it come just over the edge. Make a slit in the center to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. until done, about 20 minutes. One large fowl will make six pies.

Apple Dumplings*

A well seasoned apple baked in Crisco pastry is a delicious, digestible dessert; crisp, tender and flaky.

Roll pastry, cut in 4-inch squares. Moisten the edges with cold water. In the center of each square set a small apple which has been peeled and cored and the hole filled with sugar and cinnamon. Bring the corners of the paste together over the top of the apple. Press closely together; prick with a fork; bake in a hot oven 450 degrees F., until it starts to brown. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F., and bake until the apple is soft, about 30 minutes. Serve with hard or hot sauce.

*ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

Use the proportions of flour and Crisco and follow the method given on the opposite page for making the pastry for all these pies.

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"Old age diseases—breaking down of the heart, hardening of the arteries, diseases of the kidneys, nervous and digestive disorders—are developing in younger people with each succeeding decade.

"Death from these diseases has increased 100 per cent in 30 years.

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Food may satisfy our appetites—may contain plenty of nourishment—yet may clog our digestive systems and turn to poisonous waste. The longer food takes to digest, the more likely this is to happen.

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In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form.

Baked 22 hours Grape-Nuts is ready for your body to use in about half the time of the ordinary hearty breakfast. There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which, eaten alone, would take longer to turn into nourishment.

Women who plan the family meals for health and efficiency find Grape-Nuts an ideal food. It supplies perfectly the needs of grown-ups, and of children who use up so much vitality in the strenuous business of growing.

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Four sample packages of Grape-Nuts together with booklet of 101 recipes are yours for the asking. Mail the coupon below. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

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Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it into nourishment

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"You are very modern." Mr. Donald sighed.

"Oh, that's rather old-fashioned."

"I mean in your complete indifference to tradition. But that seems to be one of the many phases of the present unrest. The War, no doubt. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Of course you will continue to take care of the estate. I am hopelessly ignorant."

"With the greatest pleasure!" Another apprehension was laid. In money matters at least this young rebel did not purpose to take the bit between her teeth. "And remember, if you need advice of any kind my services are at your immediate disposal."

"I'd like to sell the house in Atlantic City at once and renovate this. I'll keep the best of the furniture, of course, and grandmother's room I shall keep intact—as a memorial to the Carterets!"

"Well, I can't blame you. But the lease of the house in States Avenue has a year to run. After the inheritance tax has been disposed of I'll see what can be done."

"Thanks. Sooner the better. Perhaps I could persuade the Pelhams to get out. Topper says they left cards and that gives me an excuse to call on them."

Mr. Donald gave his smallest and tightest smile. "Try, by all means," he said. "And your luck seems to have changed. Now I must really bid you good day. I shall be over again shortly with papers to sign."

IT WAS Easter Sunday and Gita was strolling along the board walk. Mr. Donald had considerately sent her a check, and she had bought a small black sailor-hat, which she wore on the back of her head that her cropped hair should further demonstrate her complete indifference to feminine allure. She had also invested in a black sport skirt that she might be able to keep one hand in a pocket; in the other she carried a swagger-stick. A stiff white shirt-waist and black tie completed her toilet. She flattered herself that she looked like a boy masquerading as a girl, and was somewhat disconcerted when no less than two passing men murmured, "Cutie." Then she was abruptly a haughty young woman—and a Carteret—freezing impertinent libertines. But she did not really feel sad. The warm, gold sun rode in an unflecked sky. The sea rolled into the white sands in long sparkling, indolent waves. A great liner drifted on the horizon.

The board walk was so crowded that Gita was forced to move at a far more leisurely pace than her habit, and it seemed to her that in all that vast throng there was but one expression—a composite expression of vacant contentment.

Here and there she saw a woman fashionably dressed, but to what world she belonged Gita did not hazard a guess. There were perhaps a hundred tailor-made girls, as slim as lathes, very trim, very conscious that they were turned out by one of the autocrats of fashion: But the mass were frankly tourists with no money to spend on anything but cheap imitations of the prevailing styles.

In the close, monotonous procession of rolling-chairs propelled up and down the middle of the broad promenade by colored men or white derelicts, were couples too fat and overfed to walk or too old and tired.

It was a scene both vulgar and splendid, extravagant and tawdry, mean and aspiring. If a tidal wave washed away all but the hotels it would have a certain stark magnificence; but the miles of pigmy shops gave it the appearance of a chain of village Main Streets that made the great hotels, not themselves, look alien.

Nevertheless the ensemble was gay and exhilarating. Above the mass murmur of voices rose the hoarse cry of the barkers and the deep surge of the Atlantic. These slowly moving, smiling crowds gave to the scene an air of careless and unqualified leisure to be found nowhere else in the world.

Behind and below the board walk, between the inlet and Iowa Avenue, Atlantic City proper, a dignified town of a prevailing gray tone, rambled back to the Thoroughfare and the salt-marshes, and on the south merged into the faubourg of Chelsea. It was a town with a life of its own, and regarded its façade as almost if not wholly negligible. Its social life, like that of other small towns, revolved about its churches; and its women's clubs were often storm-centers of politics.

It was not a bustling city, but it had a constant surge of life, and it was a proud city, for all its streets were avenues; its shops were serenely independent of the extortionists on the board walk; the best of its private houses looked like dignified old folks, well preserved, but with no pretensions to youth, and its air was tonic.

Gita had often wandered about the town, which attracted her far more than Chelsea or Ventnor, for altho far from contemporary with the manor it represented the vision and enterprise of that group of men, including her great-grandfather, who had founded it in the early fifties, and now it had an elderly dignity and beauty of its own.

Her slow progress had brought her to the incline that led down into States Avenue, and she edged her way to the rail that looked over at a large gray wooden house with a round, pointed tower. It was on the north side of the avenue—once but a footpath leading from the old United States Hotel to the beach—and, like its neighbors, belonged to a definite and debased period of American architecture. Many of her enterprising great-grandfather's friends had left Philadelphia to become permanent residents of the new city, either for business reasons or for fashion, and this street demonstrated their theories of comfort and grandeur.

Gita had spent two hours on that famous promenade and not seen a familiar face. Nor was she likely to see one if she spent the day there. Polly and the girls she had brought to the manor during the past week scorned it whole-heartedly. They might exercise there in the early morning and swim off their secluded beach when the ocean recovered from the chill of Winter, but to show themselves in "that crowd" had no part in their program of aristocratic democracy.

Gita, who had entertained her new friends in aired and sunny rooms from which at least a third of the furniture had been removed to the stables, had lost her desire for solitude, and wondered if the Pelhams were at home.

SHE descended the incline and strolled up the avenue to the least remunerative of her possessions. The blinds were raised and several of the windows open. It was after twelve, and if the Pelhams had attended church they would by now have returned. The midday dinner and Easter Sunday! Gita shrugged her shoulders and ran up the long flight of steps.

But the Pelhams had a late breakfast on Sunday and an early supper. When the colored maid brought up Miss Carteret's name they were in their respective bedrooms enjoying the somnolent ease that followed a morning well spent.

Mrs. Pelham was the first to descend. She was offended at the informality, but as curious as her daughter to see this heir of the Carterets, who had been the subject of much rumor and several newspaper paragraphs.

She was a very tall woman, thin and austere, with iron-gray hair dressed high and flat, and wore a gray dress over corsets as rigid as herself. Even the gold-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

"One can be sure of baby's milk when kept in the Leonard"

says Mrs. Williams

Care for baby's health is the thought ever present in the mind of mother. Mrs. L. A. Williams, Lewiston, Michigan, finds that "where babies are artificially fed one is so sure of the good condition of milk after standing 24 hours in the Leonard."

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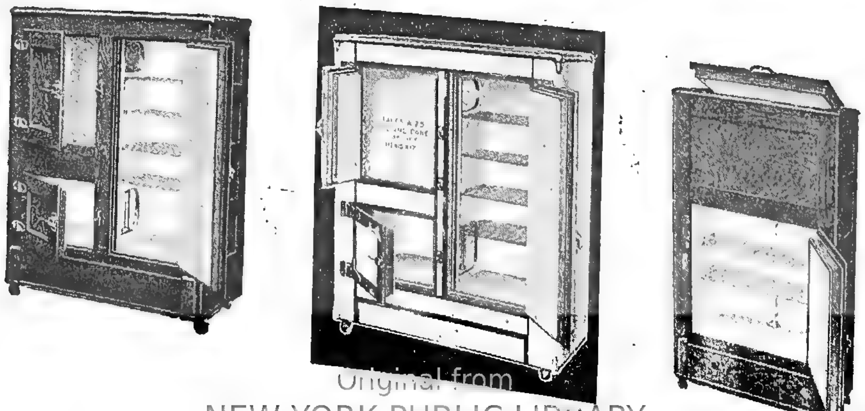

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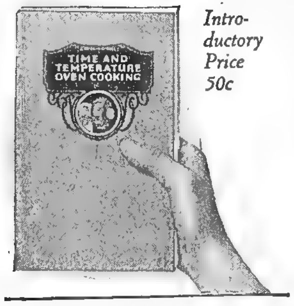

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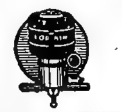

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PR5-25

The Crystal Cup

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framed spectacles did not soften her expression. She was a member of the church, most active in local politics and all reforms, and the president of a very important club.

Gita advanced and held out her hand in Millicent's prettiest manner. "Mrs. Pelham? I am Gita Carteret and I do hope you won't mind the informality of this call."

"Oh, not at all," said Mrs. Pelham stiffly. "Won't you sit down? It is very polite of you to call so soon. I hardly expected to see you for several weeks."

An ambiguous remark, but Gita replied sweetly:

"I was feeling lonesome after two hours on the board walk and had a sudden desire to meet old friends of my grandmother."

Mrs. Pelham looked as if about to thaw, then darted a suspicious glance at her visitor. "Hardly that. I used to meet Mrs. Carteret occasionally when we sat on the same charitable boards, and she was once very kind when I was ill. But I did not feel that I had known her well enough to attend the funeral."

"You were lucky not to feel you had to," she replied warmly. "It was ghastly. Public funerals —and weddings—should be abolished, don't you think so?"

"I certainly do not agree with you. I rank both among the decencies of life." She looked at Gita as if she approved of nothing about her, but it was a look to which Gita was inured, and she merely smiled and crossed her knees.

SHE broke a silence that threatened to induce hysteria. "I hear you go in tremendously for good works. That must get away with a lot of time."

"My time is fully occupied and I certainly do my duty as I see it."

"Oh—ah—yes. I've heard that Atlantic City is particularly fortunate in its woman citizens." And then she sprang into the arena. "I suppose you always intend to live here?"

"Most certainly. I was born in Atlantic City—we once had our own house, but it burned down—and I expect to die here. I hope you will renew the lease of this house when it expires. But of course you leave business details to Mr. Donald?" There was a hint of anxiety in her rasping voice.

"Not altogether. You wouldn't like to buy the house, would you?"

"I should like nothing better, but unfortunately I am unable to afford it." There was a gleam of real apprehension in her hard, gray eyes as she stared at Gita.

"I am afraid I must sell it, then." Gita was now completely indifferent to the impression she was making on this disagreeable person. "You see, it brings me in no income whatever and I really need more money."

"I can not give up this house! I have lived in it for thirty years. My children were born in it."

"Oh—I'm sorry." She felt curiously disconcerted, almost sympathetic, but, after all, she was not turning paupers into the street. "Perhaps—I hardly know what to say. Mr. Donald advised me——"

"I could take in paying guests. We have several spare rooms. I never expected to come to that, but I'd do it and pay you more rent."

"It isn't so much a matter of income—" And then she rose with a sigh of relief. A girl was coming down the stairs, and she looked as unlike her mother as possible.

Mrs. Pelham stood up. "My daughter, Mrs. Brewster—Miss Carteret," she said in her stiff, precise manner. "I hope you will excuse me for a few moments." And she hastily left the room.

"'Mrs.,'" said Gita, smiling once more as she resumed her seat on a chair

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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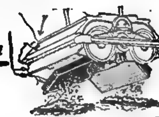

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Cannot Burn or Explode

Thank Goodness!

—it wasn't really true

FOR weeks she had been upset. Dark doubts and misgivings crowded through her mind. He had been so attentive; yet when he went away he didn't write. ¶ Could it possibly be that insidious thing—what is it the magazines speak of when your breath is not just right? ¶ Finally his letter came; everything *was* all right. ¶ But never again did she omit that simple precaution in her toilet. She wanted to be sure.

It's true. Even your best friends will not tell you when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the trouble.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

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This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk.* There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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Remember, too, that this great offer holds good for a short time only. Accept it quickly so that you may be sure to have the Eureka when you need it.

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At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free use during my spring housecleaning.
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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

as hard as any at Carteret Manor, "I was sure you were a girl like myself."

"I am only twenty-six, and I'm a widow. My husband died a few months after our marriage. But that seems a long time ago—I was just twenty. I hear this is your first visit East. I hope you like it."

And they exchanged easy commonplaces on the fertile subject of the board walk and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Brewster was as slim as Gita and hardly as tall. She, also, held herself erectly, but without stiffness. Her dark-blue frock was of excellent material and fashionably cut. Her brown hair was cut short and brushed back from a brow of unfashionable nobility, and her large light eyes were both intelligent and humorous. Gita thought she had never seen a more emphatic little nose nor a more determined chin.

AS THE conversation became more personal Gita learned that Mrs. Brewster was buyer for one of the department stores in Atlantic Avenue, a position that took her frequently to Philadelphia and New York. She felt slightly bewildered. It was her first acquaintance with a girl of the business class, and she had assumed vaguely that all members of that order were hard and common. Gita wondered if she were a snob and felt secretly humiliated.

"But you don't like work?" she asked, determined to get to the root of the matter. "You—you look, rather, as if you were both a student and fond of a good time, like other girls. Once I thought I should have to go to work, and, frankly, I hated the bare idea."

Mrs. Brewster smiled. "If you have to do a thing it is better to like it than hate it, don't you think? But you are rather shrewd, you know. As a matter of fact, I am fond of reading and study, and my job leaves me a good many hours of leisure. I also love good times, of course, but when you have a certain object in life—"

Her voice faltered and she blushed.

"Yes?" asked Gita, who was now merely one girl interested in another. "Do tell me what is the object."

Elsie Brewster smiled as warmly in response and succumbed to the revulsion of feeling. "You see—I lead a double life."

"What!" Gita's eyes sparkled. There was no mystery whatever about Polly and her group. "What on earth do you mean? You're not secretly married again. Oh, no! That would be too commonplace."

"I should think so. No—but this is quite a secret—my ambition is to be a writer—a novelist, if possible. I've had a few things accepted by the magazines—two or three by the best, others just anywhere my agent could place them. Of course it will be a long time before I can make a real income out of writing and give up my job—my mother's income hardly covers the rent of this house and her subscriptions to charities and club dues—what I make supports us very comfortably. Reputation—the kind that is remunerative, at least—takes time; but I know I shall succeed in the end!"

"You look as if you would." Gita glowed with enthusiasm. "I am frightfully interested. I do wish I had a gift. But I should think that after a hard day's work you'd be too tired to write."

"Sometimes I am, but as a rule I manage to put in three or four hours at night."

"I think you are wonderful! Where do you write your stories?" She glanced around the stiff, inhospitable room, furnished in the reps of the seventies. "In your bedroom?"

"Oh, no. I have a real study. Should you like to see it?"

"Shouldn't I! Lead me to it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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Just shine them with Dyanshine. As you shine you conceal the scuffs, restore bright, clean color and preserve the leather.

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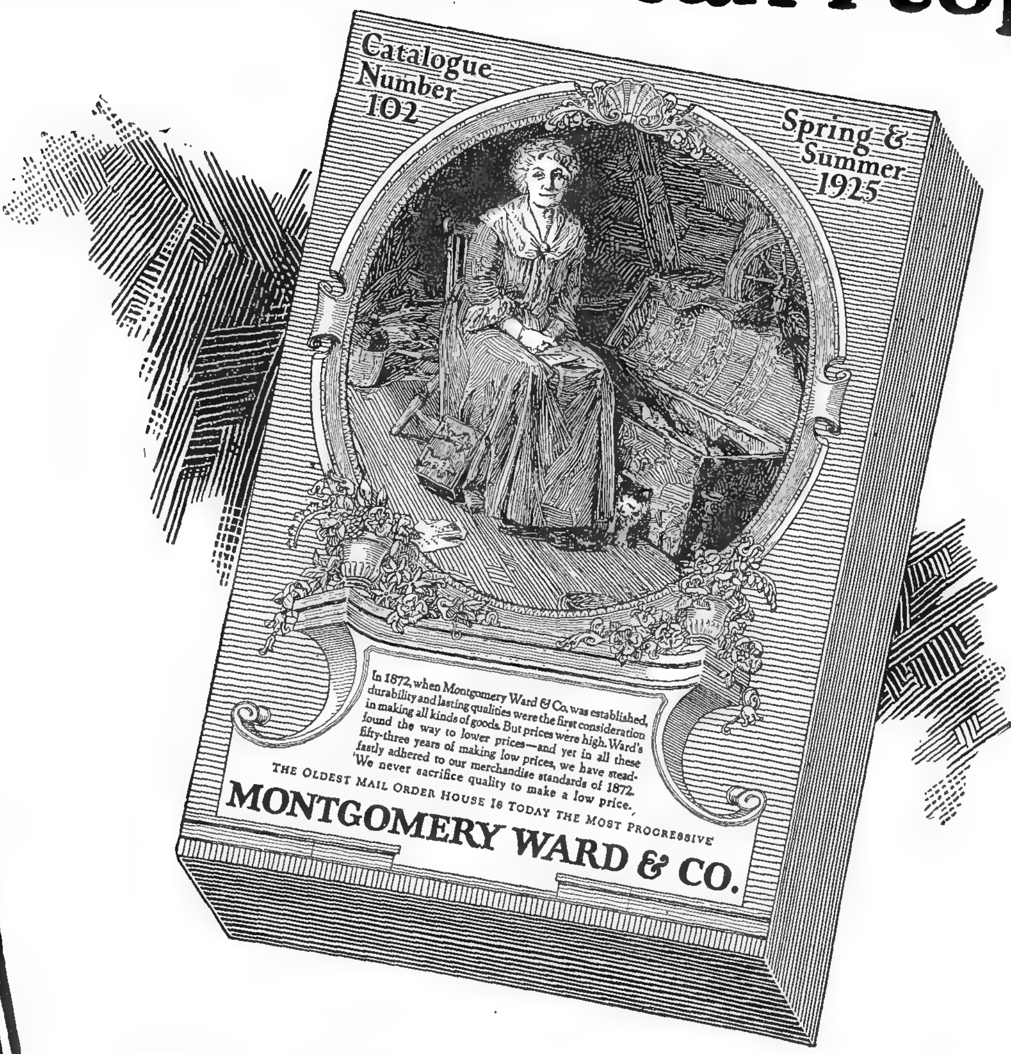

Catalogue Number 102

Spring & Summer 1925

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Fashionable hairdressers say the smartest coiffures demand long hair. The mode pictured here shows the hair rolled up and tucked in to form a firm, close effect.

And the new headdresses owe much of their fresh beauty to

Lorraine Hair Nets

YOUR hair may be long or shoulder length or even bobbed—but to arrange it successfully in one of the new coiffures, a Lorraine Net is absolutely essential. Double Mesh or Single Mesh Lorraine Nets in full size for long hair, or the special size Lorraine Hair Net for the bob lend to the coiffure an enviable air of fresh, unstudied charm.

For Long Hair or Bobbed

Lorraine 10¢ HAIR NETS

Lorraine Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Combined with Olive Oil. A shampoo and treatment in one!
10c *15c in Canada and the Far West*

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LIGHT BROWN
Lorraine
SILK NET
LIGHT BROWN
CAP SHAPE #22
Lorraine
DOUBLE MESH
HAIR NET
DOUBLE STRENGTH
DURABLE
HAND MADE OF REAL HAIR
Lorraine
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

She followed Mrs. Brewster down the long hall and into a small room fitted up with a large flat desk to which a typewriter was firmly attached, a swivel-chair, revolving bookcases, stands for dictionary and atlas, and a filing-cabinet.

"Businesslike, isn't it?" asked the young author. "I am afraid system has become a part of my nature; and am always wondering if it will cramp my imagination."

"Why should it? I'm horribly disorderly myself and can't do a thing. Is—is that a story?"

"Yes. I finished it last night, and it will start off to-morrow on what may be a long and adventurous journey. But if it were rejected by every editor in the country nothing could take away my pleasure in writing it!" she exclaimed with sudden passion.

"I'll bet it couldn't." Gita's eyes roved over the little room. It seemed to her the most personal room she had ever entered. "Do you write all your stories here?" she asked.

"Yes. I don't believe I could write anywhere else. If I used the word atmosphere I suppose you would think I was talking cant."

"No, I shouldn't." But her heart sank. And then she sighed. The manor would have to wait. "I—I really came to-day to give a gentle hint to Mrs. Pelham that I intended to sell the house when the lease expired, but you may tell her I've changed my mind. You see, it tickles my vanity to think that great books may be written in a house belonging to me."

"Oh!" Elsie Brewster had turned white. "You—oh, you wouldn't! It's an ugly old shell, but I love it, and I couldn't write anywhere else. I'd feel as if my roots had been torn up."

"Needn't give it another thought," said Gita briskly. "Cut it out. Don't you want to come over and see my old tomb?"

"I should like it very much. I have always longed to see the inside of that old manor. To tell you the truth, I once made it the scene of a story, altho I had to make up the inside."

"I am sure it was an improvement on the original. It couldn't be worse. Do get your hat and come along. I told my old butler not to have luncheon until half past one. Do you mind walking?"

"I'd love a walk. Just a moment."

GITA, now that she was in command, had her meals served in the breakfast-room. It faced the garden, and was bright and cheerful as the girls sat at lunch. It was a meal to satisfy the appetite rather than caress the palate, for Mrs. Carteret, during the last year of her life, had lived on broths, gruels, eggs, and milk, and the cook had "got her hand out," as she informed her new mistress somewhat apprehensively. Gita, who had a European palate for flavors, had no intention of keeping her, and asked Mrs. Brewster if she knew of a good cook.

"I can't afford a chef, of course," she said, "and I don't know enough to train any one, altho I cooked for my mother and myself for a time in San Francisco. But I hate the sight of a kitchen, and my accomplishments in that line were limited to meat and vegetables, generally overdone. But I should be able to get a fairly decent cook for what I pay this moron."

"I know just the thing," Elsie Brewster was delighted to be of service to this girl, whom she liked more every moment and was anxious to study. "That is to say if your Topper would stand for it."

"Topper's opinion will not be asked," said Gita coolly. "He will suit his tastes to mine or leave. I'll make him a present of the discarded furniture, and he can set up another boarding-house in Atlantic City!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

Handiest thing in the house

For Keeping Baby Comfortable

Chafing, rashes and other skin irritations are discomforts which very frequently cause "baby's continued crying".

You can prevent these discomforts by applying "Vaseline" Jelly to the affected parts either before or after bathing. It soothes the inflamed parts of baby's tender skin and brings comfort. There is nothing safer and more helpful. "Vaseline" Jelly has been in popular use for over two generations and nothing has been found to take its place as "the handiest thing in the house".

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THE brighter your eyes. If you haven't found that out, notice the next bright-eyed beauty you meet and see if her lovely lashes aren't at least half responsible for her charm.

Try darkening *your* lashes with Winx and see how much heavier and longer it makes them look. Winx is a waterproof liquid, applied with brush attached to the stopper. It dries instantly and will not run or smear. 75c.

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Mail a dime today for a generous sample of Winx. Another dime will bring you a sample of Perl, the Rouge that won't come off.

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CRUISE JULY 1, SPECIALLY CHARTERED CUNARDER "LANCASTRIA"; 53 DAYS, $550 UP.
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THERE are just as many grades of permanent waving as there are of shoes or silk hose. Remember this when you have your hair permanently waved. Seek a parlor which advertises The Frederics Method. For there you will find experts of the highest type who offer you the greater permanency, safety and beauty which this superior method assures. If you do not know of a Frederics Method Parlor, we will gladly send, on request, the name of one nearby.

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—to your dainty white kid slippers is no trick at all with CINDERELLA Kid White. For as it *cleans*, it *polishes* —and leaves a lustrous finish.

Sold by the Better Stores—everywhere

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BURNS AND SCALDS
soothed and gently healed if bandaged with
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Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"Oh, do keep Topper!" cried Elsie. "What would an old manor be without an aged butler? He's an indispensable part of the tradition."

"Well, he can't live forever," said Gita practically. "And I think the less you bother about traditions the better you get along. Old servants think they own you, anyhow, and there'll be only one master in this house."

"I don't fancy he owned your grandmother. I used to see her sometimes, when I went to church. You looked just like her when you said that."

"Maybe. Or maybe it's only because I can have things my own way for the first time in my life."

Elsie looked at her speculatively, wondering how she could get this odd girl to talk about herself. Gita Carteret was a new type in her somewhat limited experience.

"You have met Miss Pleyden," she began tentatively. "I wonder what you think of her?"

"She's a good sort. So are several of the other girls she has brought here. Not unlike the San Francisco girls, only more so. But I never could live their life. I fancy I'm old before my time."

Mrs. Brewster laughed outright. "I never saw any one look younger! It is difficult to believe you are twenty-two."

"Well," said Gita gloomily, "I ought to look forty."

"But you wouldn't like to look forty. Come, now, own up."

"You're right, I wouldn't." Gita was forced to smile. "I suppose that sounded like a grand little pose."

"I can not imagine you in a conscious pose of any sort. But, you know, youth can go through a lot without being hopelessly scarred. I felt very old myself at your age, for I had loved my young husband devotedly; and now I feel, and look, younger, and I am willing to confide in you, have almost forgotten the poor man."

SHE hoped that by throwing open a window in her own soul to hear a quick rattling of the shutters opposite, but Gita only replied with a frown: "Underground is the best place for husbands as far as my observation goes. I think you were in luck."

"Perhaps. Altho he really was a delightful chap. Still, if he had lived there is no doubt that I should be doing the plain domestic act to-day: several children, cares of a small house, teas and bridge-parties for diversion. I doubt if I ever should have found myself. The life of a business woman seems to me infinitely preferable, and if I did not have this writing kink I'd be quite happy in it. Still, I think every woman should marry, even if it can't last, one way or another. No woman can be thoroughly poised, able to look at life on all sides and with a clear analytical eye, unless she has lived with a man in matrimony. Other thing is too one-sided!"

"Some women, perhaps. And as you're a writer no doubt you have to know it all. But there is no necessity for the masculine woman to marry."

Elsie bent over her pudding. "Do you really think yourself masculine?" she asked indistinctly.

"Of course I am!" Gita's voice flew to its upper register. Her grandmother's and Polly's gibes had made little impression on her conscious mind. She ascribed them to personal interest and the conventional view-point.

"Then—I must ask it—I can't help it!—why don't you cut off your eyelashes?"

"Cut off my eyelashes!" Gita raised one narrow brown hand and stroked them tenderly. "If you want the truth, I love my eyelashes."

"Of course you do. And your lovely head and magnificent eyes and all the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Prevent this

(Good looks ruined by unhealthy teeth)

Bad Teeth Destroy Beauty and Health
Authorities Call Tooth Care Surest Treatment for Good Looks

MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other infirmities that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

Use Colgate's—

It *removes causes* of tooth decay

GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty. Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

"Washes"—does not scour

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate's. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist's function. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

Colgate's is free from grit and harsh drugs. It is sensibly made, sensibly advertised and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE & CO
LARGE SIZE
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

The Safe Way to Protect Your Beauty and Health

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Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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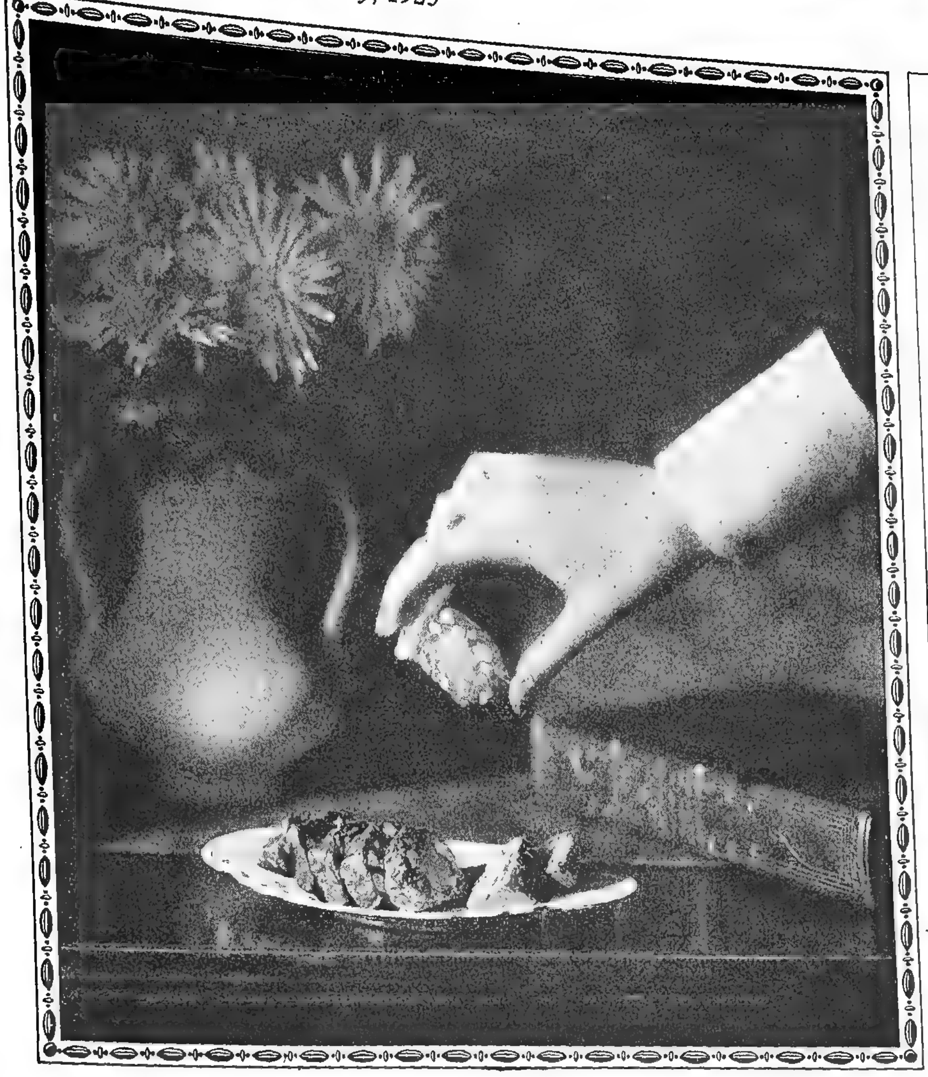

"Anne, isn't this the most *delicious* candy!"

"It *is* delicious, isn't it?" said Anne, laughing. "But don't you remember your old seashore chum? It's Oh Henry! . . . *sliced!*"

There are few people in the country who don't know this famous candy. For Oh Henry! is one of the most delicious candies you ever tasted, and people eat nearly a million bars a day.

But *slicing* Oh Henry!, to serve at home as you serve chocolates and bonbons, is *new* . . . a new way of serving candy originated by Chicago women little more than a year ago. And it makes Oh Henry! even more tempting than ever.

Imagine a rich butter cream, dipped in a luscious, creamy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nuts, and then thickly coated with the smoothest of milk chocolate! Then imagine that candy sliced and daintily served!

Convenience is one reason that so many women are slicing Oh Henry! for teas, bridge games, Mah-Jongg and use at home. A few bars in the pantry, and you can have candy at a minute's notice. And *fine* candy, too, for no $1.25 chocolates are finer in quality, or made with more care than Oh Henry!

Telephone your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars, and try it. It isn't costly. A 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices. And every slice is *delicious*.

Oh Henry!
SLICED

MILK NUT
Oh Henry!
TRADE MARK REG
WILLIAMSON CANDY CO.
Chicago
New York
FOR PARTIES

Write for a clever little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced
Williamson Candy Co., Chicago

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

rest of your beauty, badly as you treat it. But, my dear, I'm going to say it, even if you never speak to me again, you don't look in the least like a boy and you never can."

She expected to witness a full and final exhibition of the Carteret temper, but to her surprize Gita answered gloomily: "I've begun to be afraid I don't. Two of those horrid men on the board walk this morning tried to flirt with me."

"What did they say?" asked Elsie eagerly.

"I wouldn't repeat it." And her eyebrows were an unbroken black line above flaming eyes at the memory of being called "Cutie." She, Gita Carteret!

"It might be one thing and it might be another," observed Mrs. Brewster cryptically. "I fancy you have seen too much of one side of life and very little of another. If you'll take my advice you will go up to New York and buy a lot of feminine frocks and hats. Of course you are in mourning, but there are adorable black things."

"I hate feminine frocks. Besides, if I'm good-looking I never would be able to keep men away."

"You never will, anyway, but you might have a—well, more satisfactory measure of success if you cast yourself for the part of the cold and indifferent beauty. That's rather out of date, but as men to-day are accustomed to be met half-way, in short, I fancy you'd be able to manage. But do you really never intend to marry?"

"I really do not! If you knew what I know of men your books wouldn't be fit for publication. What sort of stories do you write, anyway? Realistic or romantic? Are those the terms?"

Once more Gita had eluded her, but she replied with every appearance of eager response: "Terms out of date, but principle remains the same. I write both. When I'm sad and tired I write romance, and when I'm feeling particularly buoyant I write small-town stuff."

Gita grinned. "I think you're a whacker!" she exclaimed. "Do you ever write of New York? That is the one city I long to see—I've barely had a glimpse of it. I'm going over to all the theaters and concerts and just walk the streets. Will you come along? I'd love to have you."

Mrs. Brewster's eyes glowed, but she answered firmly: "I don't know anything I'd like better, but I simply won't walk the streets with you if you insist upon wearing those clothes and that hat. In the first place, it's a crime, and in the second, I dislike being conspicuous."

GITA looked sulkily at her plate. "I've dressed like this since I was sixteen. My mother didn't like it, and she was the only person I cared enough about to mind whether any one liked it or not. But I'm used to it. I should feel awkward and intolerably strange any other way."

"Only for a time, and in mourning you wouldn't notice it so much. You'd be quite accustomed to it by the time you went into colors."

"I should feel as if a part of my personality had been lopped off."

"On the contrary, you'd give your personality its first chance to develop itself. If you really had a hard, masculine face I wouldn't say a word. I'd not be interested enough. But your type of beauty—real beauty—is the sort to express itself through clothes. Do you really hate beautiful and expressive gowns?" she demanded. "Hate the sight of them on other women?"

"Oh, I like to look at them well enough. And I see at once if details are not right. I fancy I have what an old Frenchman I once knew called *le sentiment de la toilette*. But all that is merely the same thing as knowing a good picture from a bad. I was dragged through all the picture-galleries in Europe, and I lived in Paris off and on, where the women are the best-dressed in the world. I appreciated them the more because I lived so much in French provincial towns, where the women are certainly the worst-dressed in the world. And my mother had lovely things when I was little, and always managed to look better in old rags made over than many that spent thousands a year. But I never longed for things myself—never gave it a thought."

"Because you had censored your mind so thoroughly. Don't you really think that if you hadn't done so, you'd have been as feminine in all ways as other girls?"

Gita, quite unconscious of Elsie's delicate probing into her past, answered obstinately, "Never thought about it. Or if I had, I'd have been glad of another excuse to spend as little as possible on myself. We were frightfully poor, and even in San Francisco where, for a time, we thought the worst of our troubles was over, we just about made both ends meet. At least we couldn't save. If I'd been keen to dress like the other girls we'd have been in debt up to our necks."

TOPPER, who had received instructions to keep out of the room except when he was serving, had made his final exit some time since, but the girls lingered on. Elsie made a curious zigzagging movement along the table with a spoon.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Gita curiously.

"Outlining your life as I imagine it—in a hazy sort of way. It has never followed the even course of other girls of your class or you wouldn't be what you are. These upward curves and straight marks represent abrupt changes and milestones. But that—" she pointed to the last figure—"is more than a milestone. It represents a barrier that shuts you off completely from your old life. It opened wide enough to let you through, but it is closed and sealed forever. You could not go back if you wished, and I know that you wish nothing less.

"Behind that barrier is a life you hate to remember. Before it, where you find yourself now, are the pleasant places and all that the most romantic girl could have wished for, who was not too extravagant. Position, freedom, an independent income, powerful and admiring friends, and the chance to be stared at as an authentic beauty. Don't you think you should change with it? If you don't you're not as original as you look. Why! You'd be merely commonplace, obstinate, content to go on being one thing all your life. Don't you know that the really intelligent woman, these days, crowds as much variety into her life as life will permit? And adds as many sides to her personality?"

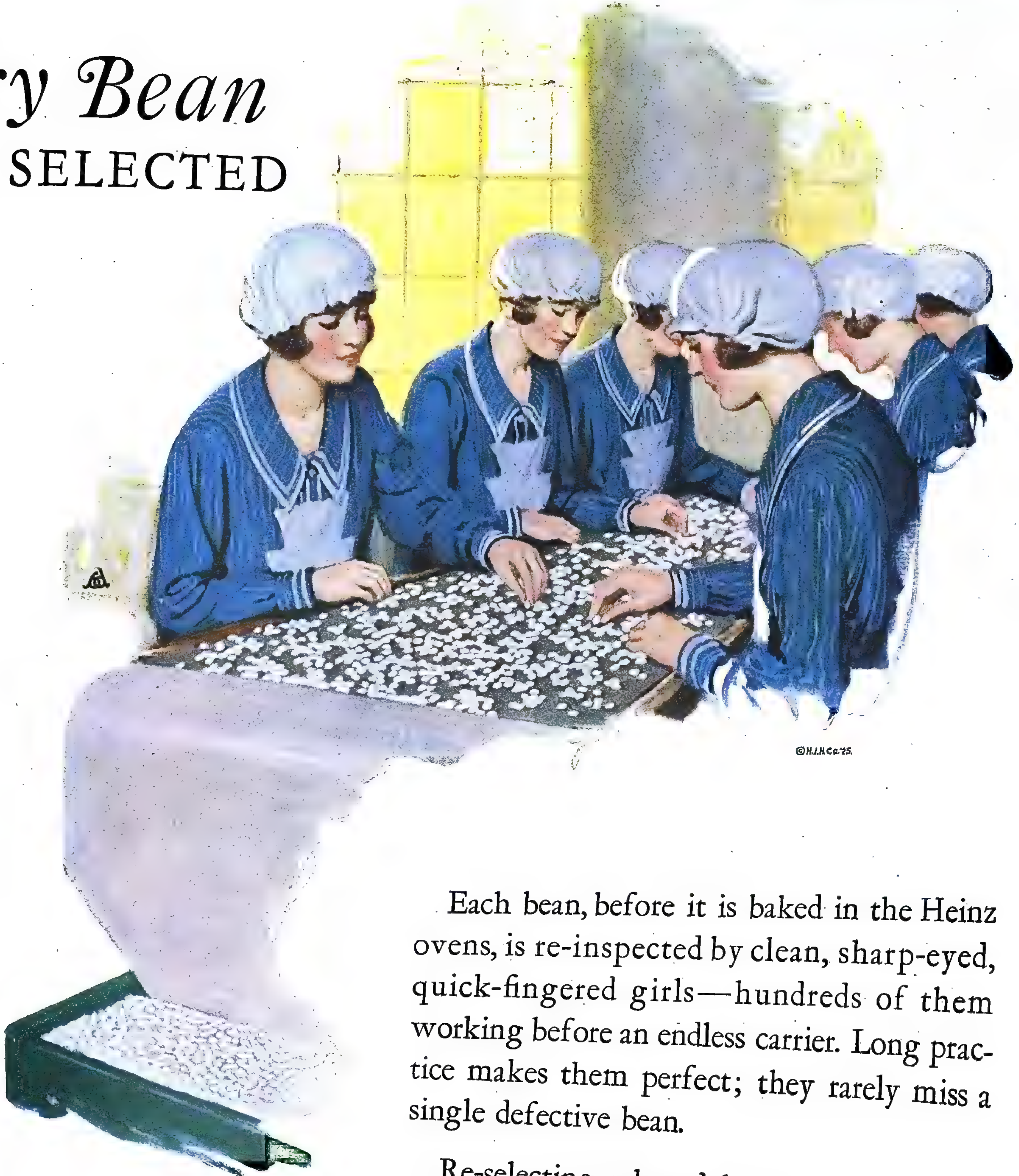
"Ah!" Gita had turned pale. Her mouth was open and her nostrils dilating as if her heart were beating irregularly. "That is something I never thought of. I do like change, and maybe I am obstinate—but I'm not commonplace! Perhaps the time *has* come—anyhow I promised my grandmother I'd let Mrs. Pleyden bring me out, and dress like other girls. She was dying and had been very generous with me and I couldn't help promising her. But she died a day or two later and I haven't thought of it since. But of course I'll have to keep my promise—and I might as well begin now of my own free will," she added characteristically.

"And if I really can't look like a boy what's the use? I suppose I'm too old for such nonsense, anyhow. I used to feel a lot older than I do now." She shot an almost apologetic glance at Elsie. "But I won't—and this is positive!—ever marry, or even dance with men."

"Oh, let the future take care of itself. I can think of nothing now but of helping you buy frocks and hats in the New York

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Every Bean
HAND SELECTED



57

Each bean, before it is baked in the Heinz ovens, is re-inspected by clean, sharp-eyed, quick-fingered girls—hundreds of them working before an endless carrier. Long practice makes them perfect; they rarely miss a single defective bean.

Re-selecting selected beans may seem like an unnecessary precaution, but it is a rule of Heinz to take nothing for granted.

The Heinz label on any one of the 57 Varieties is a seal of quality, and no process necessary to the maintenance of that quality is considered too slow or too costly for the house of Heinz to adopt and follow. . . .

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the

Millions of cans of HEINZ BAKED BEANS *are produced each year.*

And every individual bean is hand selected! Heinz uses only the choicest hand-picked beans, but even these are not choice enough.

GOLDEN RIPE~DRIPPING WITH SUNSHINE & SUGAR

Make your
SPRING MENUS SPARKLE
Serve Hawaii's Favorite Fruit

Springtime . . . . tonic-time . . . . season of lazy appetites, when fruit foods are so necessary to health!

Springtime is *Pineapple-time!* And fortunately, thanks to the miracle of the canners' art, luscious, golden Hawaiian Pineapple is now available everywhere – regardless of season – packed in two convenient forms: *Sliced* and *Crushed.*

Do *you* enjoy this matchless tropical fruit as often as you should? Do you serve Hawaiian Pineapple Salads, Pastries, Ices, Desserts, "ades" and Punches? And do you serve it often for dessert, for breakfast or as a side dish with meat – both the *Sliced* and the *Crushed* – just as they come from the can?

Both *Crushed* and *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple are identical in quality and flavor – the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian Plantations.

You'll find it pays to keep both kinds on hand!

Hawaii Suggests That You Try These Recipes:

ROYAL FRUIT SALAD: Arrange on lettuce leaves, a slice of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and a slice of orange (slightly smaller). Over this slice half a banana. Garnish with chopped mint and mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE SALAD MOUSSE: Soften 1 teaspoon gelatine in 1 tablespoon water and dissolve over boiling water. Thoroughly drain 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and add ½ cup diced oranges, 1 cup very thick mayonnaise, 2 cups cream, whipped, and the dissolved gelatine. When well mixed pour into a mold, cover tightly and pack in equal parts of ice and salt 4 hours. Serve on lettuce with additional mayonnaise if desired. This may be used for a combination salad and dessert course.

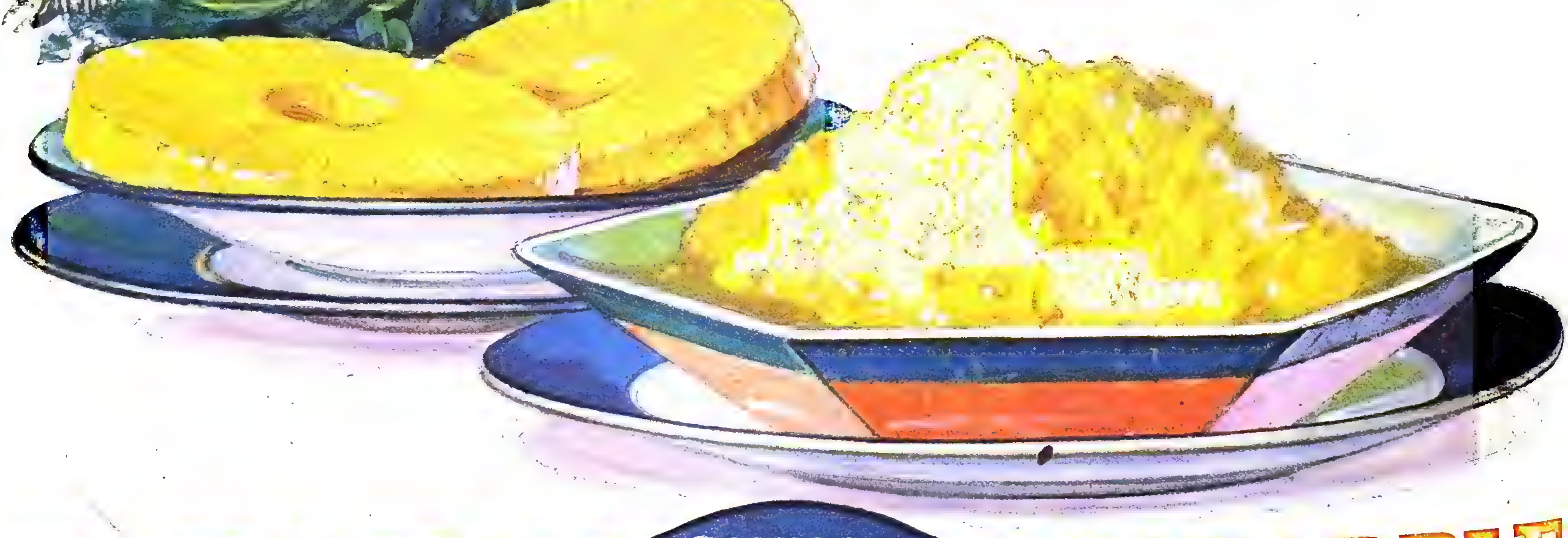
PINEAPPLE RICE: Place a layer of boiled rice in a casserole; then a layer of slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and a thin layer of currant jelly. Top with a meringue and brown in oven. Serve cold.

MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT: Drain the syrup from 1 large can of Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Cut ¼ lb. of marshmallows in pieces. Arrange the marshmallows in layers in a serving dish, sprinkling each layer with finely chopped roasted almonds. Pour the pineapple syrup over all and set aside in a cold place for at least 2 hours. Spread the drained Crushed Pineapple over the top just before serving.

Send for Free Book!

For many other equally delightful ways to use Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, write today for your free copy of our booklet, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats." It will help you put new variety in your Spring menus.

Address Department 23
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED
2
WAYS

Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

shops. I know them all—just where to go. Luckily the hat of the moment comes almost to the bridge of the nose, and by the time fashion changes, your front and side hair will have grown out. I'll ask for my vacation now if you'll really start in right away to fit yourself out."

"I will. And send the bills to Mr. Donald! Altho he's rather a dear and sent me a check for two-fifty the other day, I've spent hardly any of it. Come up-stairs and see the jewels my grandmother gave me. I suppose I'll have to be forty before I can wear most of them, but it's jolly to have inherited lovely things to look at—altho I'd forgotten them till this minute!"

GITA, for the first time since her childhood, possessed a completely feminine wardrobe. Mrs. Brewster had set her face against even the most girlish and apotheosized of tailored suits, and persuaded Gita to buy a soft black frock of unbroken lines, to which were attached white-linen cuffs above the half-sleeves, and a white collar about the sloping neck; the opening, after furious controversy, displayed the lace of a camisole. Little frocks for the morning, suitably if austerely embellished. A soft silk hat pulled down over the ears, but with an ascending brim that revealed sleek, sweeping eyebrows; and a tricornered one of straw. Two dinner-gowns, one of satin and one of Georgette. Peach-bloom underwear, silk stockings, slippers, uncompromisingly feminine shoes.

Mr. Donald paid the bills with a sigh of relief. What had brought his difficult client to her senses he knew not, but drew the natural inference. He hoped the man was the right sort and would hasten to relieve him of an onerous responsibility. If he were not he should do his duty and remonstrate, but the girl was over age and no one could blame him if she showed as poor judgment in husbands as she did in other things.

He made subtle inquiries and learned that she lunched in Chelsea or Ventnor occasionally, and that she was more frequently in the society of Elsie Brewster, at which he frowned. Still, Mrs. Brewster was a steady-going young woman. And of course she was a lady, altho the family had never aspired to social eminence. But the mother came of respectable Atlantic City stock and Mr. Pelham had been an educated man, a fine citizen, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. Elsie had been graduated with honors from the high school, and was now considered one of the rising young business women of Atlantic City. She had the respect and admiration of every one. Still Mr. Donald knew that Mrs. Carteret would not have permitted the intimacy, and he frowned in sympathy. He knew better than to remonstrate with Gita, however.

Elsie, who prided herself justly upon being a psychologist, had also insisted that Gita abandon pajamas and buy at least six nightgowns of fine cambric, delicately embroidered and handsomely trimmed with lace. Gita had protested, but had shrugged her shoulders finally and growled, "Have your own way, but I'll feel like a fool. Lots of the girls wear pajamas."

"Yes, but they offend my artistic sense."

She had also wrung from Gita a promise to give her old clothes "from the skin out" to one of Mrs. Pelham's charities.

"Now you are thorough!" she exclaimed. "And I only hope you'll keep it up. Mind, you are to dress every night for dinner, as your grandmother wished, and you are to look at yourself approvingly in the glass later when you've on one of these nightgowns."

But Gita felt bewildered and at times almost unhappy. She opened the doors of the mahogany wardrobe, which had sheltered so many changes of fashion, and fingered the soft texture of her gowns, and felt a thrill of pleasure in their flowing, lovely lines. She folded and refolded the dainty contents of the drawers of the oaken carved highboy, as old as the manor, which still smelled faintly of lavender.

She put on one of her white-linen frocks in the morning and adjusted the black accessories with conscientious precision, or looked admiringly at her reflection in the psyche-mirror, clad in white skirt and black-silk sweater. She dressed for dinner in the black Georgette, and shot a fleeting glance at herself when robed more simply but more elaborately for the night. Her hair, encouraged by violent brushing and a tonic, was springing out all over her head with an exultant life of its own.

But she was suffering from spiritual growing-pains and felt as if she were learning to use a new and unclassified set of muscles and nerve-arcs. There was a more superficial readjustment as well. The high-heeled slippers hurt her feet, and she was trying to limber her spine and cultivate the careless grace of other girls, altho she had no intention of looking as if she were "too weak to stand up straight."

She also felt considerable resentment at the approving glances and mutters of Topper and the staccato applause of Polly Pleyden. But this, she ruthlessly informed herself, was egotistical resentment at the intimation that she had been sadly in need of improvement.

But for six years she had thought herself into the rôle of a boy, even pecked her mother on the cheek like a boy, and, in their worst moments, reassured Millicent with bluff, crisp phrases instead of the usual feminine endearments.

She had been furious with herself more than once for her secret pride in her eyelashes and had considered mutilation, but after various specious excuses she had finally admitted that she would as readily cut off her nose. Once, when she caught herself examining her fine Carteret profile with the aid of a hand-mirror, she had thrown the glass out of the window.

IT HAD been a matter of will induced by a special neurosis, but the accomplishment had stopped just short of perfection, and the effort to make herself over into a girl with a girl's easy grace of carriage and mental lineaments, made her feel bruised all over. It would have been almost as easy for a cripple to stand erect and run a race. She was not only disoriented but apprehensive. Her semi-masculine garb and mental posturing had been a protective armor, absurd, perhaps, but inspiring her with security and confidence.

Now she felt, she grumbled to herself, like a knight whose armor had been ripped off by the enemy, a turtle that had lost its shell, a bandit who had gone out to hold up a train and discovered that he had left his "guns" at home.

But—there was no denying it!—having deliberately let down the bars and made a bonfire of them, her vanity was acting like a hungry bear after a long Winter's sleep. It surged over her in singing waves as she regarded herself in the long mirror when arrayed for dinner in one of the soft, clinging frocks that revealed arms and the upper part of a neck that, altho thin, was round and smooth and of the tint of old ivory.

She smiled with lips very red and sharply curved, that had been reclaimed from their perverse, hard line, at her bright-black eyes with their curved lids and lashes; at the red of her cheeks; at the sweep of her eyebrows and the slender firmness of her throat. And then she would fall into a panic and feel an impulse to crawl under the bed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Fashion's Law:

"Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* through each *nécessité de la toilette.*"
—Kerkoff, Paris.

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Aids to Charm

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VEGETALE
TOILET WATER
LIP ROUGE
BRILLIANTINE
CREAMS
ROUGE
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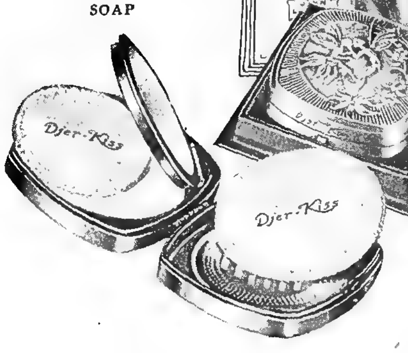
—an annual festival



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This new Djer-Kiss Rouge and Loose Powder Vanity is exquisitely fashioned of nickel silver—its cover, artistically embossed. Each vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.

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Djer-Kiss
LOOSE POWDER VANITY
(for loose powder alone)

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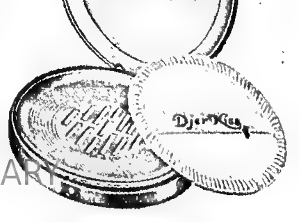

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AND it's the real secret of Youth's greyhound grace — the secret of those supple, slender lines every woman wants to keep.

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Bon Ton CORSETS
TRADE MARK

Which Figure is Yours?
There is a Bon Ton *Model for Every Figure*

TALL
AVERAGE
SLENDER
STOUT

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

The morning following her first surrender to sheer femininity at the psyche-mirror and its almost terrified reaction she hired a horse on the beach and spent two hours galloping over the sands.

Of all this she never spoke to Elsie Brewster, and if the agile mind of her mentor darted close to the truth, that wise young woman was content with her large measure of success, and, if only out of delicacy and loyalty, probed no further.

She gave Gita all the time she could spare, dined with her frequently, encouraged her to come to the office, and took her on several buying expeditions to Philadelphia and New York.

Gita was kicking off a slipper from an aching foot one night when her leg was arrested in mid-air. Something had been tapping at her conscious plane for several weeks, an elusive something, gone before she could rake it to the light. Now it darted forward of its own accord, and it seemed to her that an actual entity took form in her brain, smiling significantly.

For years she had had the same dream, and nearly every night. She had stood alone on a solitary mountain peak, with barely a glimpse of the world below. The figure had been as aloof, as isolated, as the mountain itself. And it was always staring up at another peak, higher still. She realized that she had not had that dream for a month.

"Well, much good may it do me," she thought as she kicked off the other slipper. "Coming down to brass tacks and liking them is all very well, but I still wish I had been a man."

And then, standing before the mirror arrayed in the daintiest of her nightgowns, she wondered if she did.

She shrugged her shoulders, climbed into her ancestral four-poster, and turned off the light by the bed. "Anyhow, I was born a philosopher," she thought sincerely if erroneously, "and perhaps when I can afford a human bed I'll feel more like the real thing. I might put bows on the corners."

In the next instalment Gita Carteret, for the first time in her life, finds herself becoming interested in a man. The unexpected outcome of a casual meeting in the woods will still further increase your curiosity and interest in this fascinatingly original girl.

The Boys in the House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

want to room at his house this semester; it's such a noisy frat." The name of this senior was Van Eliston.

When her mother went back into the living-room Anita crouched in a corner of the hall seat, crying shamelessly. Finkelstein and Ferdie Harbarger came in and she did not try to conceal her red eyes and sodden handkerchief. She thought wearily that it was no use trying to conceal anything. They lived her life and she lived theirs. And now Van Eliston too would see her disheveled and sleepy, drudging and commonplace. They would know each other too well. He would just be one of the boys in the house!

This evening as she sat in the porch-swing she dully watched Van Eliston plucking the banjo. He played it all day. That same tune over and over and over.

A passing girl stared enviously up at the porch where Anita sat with the six men.

"Look at that girl stare," said a freshman. "Gee, she thinks you're popular."

Van Eliston gazed interestedly after the passing girl.

Anita looked down at her rose-colored dress. She was very unhappy.

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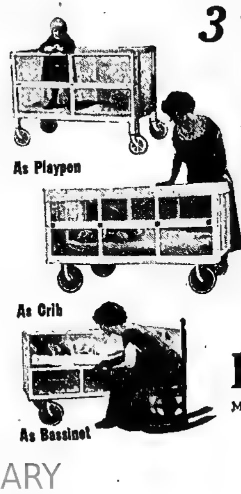
You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. Kobi Co., 612 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO



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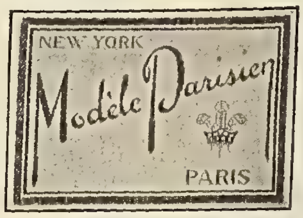
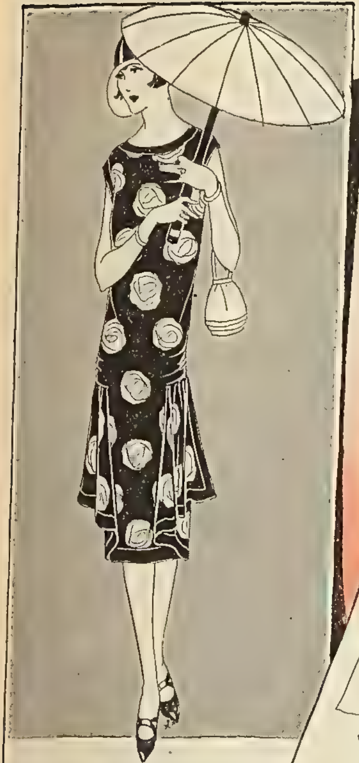
Last Minute Sketches from Paris

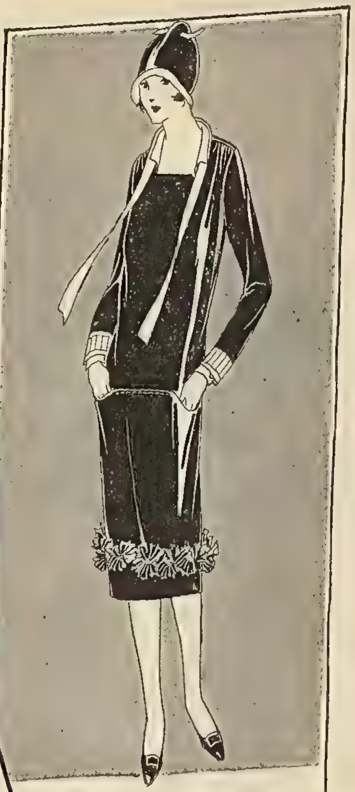


Facsimile of Label



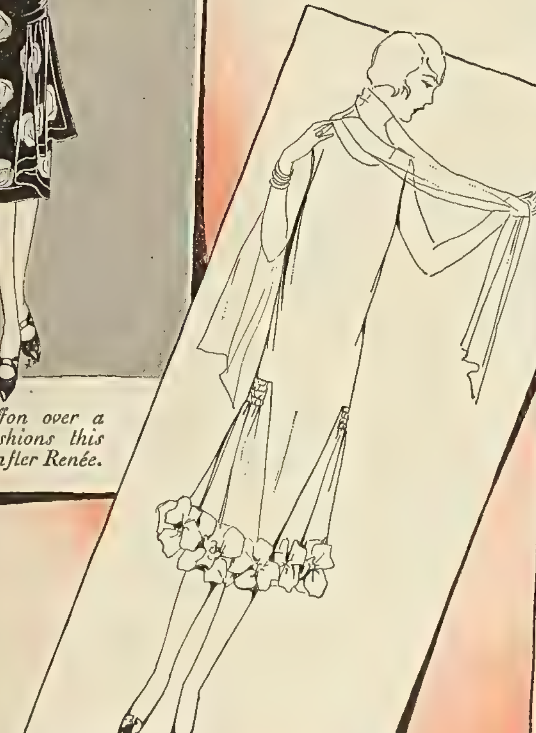
Flowered chiffon over a satin slip fashions this slip-on model after Renée.

No. 58
34 to 44 bust
14 to 18 years
$1.00



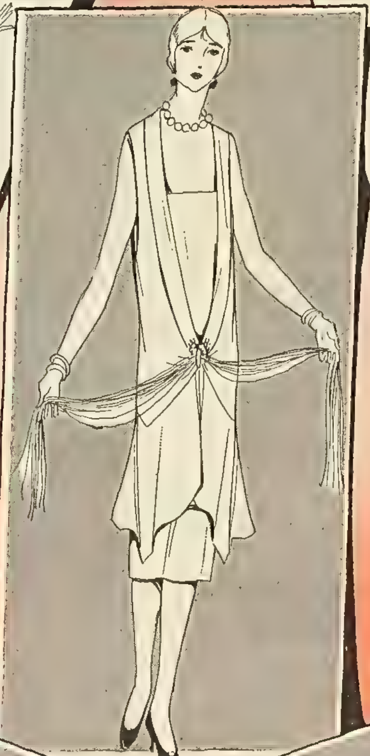
The straight, simple lines of this black satin day frock are after Renée.

No. 54
34 to 44 bust
14 to 18 years
$1.00



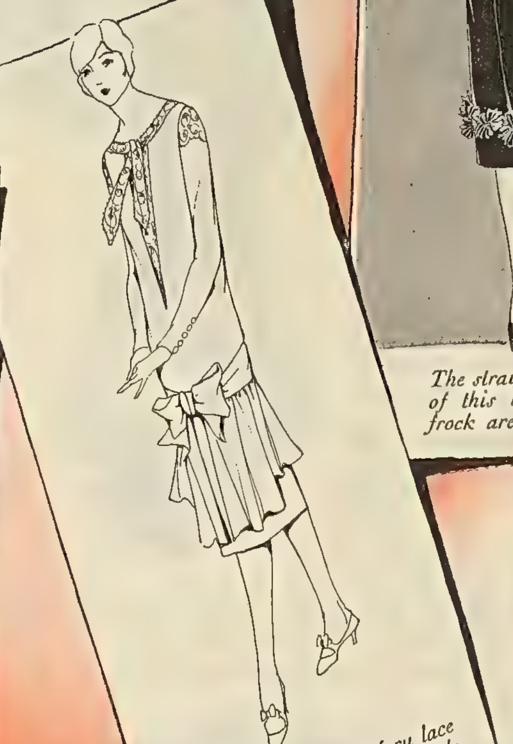
Velvet flowers encircle this model of peach Georgette worn with a scarf—after Premet.

No. 59
34 to 44 bust
14 to 18 years
$1.00



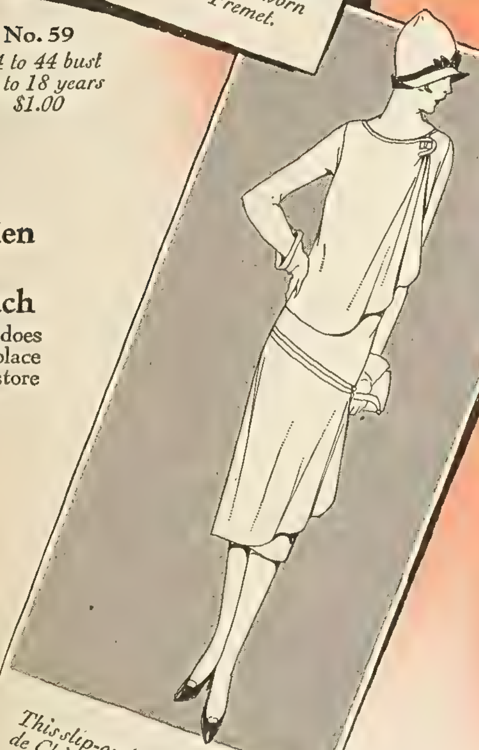
A jeweled buckle fastens this model after Worth.

No. 60—$1.00
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years



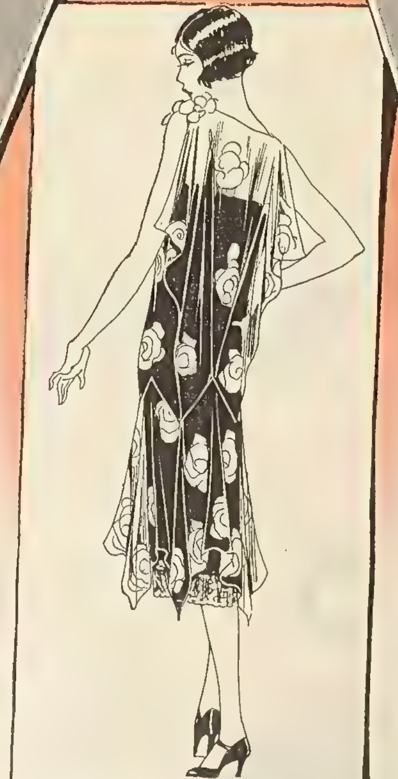
This black crêpe and écru lace model after Martial et Armande has a short gathered tunic.

No. 56
34 to 42 bust
14 to 18 years
$1.00



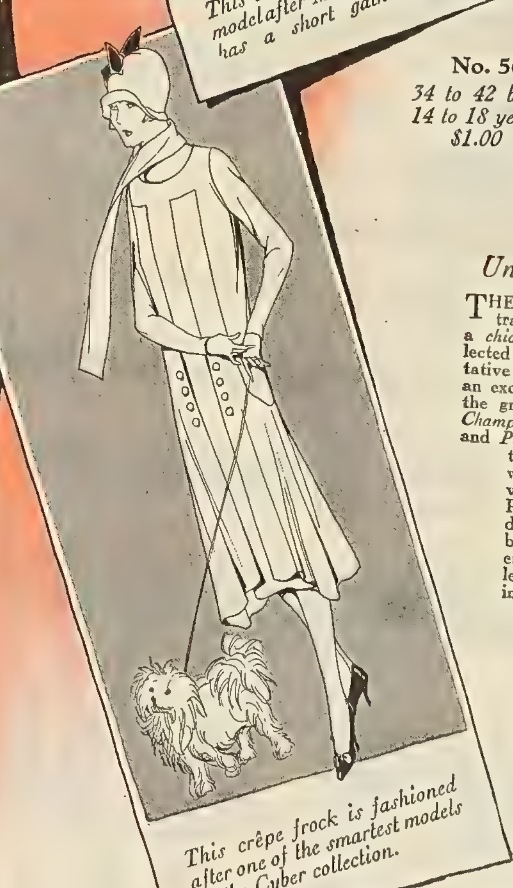
This slip-on frock of heavy crêpe de Chine, after Jenny, achieves a smart and graceful movement.

No. 57
34 to 42 bust
16 to 20 years
$1.00



Four triangles of red and green printed chiffon form the tunic of this model after Molyneux.

No. 53
34 to 44 bust
14 to 18 years
$1.00



This crêpe frock is fashioned after one of the smartest models in the Cyber collection.

No. 55
34 to 48 bust
$1.00

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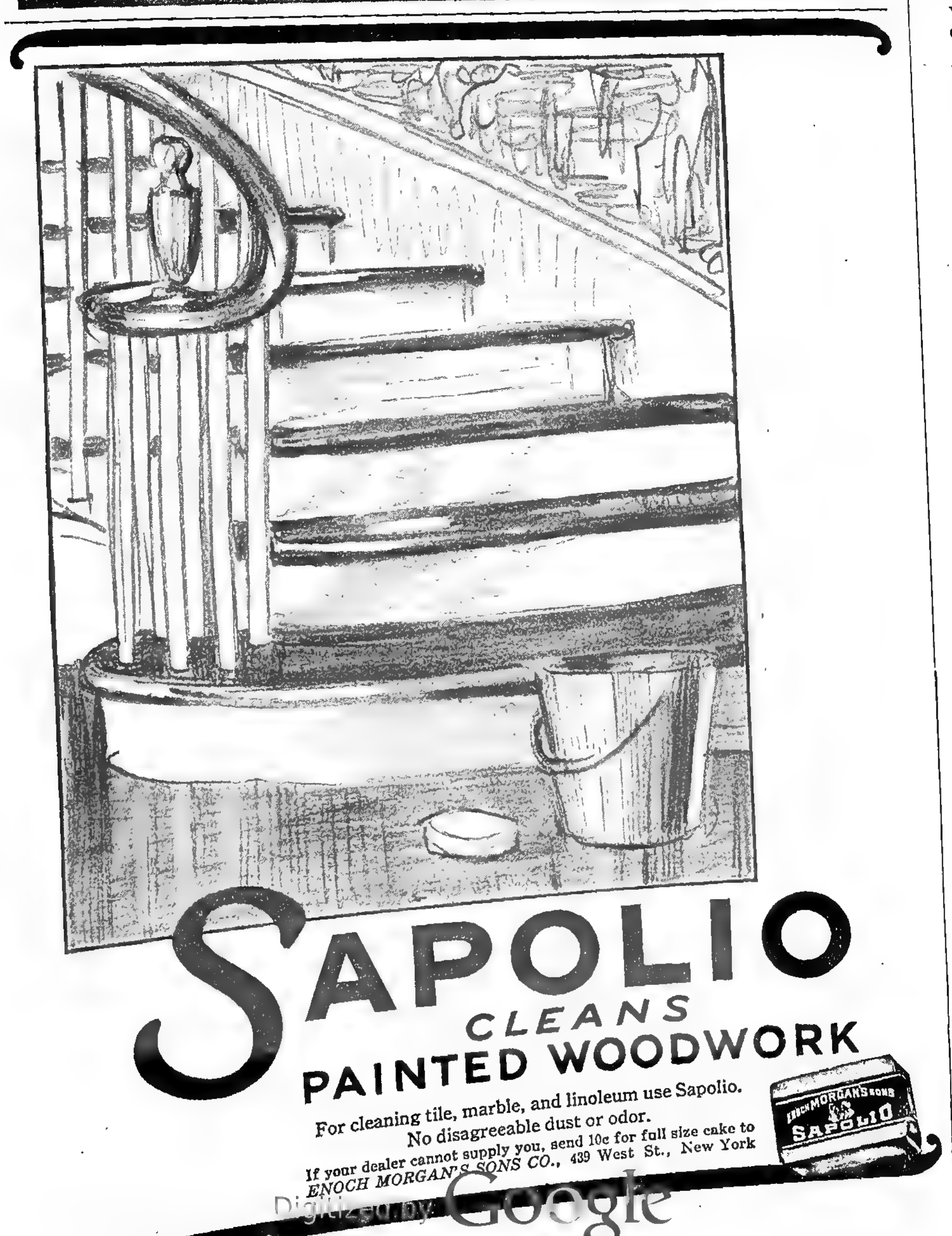

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She Won't Be Afraid to Marry Then

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

become the friends of mutual friends who, unable to achieve a happy marriage together, are nevertheless able to grant to each other a share of virtues as individuals.

The little girls of yesterday who are the grown women of to-day are less articulate than the women of to-morrow will be. Yet many of them, when they are frank, confess that the course of their lives has been changed by childish unhappiness secretly endured in the homes of parents who preferred mental, moral, and physical starvation and indignity rather than escape by means of divorce.

Among the unmarried women I have known are two who hate men. Both of them trace, what they now recognize as a complex, back to a childhood with parents whose marriage was a failure. In the conflict which arose each of them took her mother's part, not openly in words, but secretly in her own heart. They grew to hate their fathers. In time that hatred was transferred from one man to all men. It distorted their lives. It made love and marriage impossible.

"I have never been in love—in fact, I have never had what other women call a beau," one of them said to me.

"I am forty now, and it is only for the last year or two that I have been able to be decently civil to men. I hated my father for what he did to my mother, and I hated all men because of him. Only recently I have begun to see that there was something to be said for father too. Apart from mother, he might have been a different human being. With her all his tendencies developed into flagrant faults. It was a vicious pendulum of action and reaction. Both of them were victims of each other, and in the end we children, for whom they endured their wretchedness, were greater victims than either."

I KNOW other women, less extreme than these, who have made friends of men, but have never brought themselves to the point of marriage. Consciously or unconsciously they have been influenced by an early picture of marriage which they have been unable to efface from their conscious or unconscious minds.

Discussing their situation the other day with a friend of mine who is a psychologist, I remarked that probably a very large percentage of the women who did not marry could trace their spinsterhood back to some such experience.

"Yes," she said, "but that's not the worst of it. Those are only the cases you see. There are many more that you don't see—the women who marry and make failures of their marriage, directly traceable to experiences in the loveless homes of their childhood.

"If I could tell you the stories of men and women who come to me seeking reasons for their own frigidity and the sterility and failure of their marriages, you would realize what need there is to turn light and air in upon the whole subject."

Recently two friends of mine, who had been keeping a dead marriage alive for the sake of their children, got a divorce. They separated finally in bitterness. But the situation of each individual member of the family has been so much improved that the bitterness is gone and in its place a dignified friendship has come.

I have heard the story from all its angles. No member of that family of four is the same person he or she was two years ago. Perhaps the greatest change has come to the eldest daughter of the household, a girl of sixteen. She has grown not only to like a father whom she feared and distrusted, but to love and respect him. In the times that they are together they have a happy companionship which neither would have dreamed possible. It is the same with the younger son.

I am inclined to think that Jane's generation will reach the point of separation, when separation is necessary, more swiftly than these two friends of mine.

It does not mean that Jane will march into marriage and march out again. If I know my Jane she will be as wistfully yearning for something permanent and enduring as all the other women of all the other ages.

Jane will hate to fail in marriage as she will hate to fail in all the other important and significant relationships of life. Her report-cards, her music lessons, her friendships, her little-girl loves—success in these is already a desperately serious business, and little failures are real tragedies.

But failure in marriage that is permitted to remain static leads many times to greater failure—failure in life.

HOWEVER lightly they may speak of it, well-intentioned people (and the world is largely populated by such) want desperately to make a success of marriage.

Many of them take failure and turn it into success, and this is magnificent. Doubtless many others could do the same. The deplorable thing is the acceptation of failure as the final and inevitable.

I suspect that Jane's generation will believe about marriage that you have either to get into it or get out of it—make a success of it, or at least stop making a failure.

Many men and women would be more willing to stay in marriage if they knew they could get out without social ostracism. One can not predict whether the ultimate result would be more or fewer divorces.

There may always be those who will throw up their hands in horror at the sight of the divorce statistics, but that, I think, will not deter the younger set of 1935.

And tho there may be more divorces, perhaps there will also be more monogamy!

All the laws which men can devise can not make monogamy. Neither can they lessen the desire of men and women to achieve that state. All the departures from it are makeshifts, compromises, stop-gaps to fill the void of failure and dull the sharp pain of disappointment.

Each member of Jane's generation, like the members of all the other generations, will want above everything else to find the one human being whom he or she can go on wanting till the end of the day. Probably Jane's generation, closer to reality than ours, will demand both more and less from marriage. It will recognize that living, whether you do it singly or in pairs, is a difficult and hazardous business and requires an immense amount of tolerance and gaiety.

PERHAPS Jane's generation will refuse to accept defeat. It may decree that only that marriage which is capable of producing for two individuals the essential minimum of inner peace and content, without which the human ego can not be kept intact, has the right to survive.

There is a minimum of happiness essential to the growing child as the air it breathes. It is the oxygen of the spirit. Jane, happy child of a happy home, need carry no ugly memories of marriage into her maturity.

Jane, certain of her need for that essential minimum of inner peace and her right to escape from any relationship that denies it to her, will not be afraid to marry.

It is easy to be content, even in a very ugly room, if the door is open.

When there is a dignified exit out of marriage more men and women will dare to enter it.

Perhaps there will be fewer bachelors and spinsters in Jane's crowd than in mine.

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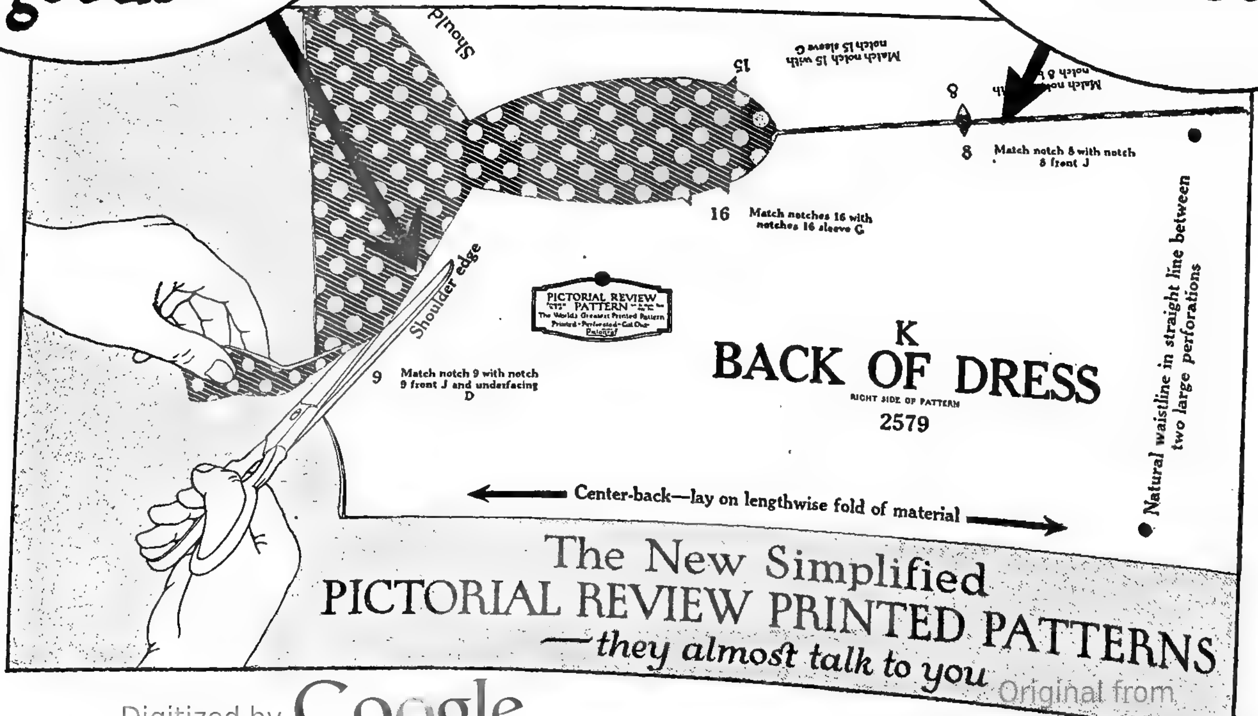
Should
Match notch 15 with notch 15 sleeve G
15
8
Match notch 8 with notch 8 front J
8
16
Match notches 16 with notches 16 sleeve G
Shoulder edge
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN
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9
Match notch 9 with notch 9 front J and underfacing D
K
BACK OF DRESS
RIGHT SIDE OF PATTERN
2579
Natural waistline in straight line between two large perforations
Center-back—lay on lengthwise fold of material
The New Simplified
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Vain regrets won't restore lost beauty
He found out—too late

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Forhan Company, New York

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

For a moment they didn't know what he was referring to, until they saw his accusing eyes focused upon their friendly hand-clasp. Deane shot a warning glance to Minnie. She walked quietly but swiftly up the stairs. When she reached the upper hall she ran to her room, threw herself upon the bed, and buried her hot, white face in the gay pyramid of pillows.

Because the newspaper men liked Deane they kept the story of the fight between the two men out of the morning papers. The brief, ugly fight—Deane, the more powerful of the two men, was mercifully swift in the punishment he dealt out. But Minnie heard nothing of it until weeks later. She thought the cut on her bridegroom's forehead had been made by a flying piece of broken glass.

MINNIE carefully cut this article out of the paper and pasted it in one of her scrap-books:

Lord and Lady Throckmorton were guests of honor at a tea given this afternoon at the beautiful home of Mrs. Gilbert Carlton, née Day. Many celebrities enjoyed the hospitality of this charming hostess.

"To think, Mama," Minnie said as she emitted a long, gratified sigh, "lords and ladies are delighted to pal around with us! I do believe Lady Throckmorton would let me call her by her first name, and the Throckmortons are so well established in Newport society. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could be entertained there?"

"It costs an awful lot of money, dearie, givin' an affair swell enough for nobility. I don't see why you went into it so deep, with your worryin' about not gettin' your salary for three weeks."

Minnie's smile suddenly collapsed. "I am worried, Mama," she said. "This morning I went into Watson's office and he stalled around for a couple of hours. Looks to me as if they hadn't enough money to go on with the productions and were trying to borrow more. We are beginning to skimp on the picture we are making now, and, I tell you, if we do we're lost. I thought it was a mistake when we dropped that Prince Charming legend into it. A fairy-tale legend doesn't seem to fit in with a sex story."

"Oh, why, Minnie, must you do these sex pictures?" inquired Mrs. Flynn timidly. "I ain't so religious as your father, but I hate to see you do them."

"We've got to make that kind of picture now, Mama. It sells better than the others, altho," she admitted, "perhaps I was wrong about doing 'Camille.' "

"Is that the picture where you wear that scandalous costume?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

Minnie nodded. "That's only in one scene, Mama, and I had to do it."

"Well, I hope your papa won't be there. He hates to see you playing them parts, Minnie."

"But 'Camille' is a classic, Mama. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let anybody hear you talking like that. They'll think we're just a common, ignorant family."

They were interrupted by the entrance of the butler. "Your private secretary on the phone, Miss Day. She's calling from the studio. She says to tell you Lord and Lady Throckmorton sent their regrets—can't come to the dinner-party."

"Oh, that's terrible, Minnie. Those engraved invitations you sent out with our family crest on them cost eighty-five dollars. What nerve they've got! I told you when you went and ordered that special Russian caviar, and those fancy birds, I had a hunch they'd do a dirty trick like this."

"It's because everybody's trying to get them to their houses; you can't blame them. Gilbert will be furious with me. He's counting so on their being here."

"And you givin' five hundred dollars to that English hospital! Oh, the nerve of them!"

"S-sh—Mama, don't begin to cry. I haven't talked to them yet. Wait until I get them on the telephone."

"I'm sorry," said Lady Throckmorton, when she heard Minnie's voice. "Really, I had no idea you'd made such elaborate plans. I'm shockingly tired, and Wednesday afternoon is the garden fête at the children's hospital."

"I'll be there," pleaded Minnie, "and I'll be so glad to help you. You're in charge of the lace bazaar, aren't you? Right now, let me put in my order. A thousand dollars' worth of lace—and you can keep it. Oh, that's awfully nice of you, Lady Throckmorton! Yes, dinner at eight." She hung up the receiver. "Thank goodness, she's coming, Mama. I feel weak enough to faint."

All through the afternoon a threatening pall of great clouds made a dismal canopy over the somber hills of Hollywood. A warm, damp, oppressive moisture in the air—an early sultry sunset.

The storm broke at nine o'clock; a frightful downpour, that lashed at the sea, swept ruthlessly over the plains and roared down the many cañons. A fierce, insurgent wind tugged at the moorings of the sturdy oak that stood in the center of the Carlton garden.

The rain swished against the huge French windows of the dining-room, rattling the locks. In the room above, a forgotten open window welcomed the drench of rain. When the floor was pooled, a dark stain showed upon the ceiling of the dining-room.

Lady Throckmorton, relaxing rather wearily after the elaborate serving of the fourth course, glanced upward. She saw one of the painted Cupids upon the ceiling carrying on its shoulders an enormous, rapidly spreading burden. She sat there transfixed, but only a mild curiosity showed in her expression.

Caviar; green turtle soup; terrapin, sauce Charlemagne; breast of wild duck and mushrooms under glass; pheasant; artichoke, soufflé; heart of palm salad; a huge glittering dessert which was a veritable festival of ices. Limpid white wines with the terrapin, a rare old sherry with the wild duck and mushrooms, sparkling Burgundy with the pheasant. After dinner, Napoleon brandy and heavily perfumed cordials in tall, delicate, frosted glass. Exquisitely served. Six solemn figures in back of the table stood ready to swoop upon the rejected feast and carry it away.

In the drawing-room an orchestra was playing Brahms, Debussy. Later there would be lighter, gayer music when the dancing began. They were going to waltz that evening, and as a pleasant surprize all would join in the old-fashioned minuet and American folk-dances.

A happy clatter of voices and applause followed Gilbert's announcement of this amusing innovation. Echoes of the laughter could be heard even in the basement and the feet of the dancers tapping upon the ceiling.

OUTSIDE the infuriated wind, concentrating its strength for a mighty blow, rushed at the window of the basement and scattered a shower of glass at the feet of Michael Flynn. He cried out as he saw the flood of waters, waiting for release, pouring into the room. Inch by inch the water crept to the sputtering gas-jets under the giant heaters. A cloudburst roared down the mountain-side. Great sweeps of water overflowed every pocket of the earth.

For hours Michael Flynn worked, bailing, bailing, bailing the muddy waters. By midnight he could not check the swelling rise. He stood there in nipping rain-water to his knees, wringing his hands, the tears streaming down his face. Geysers of mud choked first the gas-heaters, then the water-heaters.

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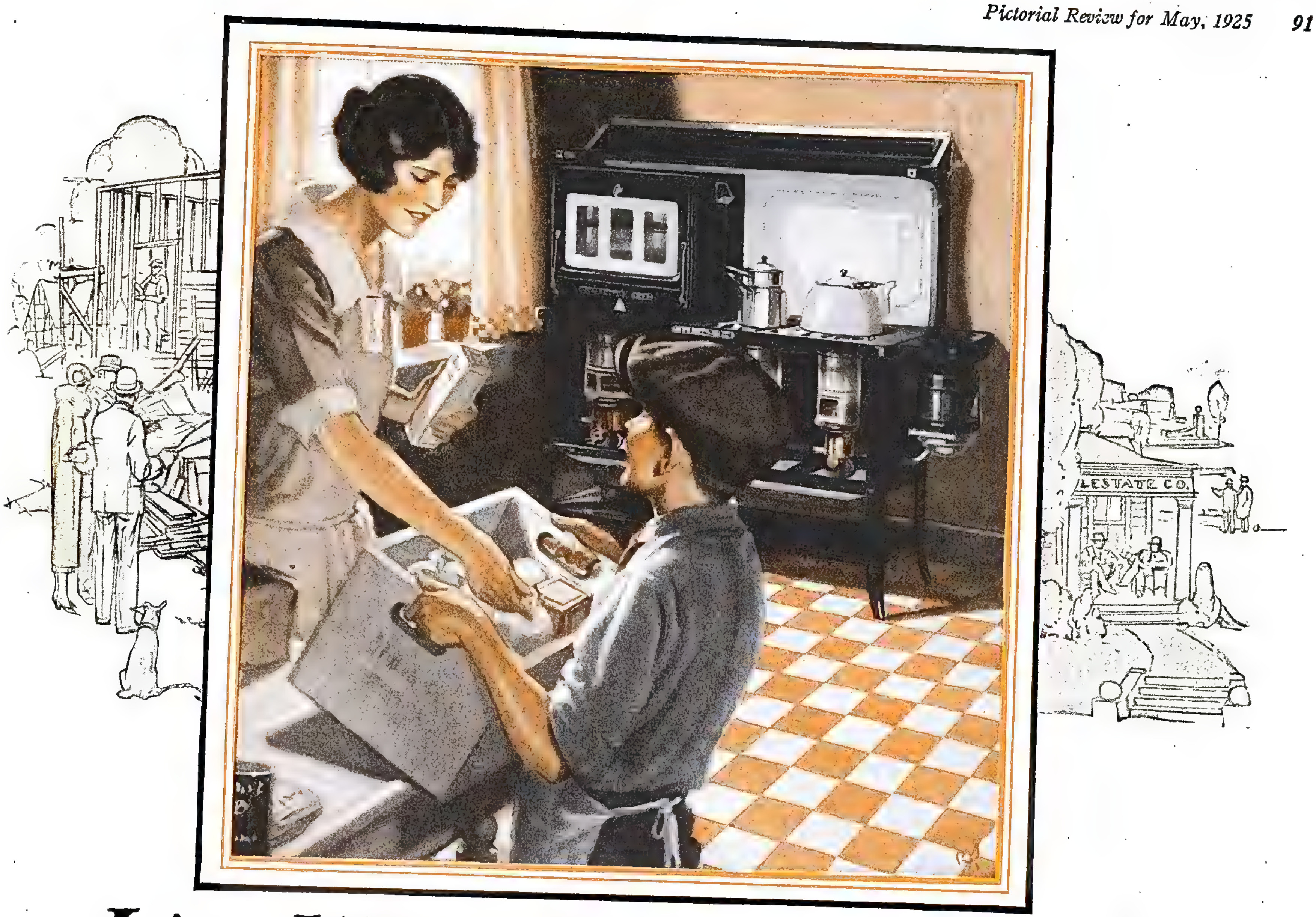

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Build your home where you like. It makes no difference where the gas mains end.

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These finer stoves—the Perfection Oil Ranges—cook with the speed of gas. Their instant heat, their cleanliness and dependability are setting an entirely new standard of oil stove cooking.

They combine the best ideas in modern stove construction—durable enamel top—straight leg, substantial design—roomy shelves—beauty and convenience.

The Perfection is so completely satisfactory, the year around, that the burden of cooking with coal or wood need no longer keep your family from the enjoyment of suburban life.

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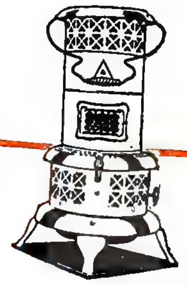

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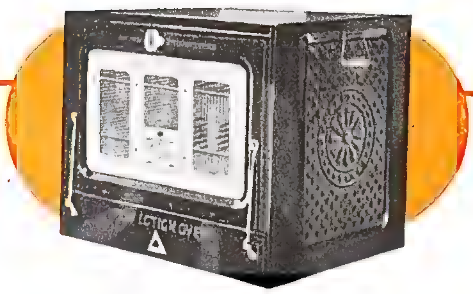

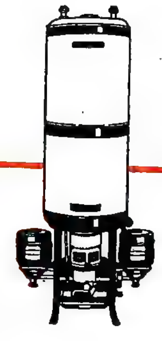

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The imperious gesture of Fashion's Finger commands the youthful outline. The lines of youth, however, do not exist on the surface of your smartly fashioned gown. They must begin 'neath stitch and seam.

Correct corsetry is the answer. It gives you the unruffled poise and exquisite charm that are hand in hand with the ingenuous lines and fearless simplicity of youth.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

At two o'clock in the morning the flood had risen to his waist, but still he was bailing. The guests, complaining bitterly of the cold, left hastily. Carlton, irritated, whispered to Minnie, "I suppose the old fool went to sleep on the job."

"What old fool?" asked Minnie. In the excitement she had forgotten her father, the only member of her family who had not come to the party.

WHEN Michael Flynn lay seriously ill of pneumonia Minnie pleaded with Dr. Willet to call in all the specialists in Los Angeles. "Pay them anything—anything," she sobbed. "Papa's got to be saved! If there's anything you need, I'll go and get it. Let me be the nurse and take care of him. I'm almost crazy, I tell you!"

For one week they crouched in the hall outside of Michael Flynn's room. The specialists had come and gone. They could make no promises.

In the upper hall Minnie lay sobbing where she had fallen after the doctors had left. Jimmy found her lying there. "Hootsie-tootsie, Sis!" he said. "What's the idea of all the Bernhardt stuff?" He had been drinking and he lost his balance as he reached over to help her.

"Oh, Jimmy—papa is dying. Dr. Willet says so. Oh, Jimmy, and we've almost forgotten about him, he's been so quiet around here. And now we're going to lose him. It's a punishment for our neglecting him."

Jimmy's face had gone pale, and he reached out to catch hold of the balustrade. "Don't believe anything these docs say, hon. Come on, now, stop bawlin'. The old man's good for twenty years!"

She rose and threw her arms around his neck. "Jimmy darling, where have you been for the last three days? Not even telephoning me when you know how I worry about you!"

Jimmy was fumbling for a cigaret in the platinum case Minnie had given him for his birthday. He answered with a reminiscent chuckle, "It started at Alicia's party. You know how 'tis, Minnie."

She drew her hand over his hair. She loved the shape of his head—it was so round and sleek. She noticed the deepening grooves around his mouth, the pinched look to his nose. "Jimmy, you're going the pace too hard!" she cried, suddenly panic-stricken. "It's beginning to show on you."

"I ain't goin' it any harder than you are, Sis."

She broke away from him and turned toward the mirror in the hall. An overhead light threw cruel shadows upon her face. She saw the ravages of time and dissipation.

Just then the door of Michael Flynn's bedroom opened, and the nurse came stealthily down the hall. She looked at them gravely. "Your father was talking a few moments ago. He wants to speak to his children."

Minnie went white, and Jimmy's bloodshot eyes filled with tears. He collapsed against the newel-post and hung there limply.

"He wants to see his children," Minnie was saying brokenly. "Do you hear that, Jimmy?" Her voice broke and trailed off in a pitiful whimper.

Miss Lowry cautioned. "You'd better go in there very quietly. I came out to find you. He asked for you particularly, Miss Day, and for Mr. Jimmy Day." And she walked away from them with quick, quiet steps down the stairway to the floor below.

Minnie faced her brother. The tears were coursing down her cheeks. "Oh, Jimmy!" she cried, "at a time like this, for you to have been drinking! Go quickly to the bathroom and run cold water over your face and wrists." Then with a wild outcry, "Oh, Jimmy, if papa should die I simply couldn't bear it!"

Jimmy walked solemnly across the hall to his bedroom. Minnie faced the mirror, swiftly adjusted her tousled hair, and blew her nose violently. Then she ran on her toes to the door of her father's room. She entered quietly.

On a gold-lacquer bed, heavily draped in purple-silk hangings, lay Michael Flynn. Festoons of drapes from the canopy overhead were looped to huge brass rings and fell to the ground in graceful folds. The walls had been covered with a heavy flowered silk.

Michael Flynn lay there, his eyes closed, his lids fluttering restlessly. His feverish mind was at work calling his children to him. In his fancy he saw them come tripping toward his bed hand in hand, swinging their schoolbooks. He struggled to get up, and fell back under the weight of two satin, eiderdown quilts.

"Oh, Papa, you're awake! You—you frightened me so! You were lying there so still I thought—Papa darling——"

His heavy, gasping breath almost drowned out her voice. He didn't know what she was saying, but he knew it was Minnie. Laboriously he drew his hand from under the covers and felt for her.

Minnie forced a choking laugh. "You've got to hurry up and get well, Papa darling," Minnie said. "What do you suppose we're going to do with you sick, and nobody to look after the new gas-furnace."

Her father smiled. The tears welling up in Minnie's eyes splashed upon the satin coverlet. She was crying to herself and whispering, "Dear God, hallowed be Thy name! Bless my father and make him well again. Oh, Papa, I love you so! I love you so!"

He smiled again as he glanced slowly around the room, until his restless gaze lingered upon the dresser. Then he made a feeble gesture, pointing to it. "Second drawer, Minnie," he finally managed to say.

Minnie fumbled through the drawer until in one corner she found the sock which had been Michael Flynn's bank for fifteen years. It was apparently so filled with money and little souvenirs that it looked as if Michael Flynn's knotty, twisted foot were in it.

"Here it is, Papa dear. I'll put two nice crisp one-hundred-dollar bills in it to-morrow," she said as she folded his hand over it.

A few moments passed before he could speak, and then he said in a thin voice, "Hide it, Minnie—it's a nest-egg—for you and mama—some day——" His hands were fumbling with the sock. "Untie the knot," he said faintly.

Minnie's hands were as awkward as his, but she read in his eyes that he wanted her to raise the pillow so he could see his treasures. "A nest-egg for you and mama," he kept repeating. "Hide it—I'm afraid—Pete was lookin' in my drawer—last night—six hundred dollars—rainy day—baby——"

He concentrated all his strength to draw out the contents of the sock, and raised them to his dimming eyes. His frightful, convulsive start shook the bed—a scream tore out of him, "Gone! Gone! Oh, my God—where are you——"

In place of the bills were wads of tissue-paper. They had to pry them loose from his stilled blue hands.

JUNE DAY'S father had a magnificent funeral. His picture was in the evening paper under a new, large one of his daughter. A reporter, one of the mob who had waited outside the church to see the distinguished funeral procession, had caught Minnie just as she was stepping into her limousine. She wore heavy mourning, relieved by a corsage of orchids. Pete raised a row with the editor for publishing the photograph, because Minnie looked so ugly. Her face was swollen from weeping.

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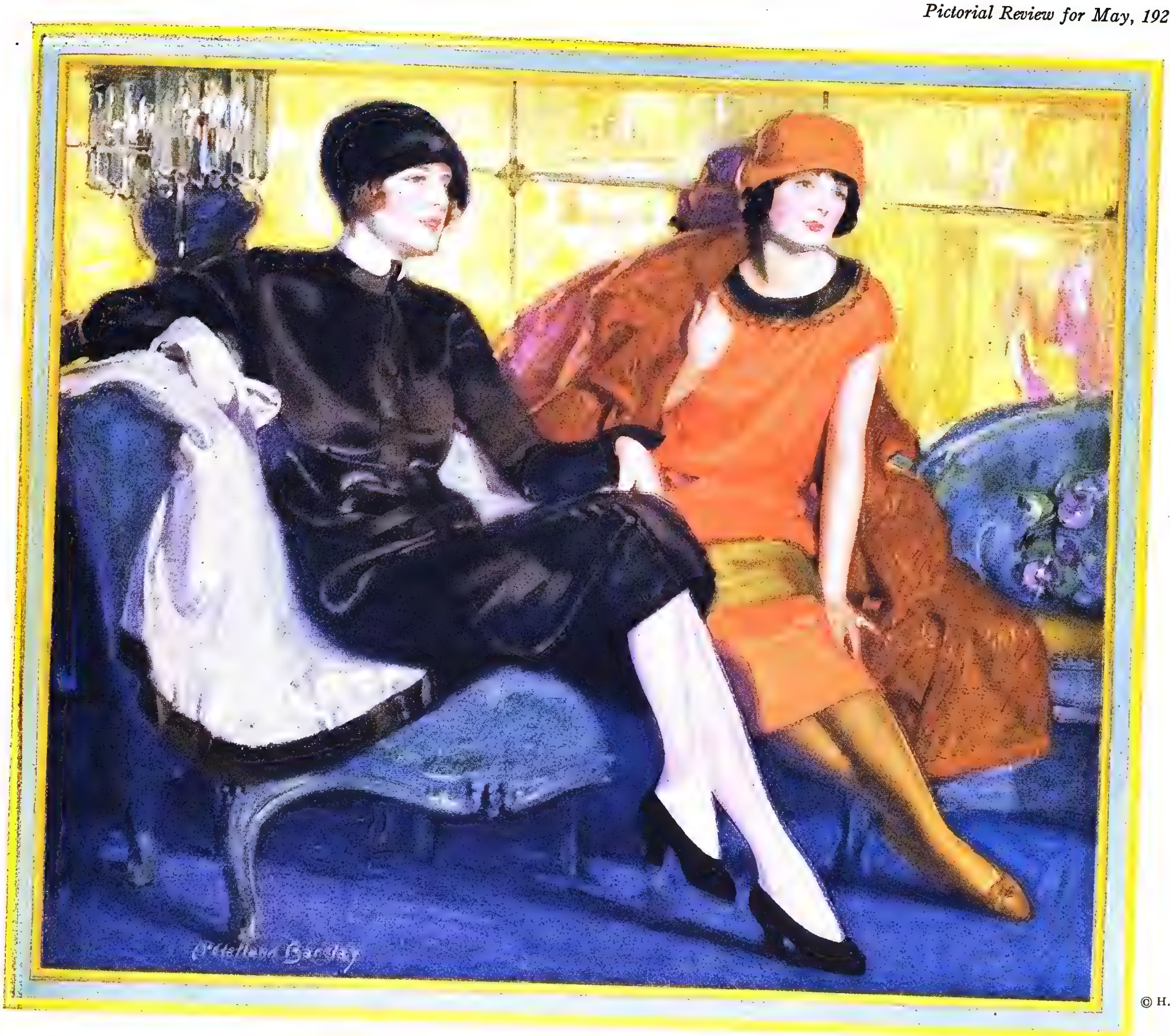

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TODAY'S MODE DEMANDS THIS RICH HOSIERY

AS NEVER BEFORE, Madame, Mademoiselle, your hosiery must be *perfect in appearance* for today's mode!

First of all, hosiery is and will continue to be more than ever conspicuous. Skirts, frocks, gowns—all are short.

So you see why the richness, the lovely sheerness and perfection of Holeproof Hosiery become really a *necessity*, today. It is not enough that your hosiery be passably fair. It must be *faultless*.

The most smartly dressed women—wherever you go—are wearing exquisite Holeproof stockings. In exclusive shops—at the theatre—the places where people of fashion gather—as well as upon the boulevards.

For Holeproof Hosiery meets every requirement of style and personal taste.

There are full-fashioned and semi-fashioned styles—in sheerest chiffons or the heavier silks.

All the newest, most correct colors are yours to select from—so that you may have, as you wish, stunning contrast with any costume, or the matching effect that is equally chic. The most skilful work in dyes gives extraordinary richness and brilliance to Holeproof shades and tints.

But perhaps most notable of all its superiorities is the flawless perfection of Holeproof knitting. Never a flaw in the fine fabric is permitted to leave our factories. There are no uneven places.

You see it wherever smartly dressed women gather. Sheer, lustrous, of flawless texture and exquisite appearance, it is yet moderate in price. New monthly fashion bulletin—in advance of the mode—sent free on request.

Each pair is inspected by keen-eyed experts—far more carefully than you could do it yourself.

Exquisite sheerness and rich lustre come from using only finest quality silks, specially handled in every process of manufacture, to keep their beauty.

Smooth snugness—from ankle to hem—is assured by careful knitting to shape and size. This is very important, as you know, for no beauty of fabric could overcome untidiness in the fit of your stockings.

Yet, despite its matchless beauty, Holeproof Hosiery is modest in price. No need for extravagance in wearing hosiery that is everything you could wish. What is more, Holeproof possesses the gratifying ability to be worn much, laundered much, and still retain its dainty, fresh-looking newness.

There are ever so many styles offered right now for your selection—in all the accepted colors. At almost all good stores (Holeproof is sold *only* in retail stores). If your dealer does not carry it, write direct to us for illustrated price-list.

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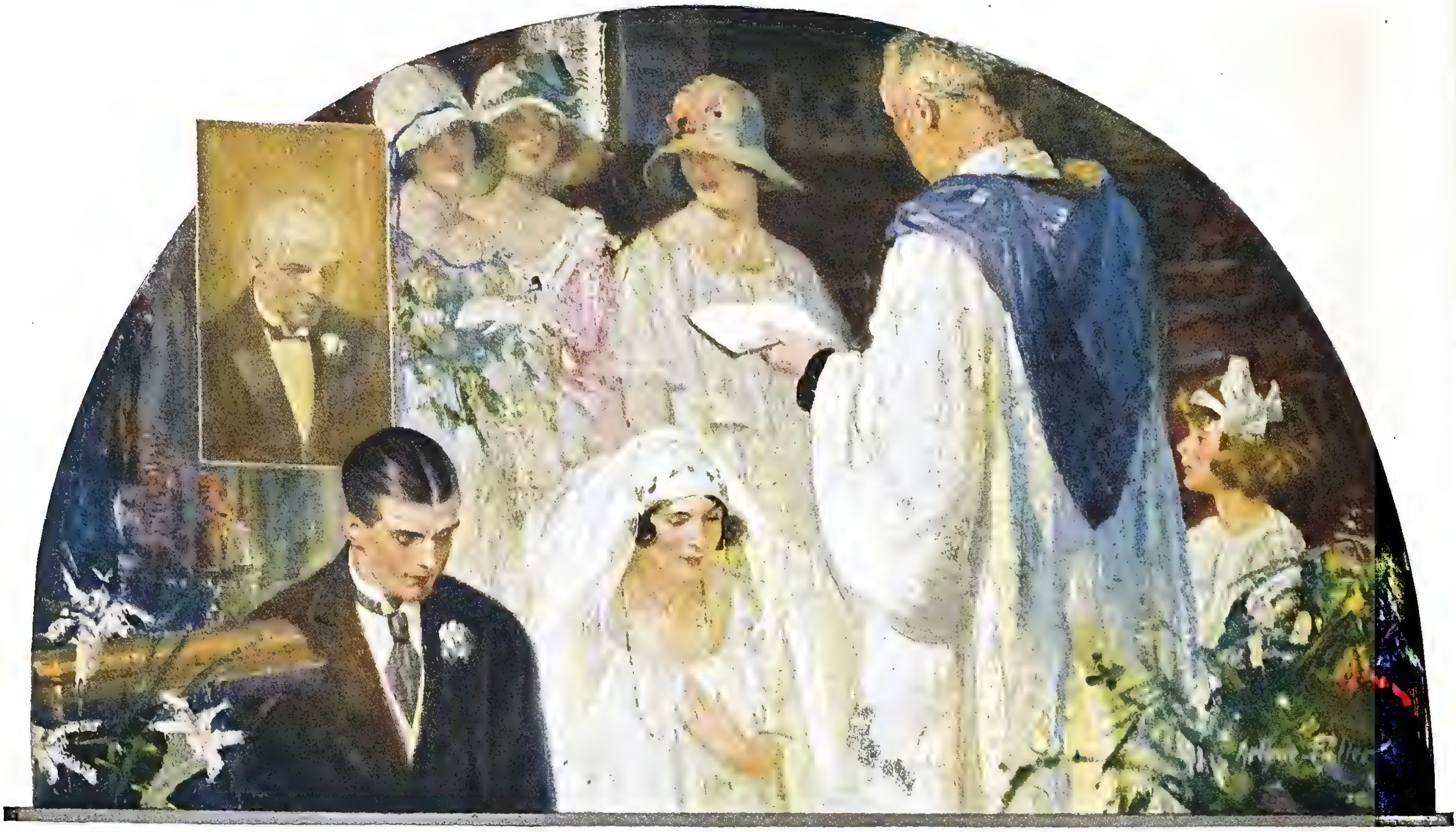

How *dandruff* fooled a bride

SHE thought him handsome—especially his fine head of thick, mannish hair.

But, even at their wedding—dandruff was starving his scalp, choking the hair roots. It was the beginning of baldness.

He might have kept his splendid hair—even till today—if he had known. But he didn't. There was no one to tell him. No one who knew what Wildroot would do—as *you* know, today.

Wildroot Hair Tonic is the best insurance against bald-headed husbands. Every wife should know this. Watch for the first tell-tale dandruff on his coat collar—and then show him how Wildroot Hair Tonic tones up an unhealthy scalp, removes dandruff entirely.

Your own beautiful hair can be kept safe from dandruff by using Wildroot regularly. Rub it carefully into the scalp with your finger tips, three times a week (in severe cases of dandruff—every day). Wildroot also makes the hair beautiful, soft, and lustrous.

But dandruff is only one sign of an unhealthy scalp. Two other conditions warn you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*

There is a special Wildroot treatment for each of these dangerous conditions. Read the simple directions on this page and get your Wildroot preparations at any drug store.

Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo once each week, as follows: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water and work up a snowy lather. Rinse thoroughly and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

WILDROOT
Quinine
HAIR DRESS

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Is your scalp dry?

Use this treatment every other week: Remove dandruff with *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp, and cover with a hot towel for five minutes. Shampoo with more *Taroleum.* Rinse, finishing with cold water.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC
TAROLEUM
TAR
PETROLEUM
SHAMPOO

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Camille, the rôle selected for Minnie, proved to be an unhappy choice. The part of the courtezan seemed the index of her character, and the public read into this portrayal a flaunting insolence, a brazen acknowledgment of the unsavory rumors that were rife about her. Many of the critics praised the beauty of the picture, but their small voices were lost in the storm of protest. The picture whipped its way across the continent like a bird with a broken wing.

"The public doesn't want classics," Minnie cried in despair. "We've got to make a more popular type of story."

"A mother-love yarn seems to pull in the shekels," said Watson; "a picture sticky with drool."

Minnie looked at him sharply. "I'm not going to start in playing mother rôles at my age, Watson. That would be my finish."

"What do you want to do?" asked Binns quietly. "I think Watson is right, but, after all, you're the voice of this company."

Minnie pondered a few moments over the list of stories Binns had submitted. "Why not a good, swift-moving jazz-picture?" she asked. "One of these flapper stories?" She glanced quickly into the mirror. "I've always been crazy to play a wild, harum-scarum flapper. If I do I'll bob my hair, and diet to get off some of this weight. If some of these other stars, older than I am, can get away with it, why not I?"

Binns stirred uneasily. "But a mother-love story would give you a chance to play a sympathetic, emotional rôle, Mineola."

Minnie brought the palm of her hand down on the desk. "That's enough," she said; "this is my company and I'm not going to be dictated to. A woman knows what she can get away with. I'll take five years off my age the minute I get this mop of hair bobbed. A woman's as old as she feels, Sam. It's a wonder you don't present me with crutches and a pass to the old ladies' home."

One sentence summed up the picture they called "The Jazz Baby": "What is more distressing than to see a woman, a tired, troubled woman, playing the rôle of a naive young girl?"

"The devil with trying to please them!" Minnie cried, now panic-stricken.

Binns closed the door of his office and faced her. He was pale with worry. "Look here, I think we've got to watch our step on this next production. The backers are getting uneasy. We've got to have a success this next time."

"What do you suggest?"

"A mother-love picture."

She rose angrily. "I thought we covered that pretty thoroughly in our conference three months ago, so let's not discuss it again, Sam."

"The decision is up to you, Mineola."

THIS time Minnie chose a daring triangle story. "Sex is the lure," she insisted to Binns. "I'll get them into the theater with that. I know what the public wants."

So they bought a salacious story and started production. Before it was finished the stockholders sacrificed their holdings in the company rather than go on with a proposition that was bringing no harvest.

Watson called Minnie and Pete into the office.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, smiling, "the final curtain is rung down. Finis."

In the silence that followed, Minnie thought she heard her own heart thumping. She was violently startled when Pete brought his fist down upon the table. "You're a pack of crooks!" he yelled, his face twisted and livid. "I'll run every one of you to jail."

Watson rose unsteadily. "Look here, Day," he warned, "I won't stand for any of your insults. I can't do it myself, but there are others here who will throw you out of my office."

Minnie turned to Pete. "Be quiet," she ordered in a strange, choking voice. "This concerns me more than it does you." She pointed to the door. "Please leave this office, Pete, and would you gentlemen kindly confer with my brother in his office? I want to be alone with Mr. Watson and Mr. Binns."

Pete rose and kicked the chair to one side. "Very well, young lady," he said in even tones, "you've played your last card with me, and now I'll get out and leave you at the mercy of these dirty crooks!"

Minnie made a nervous gesture toward the door to recall Pete, and then collapsed into a chair.

"I'm glad we're alone," Binns said. "We might be able to plan some way out of this for you."

MINNIE was staring dumbly into space. She leaned forward and bent her eyes upon Watson. "Does my husband know we've gone on the rocks?" she asked him. "Does—does he even suspect?"

He shook his head apologetically. "No one has been told. You see, Miss Day, we expected to use our last picture as collateral. When that was taken over for debts, we had nothing left."

She turned miserably toward Binns. "You had some inkling of this and yet you said nothing to me."

Sam Binns shrugged his shoulders.

"Those pictures I have made are horrible failures," she spoke bluntly. "I know I wanted to play in them—but it's too late now—those newspapers ridiculing me—that's what has hurt me more than if they had condemned me. The business is changing so. My type seems to have lost its appeal—they want new faces. Look here, Sam Binns, couldn't we keep this whole affair hushed up?"

"I'm sorry," Binns said, "but we'll never be able to keep it quiet. Reporters have been trying to get me on the phone for two days. The company will be in the hands of the receivers by Saturday."

Watson's secretary entered and called him into the outer office. Minnie rose suddenly and seized Binns's outstretched hand.

"Listen, Sam, if the other companies know how hard up I am they won't offer me a worth-while contract—and I'll have to be paid by the picture."

"But that might be the wisest thing to do," urged Binns.

Minnie had steadied herself. "Sam," she said quietly, "you think I'm through, that I've reached my heights—and now I'm going to start sliding down. Am I right?"

He evaded an answer. "But they're not going to lick me," she was saying. "I won't step down without putting up a fight. You know, if I accept a one-picture contract I cease to be a star and become a featured player, and then only the leading woman in support of a male star."

"But what will you do?" he interrupted. He wanted to hold out some hope for her. "Hal'd be the one to help you. If he would make a picture with you——"

Minnie dismissed this idea at once; she was afraid of Deane now. No, she would have to stand on her own legs and fight—fight with her intangible enemy, public favor!

"Sam, I'm going to make a complete confession to you: I'm thousands of dollars in debt and I don't think I can meet the next payment on the house."

"How much is already paid on it?"

"Thirty thousand."

He smiled encouragingly. "You're safe there. When's the payment due?"

"It's past due—ten thousand dollars."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Why experiment if your skin is beginning to age—if there are tired lines and wrinkles—if the complexion is sallow, blemished? You can be sure! You can start your complexion on the road to new youth and beauty, at once.

See what happens when you follow the Susanna Cocroft home treatment. Sleep in the astonishing silken mask and wake up with a new complexion! You will be delighted when you see the remarkable change after just one night.

New Kind of Silk Mask Brings New Beauty While You Sleep

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment. Just wear this sheer, specially treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion becomes smooth, fresh, radiant.

NO matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how sallow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transformation while you sleep.

Here is a scientifically correct silken mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear, smooth. A simple, silken mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Nothing quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy, of the structure of the skin and the face.

Now you can acquire a lovely complexion at little cost and with little trouble—acquire it—and keep it so.

What It Is and How It Works

The Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Skintone Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves worn over cold cream do for your hands overnight. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, except that the stimulating tonic cleans the face pores, and the special nourishing cream tones the skin and tissues. The silk of the mask is so sheer and porous that the tiny cells breathe through it.

Combined with this remarkable mask is the Susanna Cocroft treatment for beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours. You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

The Skintone Mask Treatment for
—clearing the complexion
—giving color to the cheeks
—firming sagging muscles
—filling out scrawny hollows
—lifting double chin
—building graceful neck
—removing tired lines and wrinkles
—closing enlarged pores
—resting tired eyes
—correcting excessive dryness
—correcting excessive oiliness
—whitening the skin
—AND—
The dainty mask is washable and can always be kept fresh and effective.

Susanna Cocroft
Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 110,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—as effective as a $100.00 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silken mask, combined with the treatment, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tonic stimulate the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the porous mask, and are nursed back to *blooming health.* Muscles are rejuvenated. Lines and pouches begin to smooth out. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

Send for Interesting Book and Special Offer

Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, while you sleep. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., 130 W. 31st Street, Dept. F-775, New York.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. F-775
130 W. 31st Street, New York City

I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

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Address ....

City.......................... State..........

Remove Cold Cream

this new way stage stars know

If you have been using towels to remove make-up, you will be glad to know of this new way that practically all actresses employ today.

They know the importance of a clear, charming complexion. They know that clean towels and rags often carry germs, bits of free soap caustic. And that these cause pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions.

This new way is Kleenex, a velvety soft absorbent made of Cellucotton. Today it is being used universally by women who want to have lovely skins. It is the *scientific* way to remove cold cream and cosmetics. It is sanitary, *nice*—and inexpensive.

Kleenex is so economical that after using it, you discard it—simply, without bother—just like a piece of tissue. Today, get Kleenex at all drug and department stores. A 25c box contains about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 inches)—enough for about a month.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

ALBRIGHT TOOTH BRUSH

A PRODUCT OF

RUBBERSET CO.

Penetrates into *every* crevice!

Ordinary tooth brushes do not prevent decay, because they only clean the even surfaces of the teeth. 4,118 dentists designed the Albright Tooth Brush with *widely-spaced, wedge-shaped tufts* of bristles to reach at the very seat of decay—*in between,* on the *uneven grinding surfaces,* and the *backs of the back teeth.*

More than 20,000 dentists now endorse the Albright Tooth Brush—*different* in design, *different* in results.

45¢ 35¢ 25¢

Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of YOUR tooth brush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue.

RUBBERSET CO., NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

Buy it in the Red Box

ALBRIGHT TOOTH BRUSH
RUBBERSET
ALBRIGHT

It gets in between—where decay begins

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"What other assets have you?"

"My cars—but the French car isn't paid for—in fact—well, I guess we'll have to turn it back."

"How about your jewelry? What can you get for that bracelet?" pointing to the diamond-and-sapphire bracelet on her wrist.

"Oh, I couldn't sell that. Gilbert gave it to me."

"Couldn't you pawn it?" he asked. "Here's the idea—you've got to raise enough money to make the payment on the house. Hollywood real estate is booming now. Put your house up at once for sale and try to get rid of half your cars. You can't support a garage; it's expensive business."

"Fortunately there's Gilbert's salary," she was saying. "He's been offered leads with every other star. He could get lots more than he does with me."

Binns evidently didn't hear.

"Do you know, Sam, that if I made one of those old sentimental comedy-dramas again, I think I could snap right back into public favor. They loved me in those chorus, country, shop-girl rôles. I wish our last picture was on that order. When it does get to the public, I'm afraid it's going to hurt me. There's too much sex in it."

"It wasn't a very sympathetic rôle for you, June, and Gilbert is the whole picture. But that's over with now—we're talking about the future."

The color had reached her temples. "I've got it!" she cried. "I know what I'm going to do," her voice rising in hysterical crescendo. "I'm going to make a picture with my own money! Following up on your idea of selling the house—this is how I see it: I'll probably get forty thousand dollars cash down, now the boom is on. The furniture ought to bring at least twenty-five thousand—my sable coat four thousand more—the chinchilla coat thirty-five hundred—the ermine twenty-five hundred. It won't be any trick at all to raise seventy-five or eighty thousand cash, and then——"

Sam brushed the black lock from his forehead. "If you do that, Mineola, you are lost."

Minnie recoiled slightly. "I don't see why," she argued. "I think it would be my salvation. A Cinderella picture is nearly always a box-office success."

"We are passing through a jazz phase now—Cinderella is tabu."

"Not with me in it," she repeated. "I'll spend ten thousand in publicity, get a good sympathetic director, and if I don't come back I'll—well, I just can't fail!"

BINNS saw no argument would change her; he determined to telegraph Hal Deane and see if his advice would keep Minnie from destroying herself. But Hal Deane had successfully drawn substantial English capital into his organization. He knew nothing of the collapse of the June Day Productions until he read of it in the American papers. A month later he was troubled when he read that June Day was to finance her own productions. The announcement absorbed three pages in the advertising section of the American picture magazines; her money had paid for them.

The advertisements carried a photograph of Minnie, and Deane sat there a long time studying it. She had been posed after the fashion of her first photographs. Resting on the finger of her right hand, so its bill caressed her cheek, was a stuffed white dove. The text read, "June Day returns in one of the old stories which made her beloved by her dear public."

In the same issue of the magazine Deane saw a photograph of Minnie, taken during the making of her last picture for the June Day Productions. It showed her in an elaborate evening gown, revealing arms and shoulders grown too plump. It was evident that Minnie's hair was bobbed, altho it was almost hidden under an elaborate hair-dress of rhinestones and aigrets. That moving-picture had been advertised as one of the greatest sex dramas ever made, had been given the glaring title of "Passionate Virgins," and was being released to the public through a second-rate company that dealt only in commercial monstrosities.

"It has come," Deane said to himself, "sooner than I expected. Poor little kid!"

When Beauregard came into his office he was laughing. He sat on Deane's desk and drew a letter from his pocket. "Alicia's written all the dirt from Hollywood. June's having a sweet time with Gilbert, and it looks like a break. I don't know whether Alicia is trying to kid me into being jealous or not, but she swears that Gilbert is madly in love with her." He tossed the letter toward Deane. "There's lots of laughs in it. You can read it if you want to."

"Thanks—I don't want to."

"What's the matter, Hal—still kind of stuck on her yourself!"

Hal Deane didn't answer him. He sat there lost in thought.

MINNIE'S heart was so heavy with the grief and worries that piled up relentlessly while she was making her picture that it was a desperate struggle to act the rôle of an innocent, happy young girl. Her enthusiasm and animation seemed utterly artificial.

Her close-ups were taken over and over again. All the skill of the cameraman was called upon to photograph Minnie so that she would look sixteen. The wig of curls helped disguise her coarsening neck, but the unmistakable signs of a too full chin and the sagging pockets at the corners of her mouth and under her eyes betrayed her. Her eyes had lost the expression of her youth and her full lips had thickened. Only the delicate, sensitive modeling of her nose seemed unchanged. Her skin was dry now and pleating around her eyes and mouth. In another year or so it would be necessary to have her face skinned. If she could only recover the indomitable and courageous spirit of her youth as easily.

During the making of this picture, Minnie was thrown into a panic as she watched the drain on her money. It seemed endless. For the first time she chafed under the many useless and trying delays, which cost so much. When she was not on the stage she spent her time in Binns's office checking over the voucher-slips.

Binns warned her that if they cut corners too close the production would suffer. But the thousands already spent assumed such terrifying proportions that she lost all intelligent judgment and made unwise economical moves which proved later to be ugly, sharp-edged boomerangs.

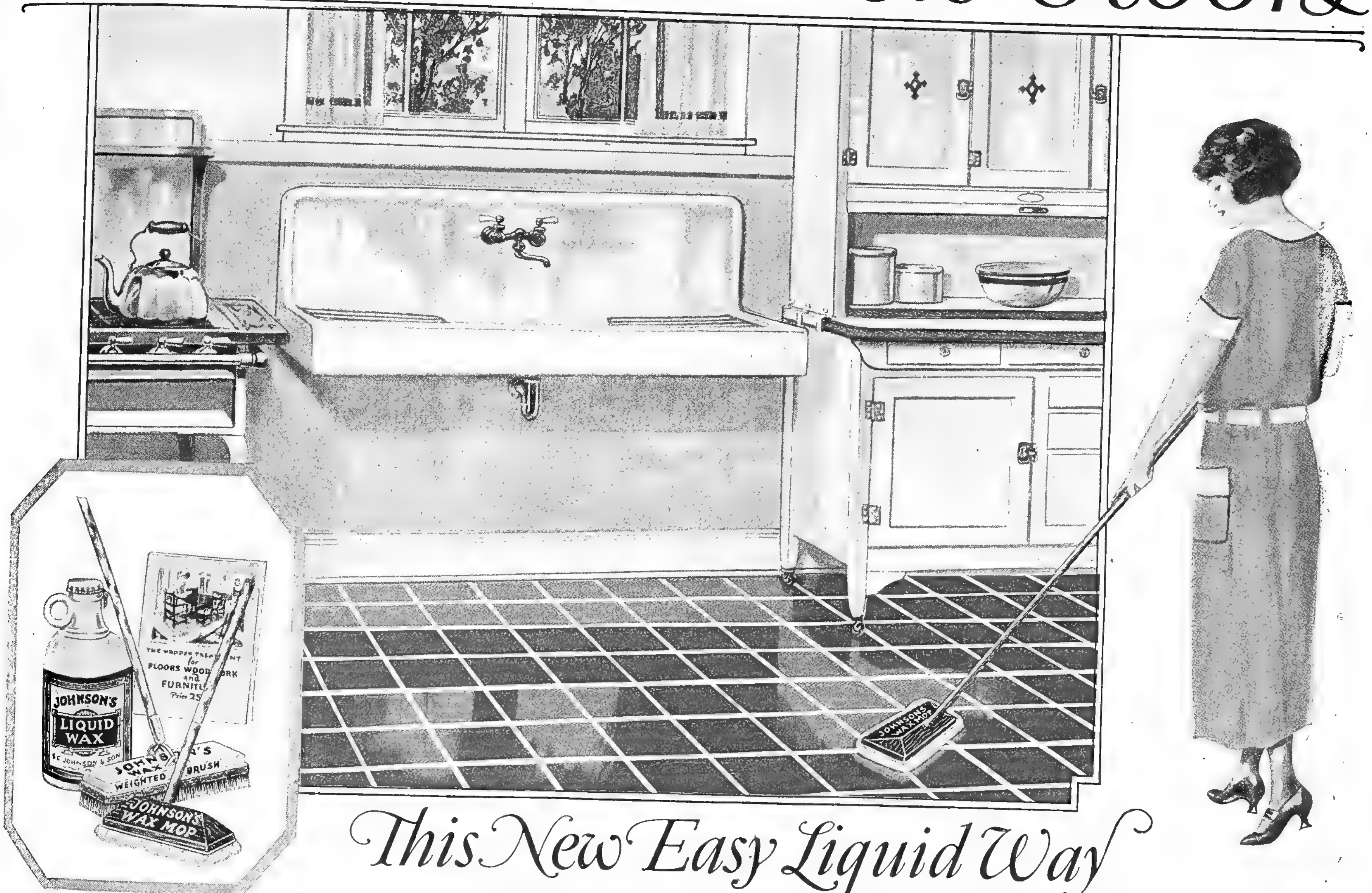
At night she tossed and turned in burning fever. Often she would rise, switch on the lights, and pour herself a glass of whisky. Strong, biting whisky that Pete was getting from the Hollywood bootleggers. It made her sleep; but in the mornings her head would pound and ache so badly that not even an absinth frappé would relieve it.

Gilbert's lack of sympathy and understanding hurt her deeply. They never saw each other during the days after he ceased having luncheon in her dressing-room. In the evenings he was seldom home. Jimmy told her that Gilbert was spending his time with Alicia Adams. Everybody in Hollywood knew it but June. Was she blind that she hadn't seen?

That evening Gilbert telephoned that he wouldn't be home for dinner—he was working. Minnie knew without getting in touch with the studio that he was not telling the truth. At eleven o'clock she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Beautiful Waxed Floors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S. C. JOHNSON & SON
THE PROPER TREATMENT for FLOORS WOODWORK and FURNITURE Price 25¢
JOHNSON'S WAX WEIGHTED BRUSH
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This New Easy Liquid Way

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit—$5.00

It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum. This Outfit consists of:

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson's Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying	.25
A Saving of $1.65!	$6.65

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of a nearby dealer who can.

Any store displaying this sign can furnish the above outfit. These stores also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes

SERVICE DEPARTMENT
JOHNSON'S ARTISTIC WOOD FINISHES

Your linoleum will look more beautiful—clean much easier—and last years longer if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Liquid Wax. It brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and imparts a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent surface which washes off like glass.

Wash new inlaid linoleum as soon as laid with a mild soap. Then apply a coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Wax Mop and polish with a Weighted Floor Brush.

Of this treatment a famous linoleum manufacturer says in his advertising: "Linoleum so treated mellows and gets better looking. It will wear for years and years. With this care a linoleum floor is practically permanent and always beautiful. Waxing makes frequent washing unnecessary and is the easiest way."

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum recommend Johnson's Liquid Wax. Here's what one of the best known linoleum manufacturers says: "A linoleum floor will never need refinishing. It does not require scrubbing. It will be the easiest of all floors to clean—if you *wax* it. The waxing is easy, simple and inexpensive."

The new Johnson method makes the waxing of floors mere child's play. It takes only a few minutes—requires no stooping—and you don't need to touch your hands to the floor or the wax.

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal household polish—for floors of wood, tile, rubber or linoleum. For furniture, woodwork, white enamel, leather. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—in one operation.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON *"The Wood Finishing Authorities"* RACINE, WISCONSIN
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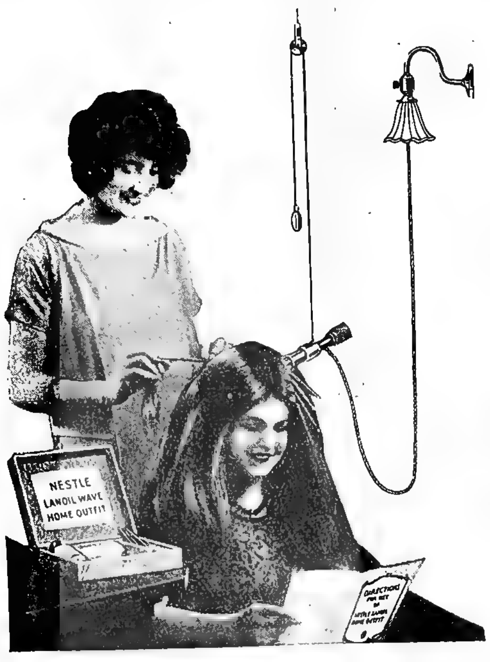

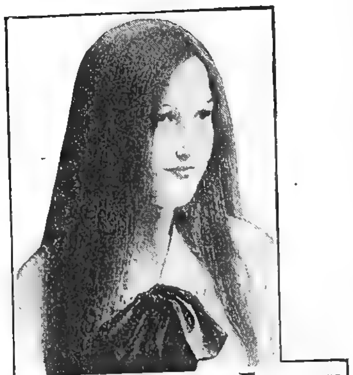
After Your Shampoo-FORMERLY

After Your Shampoo-Now

A Few Pleasant Hours Bring Thrilling Results

SUPPOSE you *try* the LANOIL Process in your hair. With our well-known arrangement for its free trial, *you* can lose nothing, while on the other hand, success (and the *usual* result IS charming success), means freedom to you forever from slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling irons. It means a head of lovely hair that *of itself* forms waves and curls and teasing little ringlets. It means that for the first time in your life you will be able to work or dance in warm rooms, walk in the misty night air, bathe at shore or mountain-side, and *all the time*, enjoy that delightful sense of confidence and pride in your hair, so familiar in women born with natural waviness.

It Is Simple and Safe

The dainty apparatus illustrated above is fun to operate. Send for it, and see for yourself! The pleasant treatment it imparts in your own home is the same famous LANOIL Process practised at the great Nestle Establishments in New York. The procedure is fascinating—yet simple. Easy, illustrated directions go with each set. Hair that is "straight as a poker" is transformed quickly, and with absolute safety, into attractive and healthy waves and curls that resist shampooing, salt-water bathing, fog, perspiration or rain, just like naturally wavy hair. And the cost is only $15.

Free Trial Supplies in Each Outfit

Send for a LANOIL Outfit, and see these results for yourself. We give you free supplies, and thirty days to test it on your hair, and we take all responsibility for your success.

If you want further explanations about the Nestle LANOIL Process, write for our free booklet and testimonial photographs. But on the other hand, you may have the Home Outfit itself immediately *on our 30 days' trial basis* with all literature included. Enclose with your letter or the coupon below a money order, check, or bank draft, for $15, or, if preferable, pay the postman, when the Outfit arrives.

Should you decide within 30 days that your waves do not meet with your expectations, you need only return the Outfit. The entire $15 will be refunded immediately, without a cent deduction for postage, trial supplies, or use of the Outfit.

Nestle's have been established in permanent waving in New York and London since 1905, and have been selling the little Home Outfit in this way since 1922. Many thousands of women, and girls, and even children of twelve and thereabouts have written us gratefully about it. Some enclose photographs showing their exquisite results. Send today for this wonderful Home Outfit. It will last a lifetime, and can be used on as many heads as you desire.

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Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
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Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

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12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

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OR, check HERE.................if only free booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here..............................

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

called for her car, then drove to a corner near Alicia Adams's home. She walked noiselessly through the garden. As she approached the house she heard the scuffling of dancing feet, and a phonograph playing popular jazz. The tears sprang to her eyes.

"Well, anyway, it's a party," she said almost aloud. "I was afraid I'd find them alone."

Suddenly there came over her a longing to see her husband, so she tiptoed to the window and peered in. The shades were slightly drawn. Alicia was in Gilbert's arms, and they were dancing to the slow measures of a one-step. The music ceased and, laughing, Gilbert drew Alicia away from the others. Minnie heard a door slam. Then their voices suddenly exploded at her elbow! Minnie thought they would surely hear the wild beating of her heart, tho she knew that the shadows enveloped her. But she heard the caressing tone in Gilbert's voice, and when she leaned stiffly forward she saw Alicia fling herself into Gilbert's arms in a long, passionate embrace.

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert!" Minnie cried out in a voice unfamiliar to her own ears. "Gilbert!"

They sprang apart and stood there defiant, yet plainly terrified. "You—you liar!" Minnie cried. "You cheat! And I loved you so and trusted you! And me working like a dog—sick, I tell you! Oh, Gilbert, how could you when you know how I love you?"

Alicia took one step toward the door. The moonlight falling upon the brilliant sequin gown lent a splendid radiance to the skulking figure. It caught Minnie's eyes.

She darted toward Alicia with the same direct flight that a hawk takes in his certain felling of a wild canary. She screamed and dug her nails into Alicia's soft flesh.

Gilbert felt himself jostled by the crowd that had rushed to the veranda at the first outcry. Alicia fled into the house. Attracted by the screams, the curious outside world pushed past the iron gates into the garden.

"What's happened?" they cried when Minnie stepped into the light, still jabbering incoherently. Gilbert was dragging her by the arm toward her car as the chauffeur, recognizing her voice, drove into the garden.

"Get out of the way!" Gilbert called as they crowded around him, jostling his elbow. "It's nothing."

He opened the door of the car, and threw her in a crumpled heap onto the floor of the tonneau. "It's nothing, I tell you. She has had too much to drink. Now are you satisfied?" he yelled at them.

GILBERT'S rage was tempered by the hope that he now could get rid of Minnie. He was confident that because she had made a public show of herself she alone would be condemned.

He whetted his anger as he drove home and during the hour that it took to pack his trunks. Several times he stopped at Minnie's door, but he heard no sounds other than the heavy breathing of her Pekingese dog. She could be asleep or dead, for all he cared.

Minnie was standing in her room close to his door, listening to the mechanical business of his packing. She had moments of intense relief when she thought, "I'm glad to get rid of him; he's brought me nothing but unhappiness. I despise him."

He was strapping his suitcases when she came into his room.

"Oh, don't go away to-night, Gilbert!" she cried. "Let's not make any hasty decision."

He wheeled around and faced her, and a foul oath fell from his lips.

"Don't speak to me like that and don't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in Our Gang Comedies produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe

Freckles

Funny in the Movies
Embarrassing in Real Life

No one need be embarrassed by freckles. For 35 years a preparation has been known and used the world over that restores skin to milky whiteness.

You will marvel at the quick way in which freckles disappear and sallow, tanned or blotchy complexions are whitened and freshened by Stillman's Freckle Cream. One jar will prove it to you. Smooth its cool fragrance on your skin at bedtime, secretly if you like. Sure results follow.

Free if you are not satisfied

Stillman's Freckle Cream has a double action. Freckles are gently dissolved away and the skin whitened at the same time. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. At druggists and department stores, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Free booklet tells what your particular type needs to look best. Introduces other Stillman toilet articles. If you buy $3 worth (other than freckle cream) we give you $1.50 bottle perfume free. The Stillman Co., 1 Rosemary lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Double Action
REMOVES FRECKLES
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Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" in plain envelope.

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I Want 700 Agents At $90.00 a week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15.00 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our **New Plans.** Simply introduce and take orders for famous **World's Star Hosiery and Underwear** sold direct from mill to home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady, big income. No delivering or collecting. No capital required.

Write Quick It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Your profits begin at once. Exclusive territory. No experience needed. Write today and I'll send all facts and tell how to start **Free.** *(Established 29 years.)*

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A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are *you* making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not bothered with perspiration moisture that you cannot offend with its unpleasant odor?

Creme Odorono destroys every trace of odor without checking perspiration. Apply any time or before going out. Effective for all day or evening. Can be used as often as desired—absolutely harmless.

Creme Odorono is delightful to use, vanishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft and fragrant. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c.

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Please send me free sample
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Beautiful home dyeing and tinting are guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes." Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally, preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

look at me—as—as if you hated me! Oh, Gilbert!"

The moment he turned his back all her resolves to control her emotions were forgotten. Sobbing, she flung herself upon him, locking her arms around his waist.

He struck at her clenched hands. "Let me go, or I'll break every bone in your body!" he cried.

"Listen to me, Gilbert. Don't scream so; the servants will hear you. I'm sorry for what I did to-night, but it drove me almost crazy when I saw her in your arms. And I've always been such a good wife to you."

"Oh, listen to her." And his laughter was bitter denunciation. "Good wife—you've got your nerve to pull anything like that on me when I caught you and Hal Deane holding hands on our wedding-night!"

"Oh, Gilbert, you know you're the only man I've ever loved."

His mocking laughter cut her deeply. "I suppose you said the same thing to your first husband when you kicked him out—and to all your lovers since."

She unlocked her hands and reeled back against a chair. His cane fell to the floor with a light clatter. Slowly Minnie leaned down, picked it up, and struck him a stinging, glancing blow. Then his fist shot out and she found herself groping through engulfing darkness, the roar of a terrifying vacuum in her ears. Against the chaotic, intangible sounds, the sharp, clear fall of Gilbert's footsteps on the stairs—on the steps outside—the whir of the motor on his car—and he was gone—forever.

She lay there certain that death would soon relieve her—no human body could survive the pain pulsing in her crushed cheek, the open wound in her heart.

The sharp echo of the telephone-bell brought Minnie to sudden consciousness. She groped her way to the table. "Gilbert!" she cried out as she took the receiver off the hook.

"June, it's mama," came Mrs. Flynn's voice. "I'm sorry to wake you up, dearie, but I got good news for you."

"Good news—oh, what good news?"

"The baby's come—nine pounds! It's a boy, Minnie. Net's doing grand. Run over the first thing in the morning, dear. I'm all wore out, so you telegraph Al for me. You know how I hate to figure out telegrams. He's playing Kansas City."

"All right, Mama—tell Net I'm glad it's over with. I've got to hang up—I—my head's aching something fierce."

A YEAR of hardships followed. For weeks before Minnie's picture, "The Idyls of Youth," reached the public the newspapers carried the scandal of her second divorce. Stories of her dissipations had been so broadcast that the audiences resented what seemed in her picture to be a sly masking of her true character. Some of the theater-owners in the small towns refused to show the picture. One whole State barred it.

Hollywood buzzed with the gossip of Minnie's downfall. When she sold her house and all her cars but one, it felt sorry for her, but in its hectic fight for success it had little time for sympathy.

False pride had always played such a sinister part in Minnie's life. Her determination not to let Gilbert know how she was suffering, once she was certain she had lost him, drove her to vulgar stupidities. She was often seen in public, always in fast company, the gayest, the noisiest in the party. The "nice" people of the studio no longer knew her, but there were always parasites ready to be fed so long as she had anything to offer.

Pete was making money as a bootlegger. Sometimes he paid Minnie a commission when a friend of hers gave him an order, but he never had any money to lend her.

Nettie had gone to join Al on his tour, leaving the baby with her mother.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

There is the Caress of Soothing Almond in Princess Pat Complexion Powder

Not only does this New Ingredient give a softer, more clinging powder, but one that guards against coarse pores, blackheads and dryness

PRINCESS PAT Face Powder is a *departure*, something different. Every woman will want to try it because of newness alone. This natural curiosity can be gratified by sending for free sample. One of the things you will discover is that Princess Pat stays on as never a powder did before.

Now as to the New Ingredient which *accounts* for Princess Pat being so different. It is Almond, and it replaces the rice or cornstarch of familiar use in face powder. It has been possible with Almond to produce an entirely new degree of *fineness*. This, in turn, gives greater smoothness. These *outward* evidences of a delightful powder are noticeable immediately.

But of immensely greater importance is the *beneficial* effect of Princess Pat. Heretofore, women have not expected powder to *improve* the skin. It was not definitely made with that result in view.

How Princess Pat Powder Benefits the Skin

Here you have the idea which *identifies* Princess Pat—the idea of abandoning the starch formulas, handed down from grandmother's days, and finding in Nature's storehouse *a new powder base!* Almond suggested itself above all things else. It is good for the skin, in lotions and creams. Its many virtues are known to every woman. And now the difficult problem of using Almond for Princess Pat Powder is an accomplished fact. The new process is exclusive with Princess Pat. You will not find the Almond Base in any other powder.

A frequent cause of coarse pores and blackheads is eliminated by Princess Pat Powder. The greatest medical authorities have found that starchy substances in face powder swell in the pores under the influence of the skin's combined heat and moisture. Physicians prefer *other* than starchy powders for dusting skin surfaces when all possibility of irritation must be prevented.

Thus Princess Pat Face Powder—containing no starch—fulfills the latest requirements of science. It cannot, through fermentation, cause blackheads or roughened skin texture. The most tender skin gratefully accepts Princess Pat, no matter how often or freely it is used.

Thus Princess Pat Powder is to be preferred for two reasons. Its inimitable fineness and soft, velvety texture are a revelation as powder is *ordinarily* judged. And the presence of Almond aids materially in keeping the skin soft, pliant and flawless. Often coarse pores and blackheads are corrected with no more effort than a few weeks' use of Princess Pat Powder.

Princess Pat

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An interview with a Fifth Avenue hairdresser:

"My Secret—? A touch of henna in the shampoo

for the hair of *blonde or brunette,* to bring out *all* its natural *lustre."*

THE *beau monde* of Paris and the social world of New York acknowledge him a master of his art.

"Madame desires—?" His bow was perfect.

"Tell me. What do you use that works such miracles with the hair? How do you give it such freshness, such life, such lustre? What is your secret?"

"My secret? It is hardly that. It is known to every woman who makes of beauty a cult. It is simple. *A touch of henna in the shampoo."*

"Henna?" I confess I was surprised.

"Ah madame," he said, quickly, "I know what you think—what many think. But in every art are refinements. Some misuse them, but the artist gives them their subtle values. So it is with henna. The artist puts just a suggestion of its warmth into the shampoo, and with it touches madame's hair. The effect is magical!

"That is beautifully said, monsieur," I could not help exclaiming, "but the color of the hair—does it change?"

"But no madame! The blonde remains a blonde, the brunette, a brunette. But the transformation! Ah! After the *shampoo with a touch of henna* the hair of each is radiant with its own natural lustre, and with more!

"All women do not know, madame, what a wealth of undiscovered beauty their hair holds for them if they would only bring it out with *a touch of henna in the shampoo."*

"And you would recommend that every woman use it?"

"Every woman—provided she can obtain the properly blended *shampoo with a touch of henna."*

* * *

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO combines *a touch of henna,* scientifically prepared and proportioned, with pure, cleansing vegetable oils.

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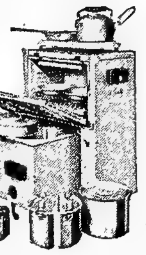

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in the foot-bath daily, and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. When shaken into the shoes, **Allen's Foot=Ease** takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns and bunions, prevents blisters and sore spots. It is a toilet necessity. *Full directions on box.*

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Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll Sent **Free.** *Address,*

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Sold by All Drug and Department Stores

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

Minnie couldn't afford the expense of a separate establishment, so they all crowded into her apartment.

The day Gilbert left Hollywood for New York to play opposite Alicia Adams in the advertised Colossal Photo Drama that she was making for a new company, Minnie gave the wildest party ever held in a beach road-house. Only the sporting element of the studios attended, and a few outsiders, who came out of curiosity. She had made a thousand dollars playing the part of an unregenerated girl in a picture whose story was a parallel of her own life. She had so fitted the rôle that the managers of the studio were unstinted in their praise. To be hostess at a wild party would help her to forget. What a fool she was to still grieve over Gilbert when there were a dozen men she could choose from, two of them rising young actors, one who was certainly madly in love with her!

As she was leaving her apartment she was called to the telephone by Beauregard, who had just arrived in Hollywood. "Oh, George," she cried out, "I can't tell you how happy I am that you're back here again! I'm giving a perfectly wonderful party to-night—you've just got to come. Tell me, aren't you just a little bit eager to see me?"

He answered "Yes," but he was only curious. He had seen on the screen the cruel tricks maturity was playing her.

There were moments in Minnie's life when her beauty did not seem to be lost. Brilliantine added luster to her dulling red hair. The straight lines of a gown hid her hips; the low-cut bodice of a gown revealed her arms and shoulders, still white and smooth.

When Beauregard saw her he laughed at all the accounts he had heard of her lost beauty. And Minnie read in his eyes a rekindling infatuation. Another chance—what did it matter if she had to pay for it? What had she to lose now—when there was everything to be gained?

DEANE was packed and ready to leave for California when he heard of Minnie's contract to make two pictures for Beauregard. He was conscious of resentment that she had not called upon him, that she had wantonly brushed him aside for a man like Beauregard. Futile and terrible sacrifice! The thought of her having fallen so low sickened him, and for weeks he walked abroad in a fever of spiritual rebellion. Why did so many of the women about him in the motion-picture world throw away their birthright for the evanescent things of life?

In a letter to Sam Binns he wrote: "Keep your eye on the little girl and help her when she needs it. You and I can settle accounts when we meet again. I've changed my plans about going West. An Italian company has offered me a picture with a setting in Rome. Write me there, care of the American Express. I'll want to know. Can't help it, Sam. Life plays queer tricks on us, doesn't it?"

It was several months before Deane heard from Sam Binns. The letter had followed him through Spain and into Morocco, where he had been taking scenes at Tangier.

"Hal," the letter ran, "I've just left Mineola, and the poor girl's had a tough time of it. You probably know by now that the pictures Beauregard made with her were only fair. He gave her no contract, and lied about starring her. She was only mentioned as one of the supporting cast.

"This was the last blow, and she was powerless to protest. She broke off relations with Beauregard and began to go the pace—wild parties with the scum of Hollywood, and then one night a raid. Her brother Pete was arrested. They landed him, dead to rights, as a boot-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

He Wanted More Money He Has It

Four years ago W. D. Kirkland of Arkansas was looking for a chance to better himself.

He had a steady job that paid him well, but he could see no future in it. And it was his future that he was most concerned about.

He had heard that other men, and women too, had developed a business of their own by establishing themselves as the magazine subscription representative of their town. He had heard about the money these men and women were making, which was far in excess of his own salary. And he decided to give the magazine subscription business a trial—in his spare time.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

legger. She had the best defense she could buy for him, but he was sent up. The last time I saw her she was taking care of Pete's wife, Elsie. I begged Mineola to send her to a hospital, but was told to mind my own business.

"Come home, Hal, if you want to help her. She needs it now. I really don't know which way she is going to turn. She won't listen to me. The producers give her all the opportunities they can, but her pathetic, arrogant vanity alone remains unperturbed."

The letter was written in November. It was already February. Deane had just begun a new picture which would take him to Egypt. He must finish it. Ten weeks before the final scene would be shot, three weeks longer before the picture was ready for the market. Frantically he cabled Binns, "Cabling money Hollywood trust provide Minnie sufficient funds returning late Summer writing."

The money remained untouched in the bank, slowly accumulating interest.

The Sam Binns company moved to New York, and the last link between Minnie and Deane was broken. Others wrote to him, but no word from her. What had become of her? Why had she refused his help?

FOR months Deane lay ill of a fever in Marseilles; typhoid, contracted on the Mediterranean boat that he had taken from Egypt. Terrible weeks dragged by, bringing him no word of Minnie. He found an occasional paragraph in the Los Angeles paper he had ordered; her name infrequently mentioned as one of a cast supporting some star. A report of her broken engagement with an assistant director. Her broken engagement with a character actor. A reported engagement to a man known in the studios as Harry LeVere. Deane remembered him, a rat-eyed, loose-jowled dancing man. Deane stared at the paper. Some mistake, no doubt.

Then a pitiful note came from her:

"I was all broken up when your letter reached me telling me about your terrible illness. I can't write to you, Hal. Try to understand. Don't come to California, but don't forget me. You are all I have left. Mama is with Nettie and Al in Chicago, where he's got a pretty good job in a stock company. I don't know where Jimmy is; I haven't heard from him for a year, since he went off to Paris. Elsie died in the county hospital when Pete got five years added for trying to break jail. Kind of a rotten exit for the Flynns, isn't it? But it's all in a lifetime, I guess. I won't write again. I'm not much good at writing. You know I will never forget you."

"Minnie, Minnie!" he cried. "At last you need me!"

While he was packing his bags a strip of newspaper fell to the floor: "Reported engagement of ex-star to Harry LeVere, dancer." He must hurry. What was Minnie doing? Where was she now?

It was well he could not see her, standing outside of a Los Angeles dance-hall waiting for Harry LeVere.

When the doors opened to admit a pushing group, Minnie could hear above the shuffling of feet the arpeggios of nasal-voiced instruments, the lugubrious whining of the saxophones, and the persistent emphasis of drums.

When the doors pounded together and the music became a muted echo Minnie was conscious of a physical loss, as if a warm cloak had been suddenly whipped from off her shoulders. She shuddered and leaned against the ornate post. No one passing could perceive her now.

A brisk wind blowing across the ocean sent its long streamers of mist over the city. It infolded Minnie, and she found its visible but elusive contact stark cold and strangely terrifying. With a shudder she put her bare hands

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

NOW—a new table Salt that prevents Goiter

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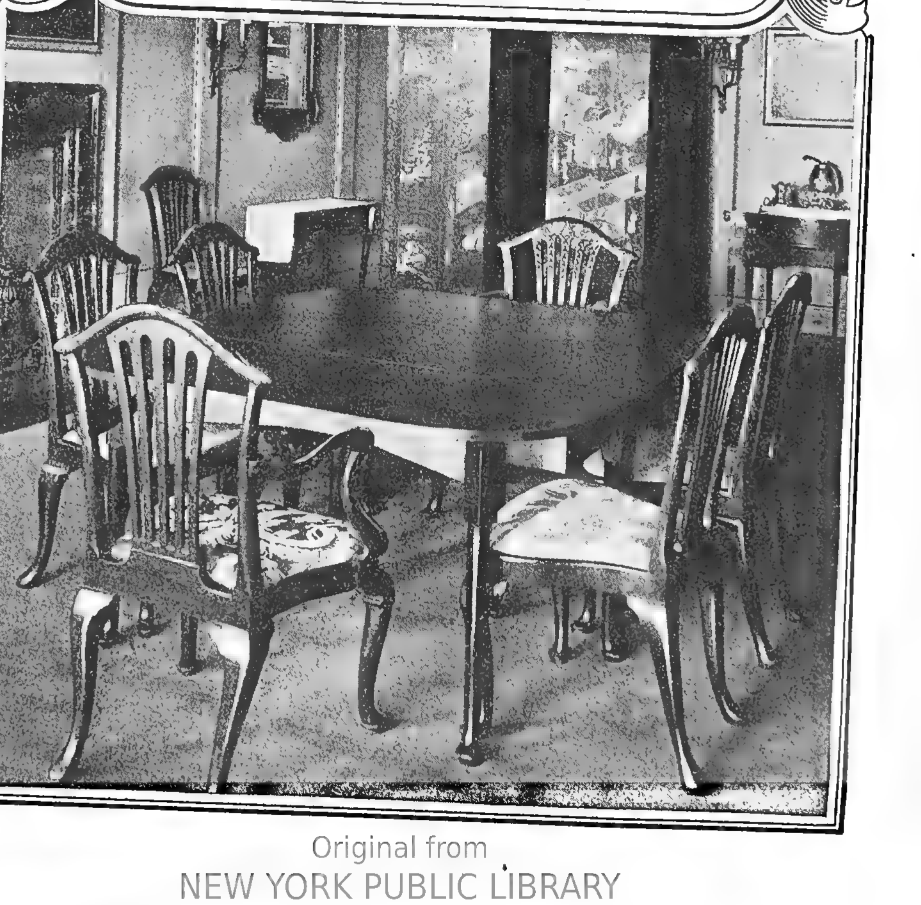

How modern women keep their youth and vitality
What is feminine hygiene?

Full facts on feminine hygiene are given in the "Library of Health." Sent free on request.

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The antiseptic which your physician will advocate for feminine hygiene is "Lysol" Disinfectant—the standard antiseptic in hospitals and with physicians everywhere.

The choice of your antiseptic is, of course, of the utmost importance. Inferior preparations can do you actual harm. Your antiseptic must be safe from *these two standpoints:* It must assure you *complete* antisepsis—else it is useless. It must be free from acids and alkalies that cause irritation.

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"Lysol," although it is three times stronger than carbolic acid, is so blended that in proper proportion it is more soothing and lubricating—less irritating—than fine toilet soap. Its effect is protective and comforting. It leaves the feeling of general well-being.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

into the pockets of her coat. Her hands, clammy with cold, felt the pawn-ticket and the twenty-dollar bill. Twenty dollars. It made her sick all over. After that—what?

A little man, gray and round-shouldered, stopped under the portico to light a cigaret. His coat was shabby and he wore no gloves. His hands had large, gnarled veins in them. Above a shabby collar his neck protruded, red-grooved, with sparse mouse-colored hair growing unkempt upon it. So like Michael Flynn. Under one arm he carried an umbrella. "Oh, Papa!" Minnie cried aloud, lifted by swift emotion out of her surroundings into the past.

Her sudden voice startled the stranger and he peered around through watery-blue eyes, his head cocked on one side in a timid, querulous attitude.

"Papa!" but the cry was choked this time in Minnie's heart, and the blinding tears that sprang to her eyes distorted the form before her out of all semblance to her haunting memory. The man saw coming from the shadows the swaying figure of a woman. "Say, I bet I gave you a start, but I took you for somebody I used to know," she said.

A high staccato laugh broke suddenly from the little man. He took one step toward her and leered into her face. Then he hurried away to mingle with the passers-by. Minnie stood staring after him.

It was as if her own father had hurt her and she found herself crying with bitter reproach, "Oh, Papa, how could you when I want you and I need you so!"

The night was full of ghosts, and there rose before Minnie the white sepulcher where Michael Flynn rested upon a pillow of carved onyx. There he slept undisturbed under the weight of glittering marble, in a white house at the end of a long line of drooping pepper-trees—stillness and peace—in a quiet corner against the warm shoulder of a mountain.

Minnie thought of this, and a new vision came to wipe out and destroy the ugliness of the live thing's face. How terrible the night was! It made her draw her coat around her. Her blue ungloved hands fumbled with the buttons. They sought the refuge of those gaping pockets. The twenty-dollar bill and the pawn-ticket.

Harry LeVere came swinging around the corner with the quick, springing step which so characterized him. "Hello, hon," he cried when he caught sight of her. "What you doin'—star-gazin'?"

"Oh, Harry!" And then she felt the quick pressure of his arm as it linked hers. "I don't want to go in and dance to-night—really, I don't."

"Don't be an egg, hon. Come on, now; remember what you promised me."

His hand, groping for hers in the wide pocket, found the twenty-dollar bill. He pulled it out and with an eager gesture held it up to the electric light. A long, shrill whistle followed. "Boy!" he cried, slapping her a resounding whack between the shoulder-blades. "We'll knock 'em for a goal to-night. Come on in, hon; we'll knock 'em dead."

The doors yawned like a huge mouth when they opened and closed again.

He leaned over and whispered in Minnie's ear. And then they both laughed, but Minnie's laughter was hollow. It echoed through her own ears.

NOON-HOUR was scattering the extras to the near-by cafés and lunch-counters. The iron gates of the huge Western Studio were swung open, and a motley crowd flowed through them. Deane stood beside the watchman, searching among the unfamiliar faces for Minnie. The human tide ebbed past him, clowns, cowboys, old men, convicts, children, wantons, preachers, models. But where was Minnie Flynn? What channel of escape had she chosen? They had told him he would find her among the crowd. Had she passed him by?

Minnie was playing a small part in Bacon's picture. Bacon had dismissed the people from his set a few minutes before Deane's arrival. Letcher, fat, laughing Letcher, was still the assistant director. It galled Deane to see him unchanged. Why did life beat its ugly bruises upon the bodies and souls of some and then pass others by?

"For the love of Mike, Deane," Letcher had said, "I didn't suppose you'd even remember her. Wait till you see her! She looks like the breaking up of a hard Winter!" When he saw Deane's face darkening, "What do you think her latest stunt?—sore because she couldn't have her own dressing-room.

"Time does stick a pin in their toy balloons, all right, all right. They come and go. There's Alicia Adams. Look at her now—the talk of the whole country! Got a wise head on her, too. When she caught Carlton cheating at cards she kicked him out. She's here now. Just bought the old Day place. Bacon got a bid to some swell party she's giving—to royalty! She danced with the Prince of Wales when he was out here. Had a slant at her yet?"

Deane had seen her, but he didn't answer; he turned away to check an inclination to bury his fist in Letcher's throat and stop that idiotic laughter. As he walked hurriedly through the studio yards, he sidestepped swiftly to avoid being struck by a car, a canary-yellow motor with a crest on the door—Alicia Adams.

MINNIE hated the studio lunch-room. She seldom went there because it was filled with people she had known. She hated the cafeterias and eating beside the extras.

Not far from the studio was a Chinese chop-suey parlor. The main room was a dingy rococo affair, noisy with the clatter of many alien tones, but there were dark booths in back of that room curtained off by swaying rice screens. One of these booths was reserved every noon for Minnie.

She was always alone, except on the days when she wasn't working. Then she couldn't afford to be alone; somebody came with her to pay the bill. How grateful she was for work, for that quiet hour in this isolated retreat! She liked to be there, sipping the acrid, stimulating tea, tempting her lagging appetite with pungent Chinese foods.

Tim Gow often talked to her. He meant well, good fat old man, with a sagging head and inscrutable eyes lit with mysticism. Tim Gow knew. He brought every day to her table a fortune-telling game that came from Hongkong, his native home. She shook the long bamboo shafts and let them fall one by one upon the table in front of her.

"Well, Chinkie, what do you see in your silly old bamboos for me to-day? Plenty good luck, eh?"

"Heap plenty good luck bimeby—maybe."

"Always maybe."

"Velly solly. Heap luck come bimeby. Bamboo say catchem velly good man. You savee velly good man?"

"If I ever saw a good man again, Chinkie, I'd drop dead. All right, and, say, lots of tea, Chinkie. Don't forget—quarter if you keep that old piano off. I'm nervous to-day, savvy?"

When Tim Gow slippered softly away from her she leaned wearily against the cool wall—a strange, disordered figure. She was conscious of a slight effort to raise the gay blue bowl to her lips. "How tired I am!" She scarcely glanced up when Tim Gow entered. "What you want, Chinkie?"

There was a musical cadence in Tim Gow's thin voice, like half-notes on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

“Doubles” *the beauty of your hair*

Try this quick and simple method of shampooing, which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure.

It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and appear much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
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COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO
ALCOHOL 3%
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THE R.L.WATKINS COMPANY
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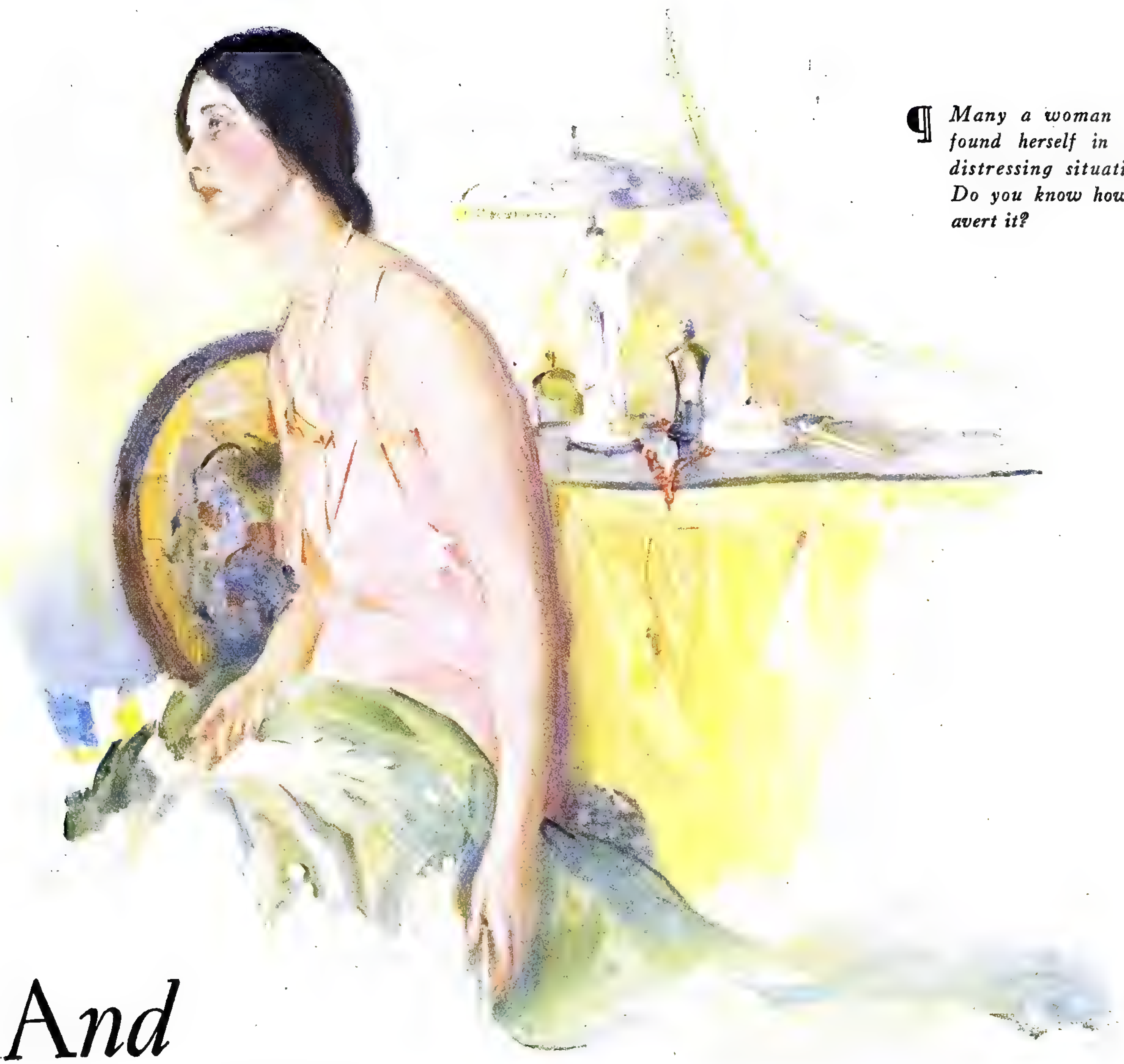
Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



¶ *Many a woman has found herself in this distressing situation. Do you know how to avert it?*

And the pity of it is . . . it need never have happened

ALL her time and money and work gone for nothing! The dress was *ruined*—its pretty color faded and streaked in a single washing. If she had only made it of Everfast—it could even have been boiled, without fading it a particle.

For, Everfast fabrics are fast to washing and boiling, fast to the strongest soaps and washing powders, fast to sunlight, fast to perspiration, fast to everything. That is the tremendously satisfactory thing about Everfast—it is fast color under all conditions.

So sure are we of this, that every Everfast fabric is sold under the following guarantee:

If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason whatsoever, we will refund through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but all making costs of the garment as well.

And you have such lovely Everfast fabrics from which to choose! Exquisite voiles, linens, ginghams (plain and checked), suitings, poplins, broadcloths and other smart weaves, many exclusive to Everfast.

They are suitable for frocks and gowns of every kind and for every occasion—garden parties, teas, sports, street wear, house and porch dresses—and even for lingerie too. And they are just as appropriate for children's clothes, for dress-up, school or play.

You'll love the colors, of which there is a wide, wide range. Soft blues and browns and those of the deeper tones, gorgeous hues of yellow and gold, lavenders, orchids, rose and pink—and others too numerous to name.

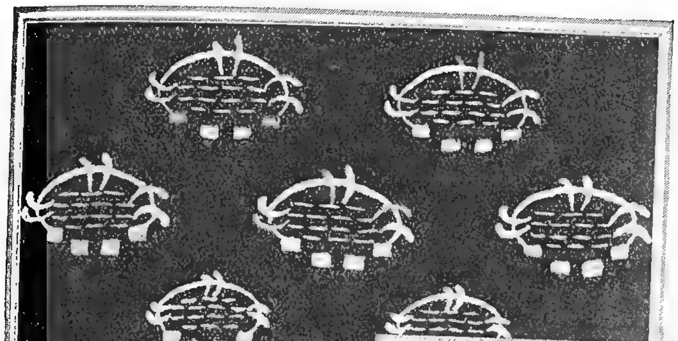
Everfast Wash Fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary cotton materials. And yet how much more they give you! This year, make all your clothes of Everfast—the fabrics that will not fade. Your favorite store probably sells Everfast Wash Fabrics and ready-made apparel of Everfast. If not, write us and we will direct you to one who does.

Look for the name Everfast on the selvage.
N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*

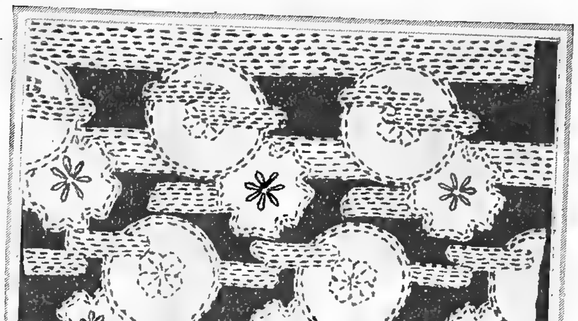
THE GENUINE
Everfast Wash Fabrics

Attractive and Simple Embroideries for Summer Frocks



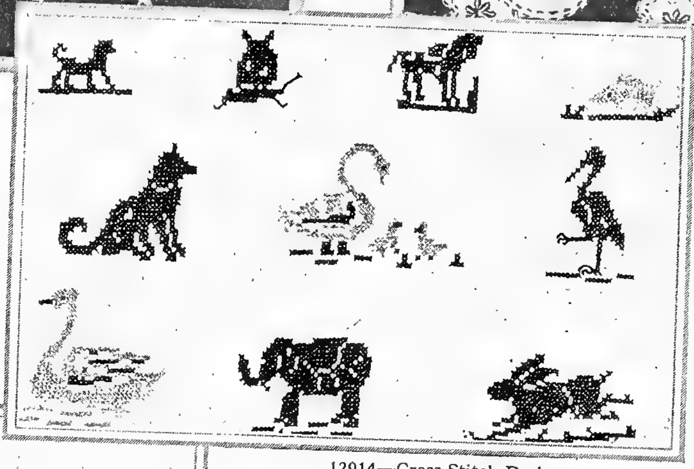
12889—Motifs for Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12889, blue or yellow, furnishes three yards of 9¾-inch border and 8 each of two motifs, 2½ and 3¼ inches high. This is a suitable design for frocks and blouses in a combination of colors, or it may be used on scarf ends for tables and dressers. If perferred, bone buttons may be used in place of the solid squares.



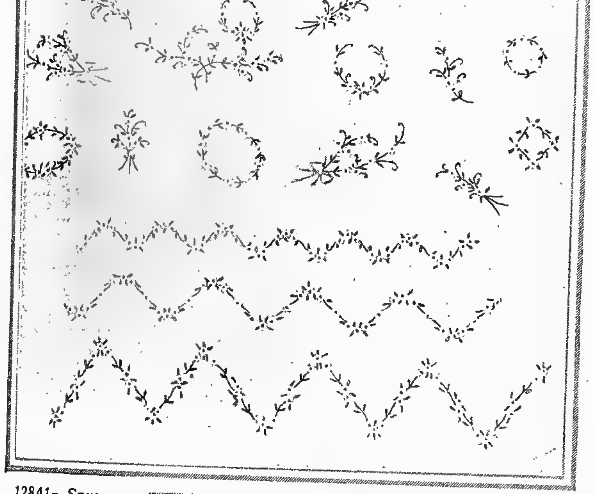
12865—Appliqué and One-Stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12865, blue or yellow, furnishes three yards of eleven-inch appliqué border and three yards of outlining. A very attractive border may be worked in a combination of one-stitch and appliqué patches in two harmonizing colors.

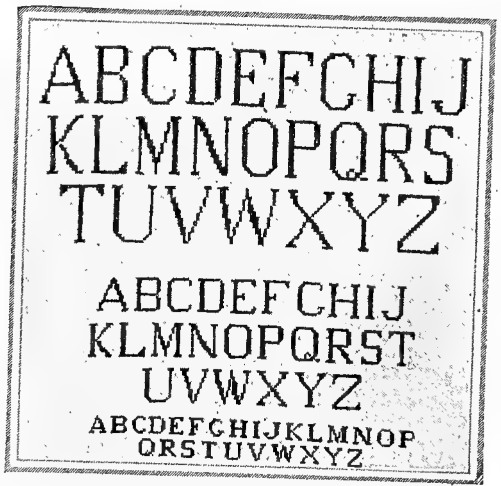


12914—Cross-Stitch Designs

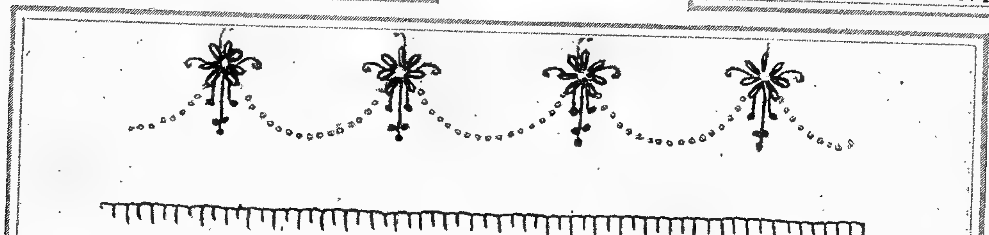
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12914, blue or yellow, provides duplicates and reverses of 10 different cross-stitch motifs for trimming children's play suits, rompers, aprons, bibs, nursery curtains, crib spreads, etc. Cross-stitch is the most simple of all stitches.



12841—Sprays and Borders



12930—Cross-Stitch Alphabets



12943—Easily-Worked Borders in Appliqué or Stitches

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, supplies three yards each of three small borders and six each of seven sprays to trim lingerie frocks and household linens. The stitches employed are French knots, lazy-daisy, solid stitch and outlining. Pastel shades are most suitable.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12930, blue or yellow, furnishes the entire alphabet in three different sizes: ¾, 1½, and 2½ inches high. Numbers from one to ten inclusive, ¾-inch high, are also furnished. Letters and numbers are to be worked in cross-stitch and used to trim household linens of all kinds. They are easily and quickly embroidered.

Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12943, blue or yellow, supplies three yards each of four different borders, two of them two inches wide, one ⅞-inch, and the fourth 2¼ inches wide. Extra appliqué cutting guides are furnished for one of the borders. French knots, flat satin, lazy-daisy, blanket and outline are the stitches used. Particularly suitable for trimming frocks, blouses, scarfs, pillows, and curtains.

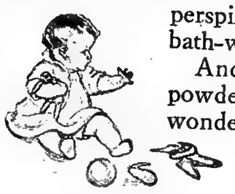
No more pitiful wails

TONIGHT... wouldn't it be wonderful if baby should drowse off into deep, restful sleep... no more pitiful wails of pain... no fretfulness... no getting up in the dead hours of night to soothe the poor little sufferer?

Baby cries because his flower-like skin is miserable—all chafed, or inflamed, or rubbed raw.

Mennen Borated Talcum forms a silky, cooling film over tender infant flesh, protecting it from the agony of *friction*—from the continual rubbing of damp clothes and bedding and the chafing of baby's own chubby skin-folds.

Because each downy fleck of Mennen's is as porous as a little fairy sponge, it dries all hidden, irritating *moisture* from the skin. Every last particle of harmful perspiration, urine and bath-water is absorbed.



And in this soft, pure powder are blended five wonderfully mild, healing preparations which help to prevent *infection* by keeping baby's skin in healthy condition.

Sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum into the chubby skin-folds *frequently*. Shower it *liberally* all over the lovely dimpled body. For it brings relief and comfort to baby and enables mother, too, to protect her health—to get her proper rest and leisure.

Mothers call the Mennen Baby Book the simplest, most helpful work on infants ever published. While the new edition lasts we will send a copy in plain package for only 25c. Write today.

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A size for every need—for vanity, dressing table or bath. In soft, deep-piled Australian lamb's wool or luxuriously soothing velour. Pink and white, in pleasing cartons; the new *peach* glow in cellophane envelope.

The latest Parisian mode! Select your Gainsborough Puffs to harmonize with lingerie and other dainty accessories.

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At the better stores

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One beauty every woman may have!

—a smooth, dainty skin unblemished by any suggestion of unpleasant hair!

Del-a-tone makes it possible for all to enjoy the most formal of evening gowns, the sheerest of filmy hose. Any embarrassing growth of hair can be easily and harmlessly removed in a few minutes—with Del-a-tone.

This is the tested scientific preparation which has been in use for fifteen years, giving supreme satisfaction to thousands of women. Always quick, safe, sure.

Just apply a smooth paste of Del-a-tone, wash off in a few minutes—and *marvel* at the difference! It is best to insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin
DEL-A-TONE
Removes Hair

Ask for it at drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 25, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Chinese reed-harp. "Missy Day, man him come. Him askee, Missy Day."

"Oh, I don't want to see anybody! Is it one of the gang, Chinkie?"

"No, Missy Day. Man say, name Bean."

"Bean? Bean? I don't know anybody by that fool name." Then she went anxiously white. "It's not—Deane!"

Tim Gow's smile widened until it closed his oblique eyes.

Minnie sprang to her feet. Her hands swept out; the blue bowl spilled its tea, rolled and fell clattering to the floor. "Oh, Chinkie, don't let him know I'm here. I don't want to see him. Send him away! I don't want to see him! I look like a fright! Chinkie, push this table over. I want to see in the mirror."

Tim Gow's movements were slow with heavy grace. "Hurry up; he'll get out of here! Take a look, Chinkie. He's still there, isn't he?"

With exaggerated caution Tim Gow parted the shimmering rice-curtains and beckoned to Deane. He nodded, smiling with his infinite wisdom of human nature.

DEANE came into the booth, gathered Minnie into his arms, and held her close. "Don't cry like that, Minnie, my poor little Minnie. Don't cry, sweetheart. We've found each other at last! What does it matter what the years have done to you—or me? I love you. I want you—to protect you, my darling. Oh, why have I left you so long alone! Minnie, say that you forgive me."

"Oh, Hal, what a fool I am, going all to pieces like this! I didn't dream I'd be such an idiot, but when I saw you looking as you did years ago—and the past came back so vividly—I just lost my balance." She buried her face in her hands and sagged against the wall. "Don't look at me," she cried out suddenly. "No—no, I can't bear to have you look at me."

He sat there silent, uneasy before the challenge of his own conscience, and looked at her, seeing beyond the crumbling material shell the crushed, bruised spirit of Minnie Flynn. He would have liked to rock her in his arms and ease her heartache.

Tim Gow, wagging his head, entered the booth and set his most ornate teaservice before them. It was a farewell feast to Missy Day, for he thought that she would never come again to his chop-suey parlor.

"Take it away!" Minnie said to him. "We don't want any food, Chinkie. Bring us tea—fresh and strong."

Tim Gow bowed and left them. But he didn't take the feast away from them; he knew that life must be fed.

After she had eaten she felt as if she had a saner grip on herself. She wanted to talk to Hal about everything, not so much of the past, but of the future which stretched out before her like the road to Calvary.

"I don't have to go over it all, Hal. You know what's happened. But what does the future hold for me?"

"Me, dear; that's not much to offer, but it's all I've got."

He held her hand in both of his. It was damp and cold. She was smiling wanly. "A man think's he's darned sufficient unto himself," said Deane. "It hurts his vanity when he realizes that his lack of real success in life is because it takes two to make a perfect unit. I can no longer find stimulus in my own self. Thank Heaven, you've come along in time to save me. I can amount to something with your help. I've always loved you, and will always love you, and we need each other. Let us be married to-day."

She sat there transfixed, staring straight ahead, dry-eyed.

"Marry me, sweetheart," Deane was pleading with her, "and we'll clear out of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

"My Husband Wouldn't Believe I Decorated This Room Myself. Home Decorator Patterns Made It Possible."

Home Decorator Patterns can do the same thing for you. They are really wonderful. They not only help you to beautify your home yourself but they also cut the cost in half.

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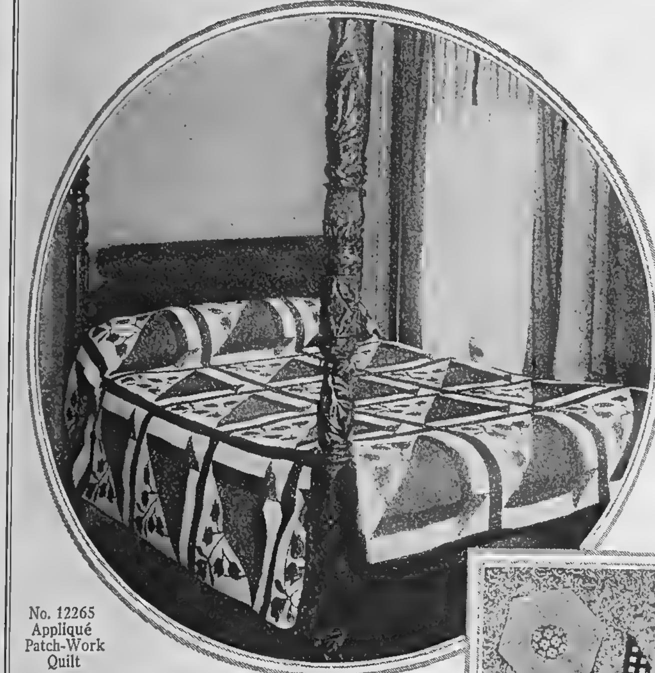
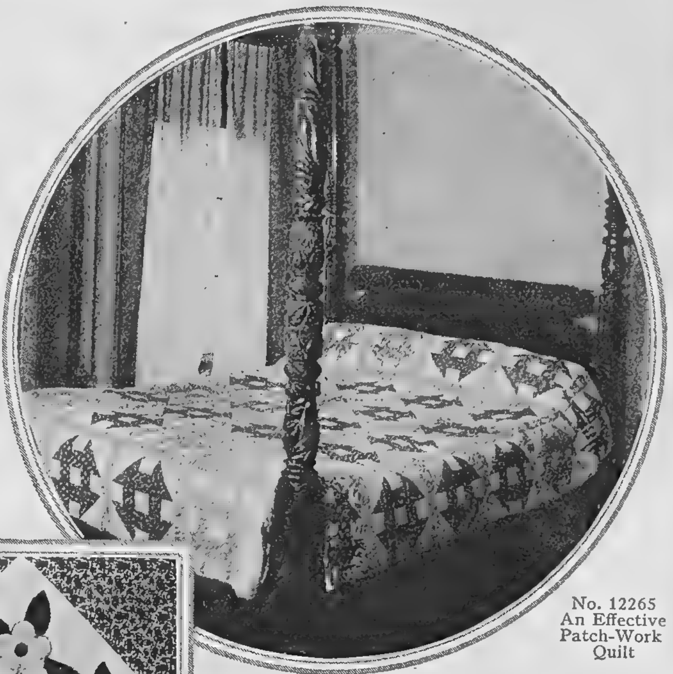
Revival of Patch-Work Quilts Has Caught Popular Fancy



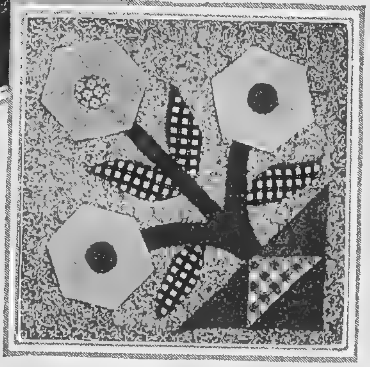
No. 12265 Appliqué Patch-Work Quilt

THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12265, blue only, has one each of seven different motifs, each one ten inches square, which are appropriate for the widely popular patch-work. These motifs are appliquéd to the material. Each motif may be repeated over and over again until sufficient for a quilt is obtained, offering unlimited possibilities for any number of artistic color combinations. The patch-work quilt is quite simple to make and is well worth the time and labor involved. The patches may be of silk or of cotton material.

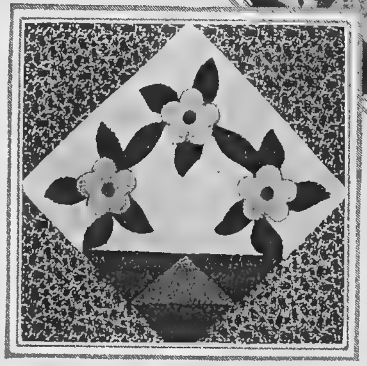


No. 12265 An Effective Patch-Work Quilt

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13013, blue only, furnishes seven each of two different ten-inch appliqué squares, to be used in making the old-style patch-work quilt, which has attained such immense popularity among women who enjoy making and owning hand-made articles in their homes. The quilts are made just as our grandmothers made them, by basting the patches in place with small running stitches around the edges. Appliqué cutting guides are included.



No. 13013 Detail of the Patch-Work Square

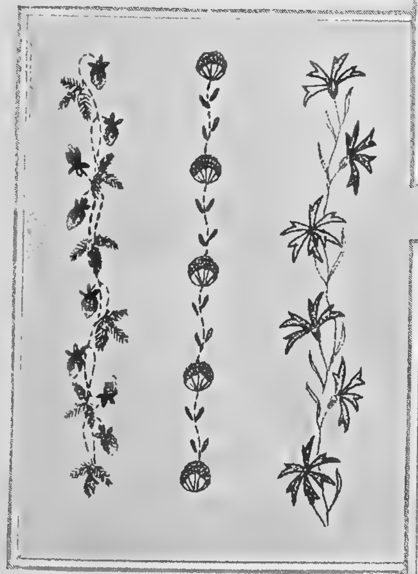


No. 13013 Detail of Patch-Work Square

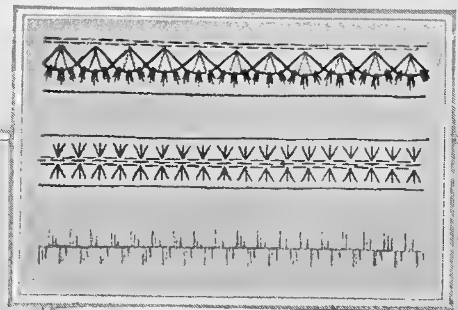
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13009, blue or yellow, consists of two yards each of four different borders, suitable for trimming children's clothes. They range in width from ¾ inch to 1½ inch. They are easily worked in outline and one-stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13008, blue or yellow, furnishes 1¾ yard each of two cross-stitch borders 2 and 5 inches high, and two motifs 7¼ inches high.

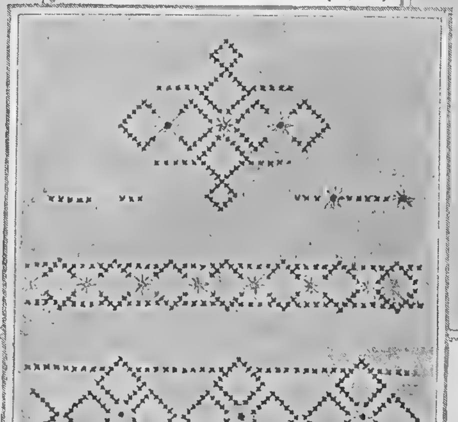
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13010, blue or yellow, provides 2 1-3 yards each of four different trimming borders ranging in width from 1 to 2¾ inches. Developed in bright colors these borders make charming trimming for frocks, blouses and children's clothes, as well as towels, scarfs, and household linens. The stitches to be used are French knots, one-stitch and lazy-daisy, which are easy stitches for even the beginner in embroidery work.

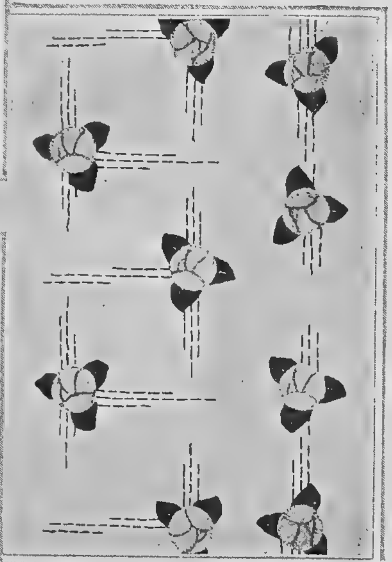


No. 13010—Attractive Border Designs



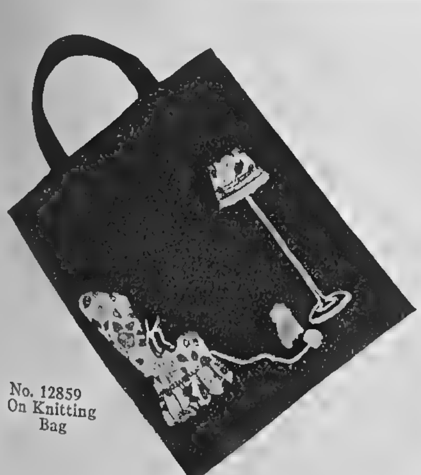
No. 13009 Borders (Above)
No. 13308 Cross-Stitch Borders (Below)



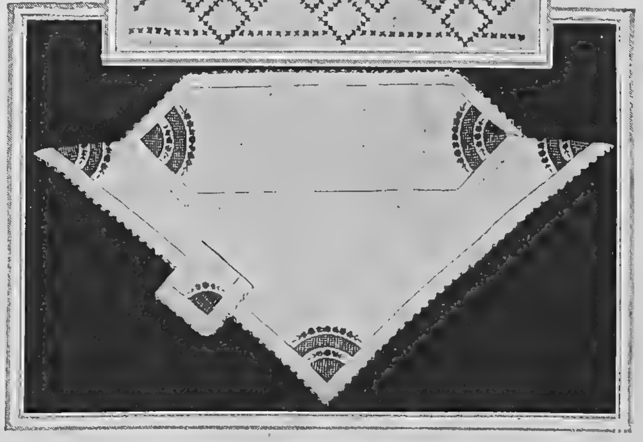


No. 13012—Appliqué and Running-Stitch

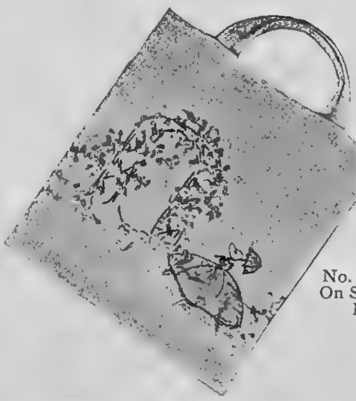
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13012, blue or yellow, supplies two and two reverses of a motif 3 inches high and 2 yards of border 7½ inches wide. The motifs are appliquéd on with blanket or buttonhole stitches and the lines are done in one-stitch. Suitable for both household linens and frocks of silk, wool or cotton, and for children's school dresses. The flowers are attractive in pink stitched with deeper pink and the leaves in green.



No. 12859 On Knitting Bag



No. 13011—Appliqué on Luncheon Set



No. 12859 On Sewing Bag

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12859, blue or yellow, furnishes one and one reverse of two 8-inch motifs; one and one reverse of one 8½-inch motif and appliqué guides to trim these attractive sewing and knitting bags. Bags of this type are very popular and practical for the beaches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13011, blue only, furnishes corner motifs and appliqué guides for a luncheon set and buffet scarf.

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There's a booklet, "Health Hints", wrapped around each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream which every woman should read. It tells you the most effective way to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of your skin. Read this booklet carefully. It is written by specialists to make sure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit. After the first treatment, you will find, those annoying defects begin to disappear almost at once.

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If you want to learn still more about Ingram's Milkweed Cream and what thousands of users think of it, send us a two cent stamp for test size and booklet.

Her perfect complexion, the youthful firmness of her skin, are due to Ingram's Milkweed Cream. In Summer and Winter, in Spring and Fall, Ingram's Milkweed Cream keeps her complexion always bright and clear.

".....I am a woman in my forty-ninth year and there is no one who ever takes me to be over thirty-five. Ingram's Milkweed Cream gets the credit. I have used nothing else for over twenty years......."

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Keeps Complexions Clear

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Mother Nature—as Health's Guardian

THIS IS the day of the athletic girl, the girl of fair complexion, bright eyes, rose-tinted cheeks. This is the day of HEALTH, and women who allow their systems to become clogged by impurities must pay the piper. Facial blemishes, sallow skins, headaches, constipation, biliousness—a thousand and one joy-destroying ailments follow in the wake of a neglected physical duty. Nature very properly resents such neglect.

Nature's Remedy is really Mother Nature in a pleasant, helpful form—all vegetable and a skillful blend of her own plan of insuring health.

The use of NR Tablets means no less than that an all-wise Mother Nature is ever present, doing those things for you which you may not be doing for yourself—and doing them naturally, normally, and with infinite understanding.

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PRICE 25 CENTS
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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Hollywood. Forget it. Shake it like dust off our feet. We can take the train to San Francisco to-night—all the golden romance and mystery of old China will be ours. We'll go on to Java, India, Egypt. When Spring comes we'll cross the Mediterranean into Spain and see April burst into blossoms under the walls of the Alhambra.

"Minnie, my darling, there is so much beauty in the world for eyes that can see it; we can't go groping through the darkness forever.

"There are the blue skies of Italy, Minnie dear, skies that seem too close to you, so deep and transparent, you can almost see God's face shining upon you. When Summer comes we will run away to Switzerland, and you will laugh with joy at the little, precise farms, the quaint, intimate villages huddled together like gnarled old peasant women gossiping together."

WHEN Minnie laughed, something gripped Deane's heart. She was opening her eyes to see the beauty of the pictures he was painting.

"Like old peasant women gossiping together," she repeated in a dazed, faraway voice. "I've seen those little leaning houses in studio sets with swinging shutters and roofs like shaggy, grass hats. There's one village over in the Pickford Studio. I said to mama—she was doing some extra work—how I wished I could travel, and see the world before I died." Her face lighting, she bent forward. "Tell me, Hal, is England wonderful?"

"Wonderful, Minnie dear! The meadows, the vast estates—there is something so charming about the polite little towns that fringe the Thames. And London, Minnie! But you won't love it until you know it."

"Wonderful!" echoed Minnie. "Think of it, Hal. To be married to you, to travel away, far away."

"And I'll teach you to love me, sweetheart."

She leaned wearily against him. "I have always loved you," she said simply. "Not until we have suffered much do we know the real meaning of love. I've been a fool, Hal! I thought it was only friendship."

"Friendship and love and companionship, they will sustain us through the long life ahead of us, for we're still young, Minnie; we've lived only a little span."

"But it was our youth, the cream of our lives—soured and spilled. Ugh!" She shuddered. "That thought brings me back to earth again! Hal," she cried out, "I can't marry you! I won't marry you! I—I've got nothing to give in return for your love!"

"Yes, you have, Minnie, your love. You have just told me that you loved me."

"I do, Hal—I love you so much that I'll never let you make the sacrifice you're willing to."

"Don't speak of it as a sacrifice—it makes so little of a great passion."

"Oh, yes, it is a sacrifice. And all through the years those nasty memories in my past will rise up between us like fearful ghosts—fantoms more tangible than even you or me."

"The past is forgotten, Minnie. I know all you've been through—the ugly things—I'm more to blame than you, knowing the pitfalls, always being away at the time when you needed me most."

MINNIE closed her eyes. How sweet it would be to lay the ghosts of yesterday, to fly from the old life as if from the plague, to be the wife of a man who loved you!

But what right had she to peace? she asked herself. To contentment? To forgiveness? Had she ever done anything to earn this respite? She who had met all blessings so carelessly, who had gone on so ruthlessly, passing the fine things by, living only for greed and gain and wanton pleasures and satisfied desires? Deane would never know all she had been through—he believed he knew—but he didn't—she realized that he was thinking of Beauregard—but what of the others?

Above the weaving of her conscience she heard Deane's voice saying brokenly, "I know you needed me—I feared for you when Beauregard left for the coast—I betrayed my trust and stayed away from you—how easy to make mistakes when we are forsaken! Poor little Minnie."

She never knew until her confession poured out of her how much she loved Hal Deane. But she told him, unfalteringly, with a courage born of her awakened love, of each bitter, heart-breaking step downward.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, don't tell me that. I can't bear it—I can't—you're lying to me! You're telling me this because you want to send me away. No, Minnie, no—it can't be true. You're mad—you're drugged by your own emotions. Tell me that you're lying to me."

She was thinking it was strange that it should now be she who was reaching out her arms in pitying comfort. "Hal, darling, don't feel like that. I can't bear it. I love you so. I wanted you to know the truth only because of my love—the truth—coming through clear—before—before I had lost my courage. It's so little—so terribly little—but it's all I have to give. Can you forgive me?"

That she should ask his forgiveness when he believed himself to blame—they clung to each other. "It's dreadful, Minnie. I feel as if something inside of me had died—but it isn't my love. That still lives. I'm not a coward, Minnie, neither am I a brave man. But I'm strong enough to fight, for my happiness and yours. I'm still asking you to be my wife."

SHE did not answer, but leaned over and rang the tinkling bell that would summon Tim Gow. "Hand me my hat, Hal, and my pocketbook. My face must be shining like an apple."

"Minnie, you haven't answered me."

She was searching through her pocketbook for the mirror. "I will never marry you, Hal. I couldn't do it and keep faith with my love. If you care deeply, as you say you do, please do not speak of it again. I can't bear any more pain."

Deane stared at her as she pulled the turban over her bobbed hair, now graying at the temples. He sat there in strange quiet, while she drew a powder-puff over her face and painted scarlet lips upon her mouth. And he knew by the look in her eyes that no pleading would swerve her from her self-sacrifice. He knew also that never again would they speak of their lives, but would count their friendship a holy thing that would inspire and sustain them. He reached out and kissed her upon the lips.

Tim Gow slipped softly into the room. He smiled. He saw written in the woman's eyes her exaltation. Only her voice, husky, sometimes inarticulate, remained unchanged.

"Bring us the bill, Chinkie; we've got to toddle along."

Tim Gow told her there was no bill; it was his gift of farewell to his patron, Missy Day.

"Oh, don't worry about its being my last meal here, Chinkie. You're wrong about that. I'll be in to-morrow, and the next day, and the next day."

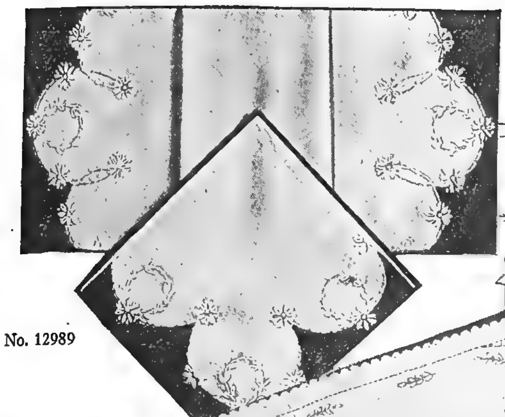
Why was she laughing? Tim Gow wondered.

"Catchem noodles the same hour every day, do you savvy, Chinkie? So hand us over the bill. I can't ride along on any more false pretenses."

Deane left while Tim Gow was still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Decorative Motifs to Apply on Dainty Table Sets, Bedspreads, and Curtains



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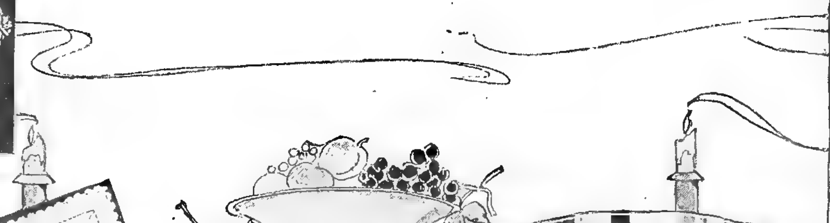

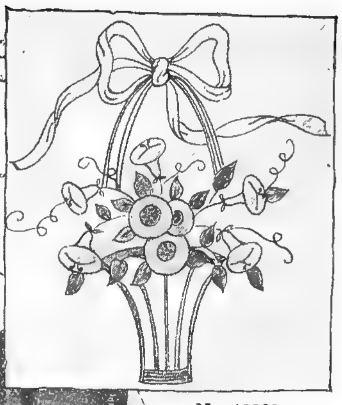

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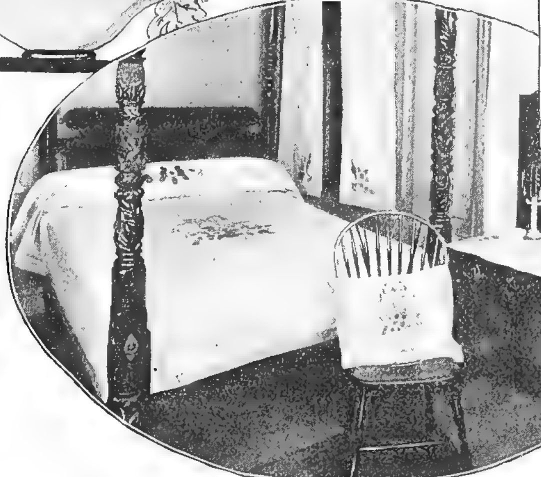

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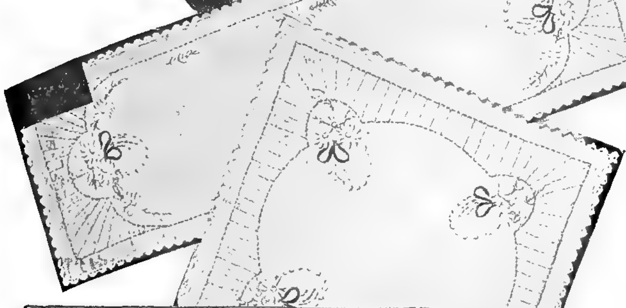

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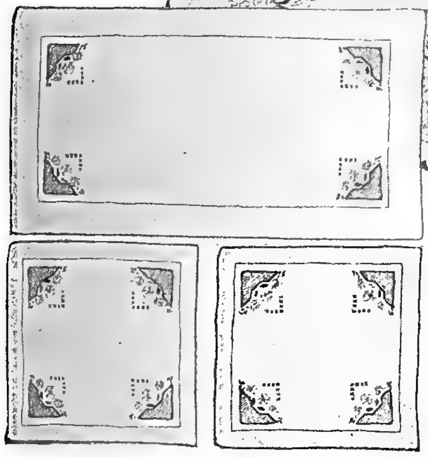
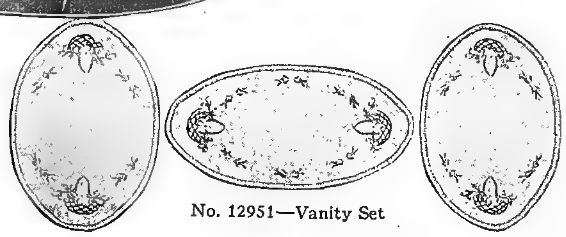
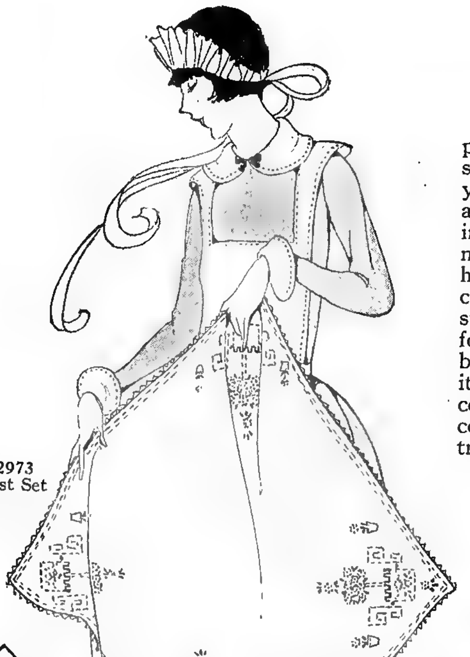


No. 12963—Buffet Set

Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12909, blue only, provides a flower and basket design 26 inches high for a bedspread and four motifs for a bolster roll.

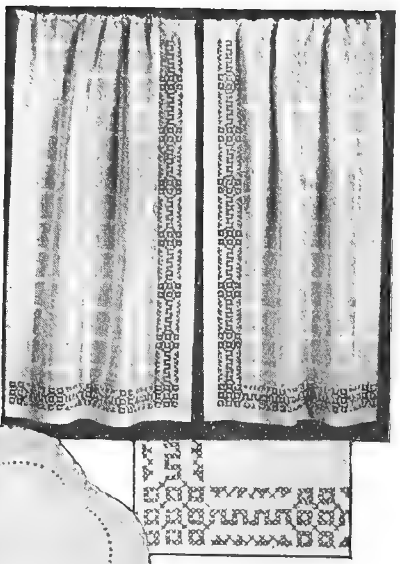


No. 12951—Vanity Set

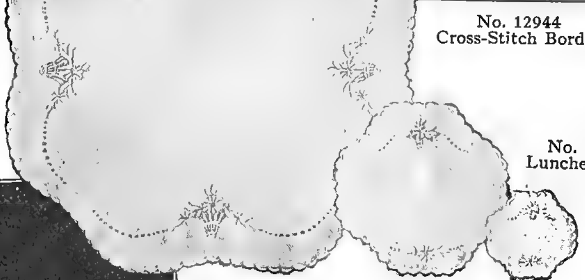


No. 12973 Breakfast Set

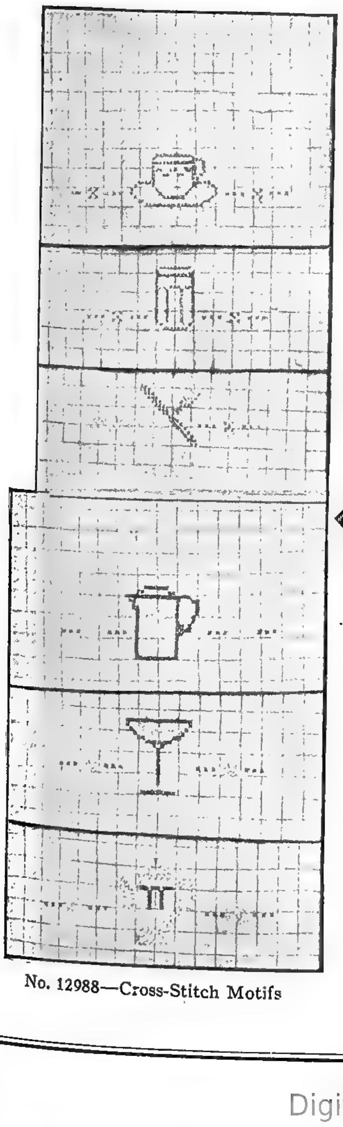
Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12944, blue or yellow, supplies four and a half yards of border 2¼ inches wide and four corner motifs each 5¾ inches high, to be developed in cross-stitch. Especially suitable to trim curtains for bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. The simplicity of cross-stitching accounts for its general acceptance as an effective trimming.



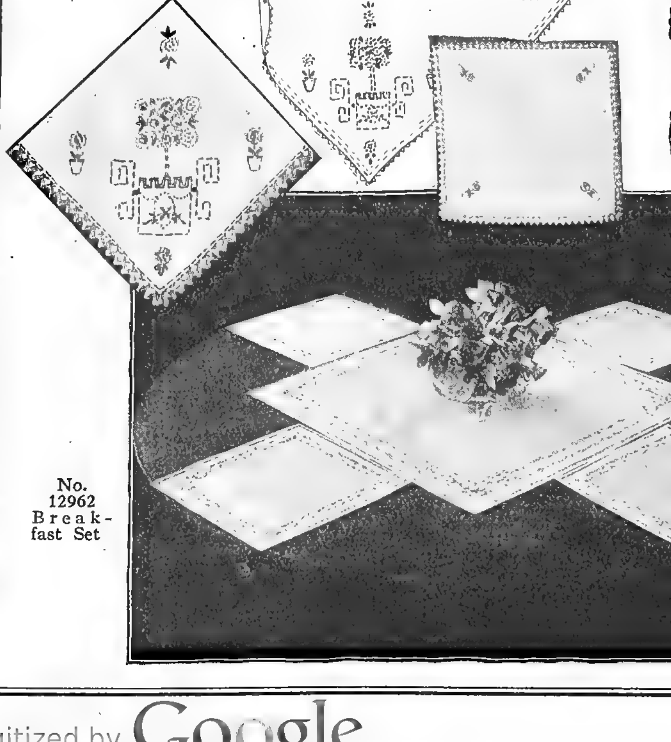
No. 12944 Cross-Stitch Border



No. 12942 Luncheon Set



No. 12988—Cross-Stitch Motifs



No. 12962 Breakfast Set

Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12962, blue only, furnishes the shape and design for a five-piece breakfast set consisting of a cloth 23 inches square and four doilies 11 inches square.

Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12942, blue only, supplies the shape and design of a 13-piece luncheon set, including a centerpiece 26 inches in diameter, six tumbler and six plate doilies.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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Stop **Gray Hair** Before it Shows

My Trial Offer Tells How

FREE Trial Bottle

THE best time to stop gray hair is when it starts, before the graying streaks excite comment. It's an easy matter—when you know how. Just let me show you.

Fill out coupon, mail it. For a free trial bottle of my famous Hair Color Restorer. Test on a single lock of hair. Watch the silver threads go.

This simple test proves that it is utter folly to let gray hair spoil your looks and add years to your age.

The Test Proves

That Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is clean, colorless, dainty. Easily, quickly applied by combing through the hair. No skill or help required.

That restored color is always even and natural—there's no interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Miraculous?—No, simply the efficient action of a scientific laboratory preparation. I invented my restorer many years ago when my own hair turned prematurely gray. It meets my exacting requirements as it will yours.

Coupon Brings Proof

Fill out and mail the coupon. I'll send you my *Special Patented Free Trial Outfit*, containing trial bottle of my restorer. State the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose lock in your letter.

When test proves to you what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it does get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

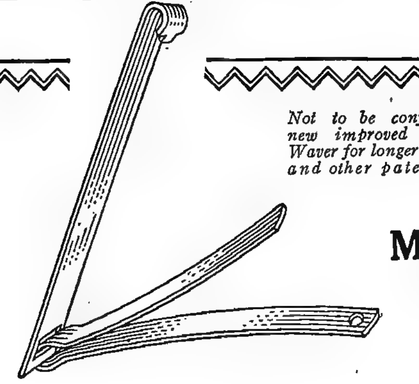
Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman, 512F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:
Black...... dark brown...... medium brown...... auburn (dark red)...... light brown...... light auburn (light red)...... blonde......

Name....................................

Address....................................



Not to be confused with the new improved West Electric Waver for longer hair. Patented and other patents pending.

Makes the *prettiest* curl . . . and so quickly you'll be amazed

the new West Electric . . BOBBED HAIR CURLER

BEWITCHING curls. Becoming curls. How marvelously they frame a charming face! Now you can have them every day—if you use these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. For they curl your hair with less trouble and time than any curlers you ever used before.

No heat. No sticky lotions. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide it out of the curler without unwinding the hair.

Does not disturb the curl

Think of what it means to have a curler that can be removed without disturbing the curl. It means that your hair is really *curled* (not frizzed), and that it will stay curled twice as long. The secret is in the third arm of this wonderful little curler. It is the secret also of this curler's success in curling even the very shortest hair.

Try them

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25c for a card of five, or 10c for a card of two. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO., 172 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Enclose find 25 cents for five West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.
Name.................................City..........................
Street..............................Dealer's name....................
State.................................

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

there piling up the little gay bowls. Minnie's eyes had begged him to leave them. He understood. He wanted to spare her the pain of parting.

When he was gone her eyes closed wearily, and her arms fell heavily upon the table. They scattered the bamboo shafts still lying there. Tim Gow picked up the fallen ones that had sifted to the floor under Minnie's feet. "China bamboo no lie. Missy Day catchem good man. Velly good man. Missy Day got happy look in eye. Tim Gow, him got Melican dolla. You got China bamboos tellum to-morrow, maybe?"

"To-morrow—maybe——"

Minnie sat there a long time in a stupor, looking at Deane's card lying on the table. His address, and under it he had written: "Come to me when you need me. I will be always waiting."

THE END

YOU have finished reading about Minnie Flynn, the child of poverty and ignorance, whose efforts to escape from her environment brought her to tragic failure and disillusionment. From an extra girl in the motion-pictures she rose to the heights of stardom to shine for a little hour—and then to flicker out, her own ruthlessness and inadequacy her undoing.

And now, beginning in this number in "The Crystal Cup," by Gertrude Atherton, one of the most widely read and picturesque novelists of the day, you will read about Gita Carteret, a girl with a heritage of generations of wealth and breeding. But Gita protests against her environment as Minnie Flynn did. She hates the smug superiority of its conventions, drawn like steel wires between her and the world. Above all she hates men. She knows nothing of passion or of love. The very touch of a man is loathsome to her. She looks like a boy, dresses like a boy, acts like a boy. She wants to be a boy.

Beset by a strain of recklessness which comes to her from her father, she marries a man whom she does not love. In the eyes of the world they are husband and wife. In reality they are utter strangers living under the same roof. Her husband loves her—and when he can no longer stand the strain of her aloofness a tragedy results.

And then Gita's soul is awakened by the coming of a great love. You pitied Minnie Flynn for her futility. Gita Carteret, the heroine of "The Crystal Cup," will hold your interest as one of the unique characters in modern fiction.

Who Cares for America?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

the name. He indulges in no drum-beating, no flag-flapping. He is a modest man. If he knew of even this slight mention of his name he doubtless would object to it. But he has done and is doing a real service to America and to the world through The Children's Foundation, which was established through his generosity in 1921.

He might have called this the "Myers Foundation," but he didn't. It is simply "The Children's Foundation," and its object is to appraise present-day knowledge relating to the well-being and education of children and to make this knowledge available for practical use everywhere.

This youngest of the agencies dealing with the problems of child life has one distinctly valuable achievement to its credit. It has published in one volume the opinions, stated in simple language, of the leading authorities of the present day on the various aspects of child study and child training.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

I am Free You may be!

Free from excessive Armpit Perspiration,

YES—glorious freedom from the humiliating dread of excessive armpit perspiration. Yes—sweet, dry, odorless underarms, no matter how warm the day.

Unbelievable you say; then try wonderful NONSPI—try it as a million other women have tried it before you and share their relief and freedom from one of the most annoying afflictions woman is heir to.

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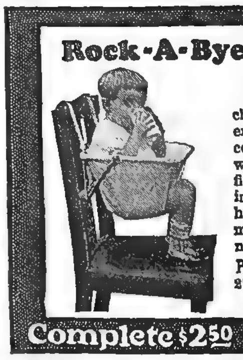

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Makes hair easy to manage . . .

Adds Glossy Lustre—Instantly! Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly!

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hair brush

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"and you also embroidered those lovely initials?"

"Yes—and it was so easy and quick with these new foundation intitals to work over. There is no eyestrain as in following stamped lines. This method also eliminates the tediousness of padding. See what a beautiful embossed effect these letters have, and yet you know I am not an expert embroiderer. You can secure these letters and monograms in a variety of sizes and designs."

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BECOME A NURSE

THIS school during 25 years has taught nursing to 30,000 women in their own homes--beginners as well as practical nurses.

Our Graduates Earn $30 and $35 a week

Ideal vocation for self-supporting women. You can try our course without cost if dissatisfied. Write today for catalog and specimen pages.

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No Payment Down
Style 12 Shown Here

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Wing Pianos and Players shipped direct to you on free trial, till Aug. 1, 1925. Save 25 to 50 per cent. 40 year guarantee. Thousands in use. Write at once for new book showing 38 styles. Easy terms arranged if desired.

12--one of our 38 styles.

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Who Cares for America?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

This volume might be priced at fifteen dollars if it were commercially published; but as a matter of fact it isn't sold at all. It is given away to every one who, through a small contribution, becomes a member of The Children's Foundation. It is thus placed within reach of every teacher and every mother in the country. One man in Cleveland asked for six hundred copies to be distributed among teachers. The book is called "The Child: Its Nature and Needs." It will be brought up to date from time to time.

Among the contributors to the book are Bird T. Baldwin, research professor of educational psychology and director of the Iowa Child Research Station; Dr. Mary T. Whitley, assistant professor of education, Teachers College, Columbia University; Walter F. Dearborn, professor of education, Harvard University; C.-E. A. Winslow, professor of public health administration, Yale University; Leta S. Hollingsworth, associate professor of education, Teachers College, Columbia University; and the Honorable John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education. The book is under the able editorship of M. V. O'Shea, professor of education, University of Wisconsin.

Are you a mother or a father or a teacher of children? Then, through The Children's Foundation, you have at your disposal the opinions of these, the ablest men and women in the entire field of child study and child training. The Children's Foundation is wholly altruistic. It neither makes profits nor asks charity. It only seeks to put the best available scientific knowledge at the disposal of the parents and the teachers of America. Its director is Mr. Lorne W. Barclay. Its address, Valparaiso, Ind.

The Welcoming Hall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the wall as shown, or extended horizontally with the aid of a swinging support or "gate." On the table we stand a tall glass vase of graceful shape, in Pomona green, with an amber foot and handles.

Owing to the unavoidably large number of door-openings, there is only one other wall-space large enough to require furniture. This is at the back of the hall, at the left of the breakfast-room door. A seat of some sort being a necessary feature, we place here an interesting reproduction of an Early English corner chair, also in oak, with a linen-fold panel carved on the narrow back, and stand beside it, a small gate-leg table holding a quaint mariner's candlestick and a brass box with lion's-head handles and ball feet which gleams cheerfully in the sunlight streaming through the doorway. The composition is appropriately completed by a framed color-print reproduced from Zucchero's famous portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh.

For the floor-covering we choose a domestic reproduction of a bold-figured Persian design which, tho purely Oriental, nevertheless harmonizes agreeably with the wall-hanging in coloring and pattern.

Lighting-fixtures are the final consideration, and we are fortunate in finding at a very reasonable price some charming wrought-iron wall-brackets in the Tudor spirit for the main hall, and a simple but unusual hanging-fixture, also in iron, for the stair-well.

The little hall is now complete. From four bare walls enclosing empty space, it has been transformed without extravagant expenditure into a well-balanced, conveniently appointed interior, in which beauty of line, richness of texture, and warmth of color unite in creating an atmosphere of cordial welcome combined with dignity. The *House* is well on its way to becoming a *Home*.

The dainty woman is ashamed of Corns

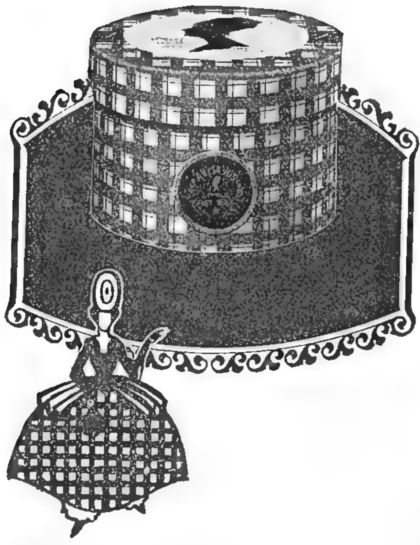
They show a lack of personal care and daintiness. . . . It is her respect for all the *Unseen* parts of the body which marks the gentlewoman. . . . Any woman will look after her face. A lady will take just as much care of her feet. A blemish *there* is just as much of a personal reproach. . . . For the well-bred woman considers her feet as a definite contribution to her beauty. So she keeps them so exquisite that they could be viewed at any time, without the faintest embarrassment. . . . The face may deceive — the feet never. *There* one discovers the breeding of a woman. She is peasant or princess according to the degree of their daintiness.

Blue=jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain stops at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue=jay leaves nothing to guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

Blue=jay

© 1925 THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

You powder your face a thousand times a year . . . use the powder that is kind to your skin



YOU aren't really dressed till you powder your face in the morning. And half a dozen, perhaps a dozen times a day, you glance in the mirror and rub a bit of powder on your nose! Your skin is sensitive and its texture delicate. Be certain that the powder you use is kind to your skin. Armand Cold Cream Powder is safe—rubbed in carefully it brings out the fresh natural color in your cheeks and makes your skin seem smoother and softer, because it spreads so evenly and blends so well.

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Johnny Grinder and the Tiny-Tooth-Pirates

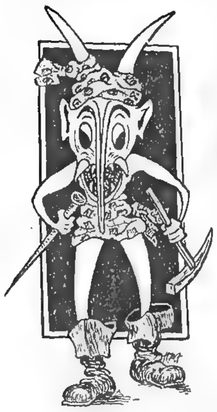
A Little Tooth Story to Be Read to Little Folks

BY DR. HARRISON W. FERGUSON

Author of "A Child's Book of the Teeth"

HAVE you ever heard about Johnny Grinder? Well, Johnny Grinder is not a little boy; but every little child has a Johnny Grinder and so have you, for he is a member of the tooth family in your own little mouth.

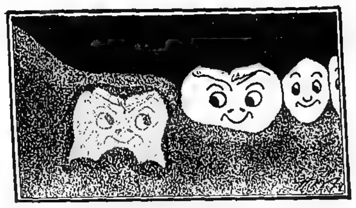
Look into a mirror and open your mouth. Mercy! I wonder if you brushed your teeth after dinner? Well, whether you did or not, you can see Johnny Grinder as he is sitting in the last seat on the lower right side. Johnny has many brothers and sisters, as you can see, but we are merely going to tell you about Johnny now.



A TOOTH PIRATE

When you were a very small baby Johnny Grinder began to grow in a little sack down in your jaw-bone underneath the gums. The first food you ever had was milk, which has lime salts in it, and Johnny Grinder is made of lime salts, which become harder than anything else in the body. Your teeth have to be very hard so they will not break when they cut and grind your food each day.

But when you were a little older you had baked potatoes, fruit, fresh vegetables, and lots more milk—a quart a day, I guess. These foods gave Johnny Grinder more and more lime and he grew harder and harder, and bigger and bigger, and pretty soon he poked his head right up through the gums into your mouth, where he joined the other members of his family.



JOHNNY AND HIS BROTHERS

There are millions and millions of Johnny Grinders in the world; but the one we are going to tell you about, we are sorry to say, belonged to a careless child who did not keep his tooth family clean.

At bedtime, after the day's work of food-grinding, when Johnny Grinder and his brothers and sisters ought to be cleaned before the night's rest, the careless child, being "too sleepy," would only half brush them, and after breakfast in the morning they would sometimes be forgotten in spite of mother's warning.

When You Give a Party

LET us make-believe you are to have a party. Of course all your little friends come in their best clothes, fresh and clean. How would you feel if they found you with soiled clothes and dirty hands and face? You would be ashamed, wouldn't you? If your playroom was all upset and dirty you wouldn't expect your little friends to stay long, would you?

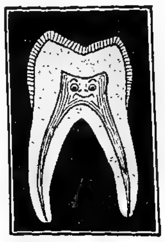
Well, it is quite the same with Johnny Grinder and his brothers and sisters in your mouth, as they have a party three times a day when you eat. They will not be happy if their little pink playroom is untidy and their faces are not clean, nor will they stay with you long if you are not good to them.

Day after day went by, and the careless child who owned Johnny Grinder and his brothers and sisters very seldom cleaned them, and when he did he missed Johnny with his tooth-brush, because, as we said before, Johnny sat in a back seat and the careless child brushed only a few of his brothers and sisters sitting in the front seats.

Little teeth get into trouble when they are not well cared for and brushed clean, and poor Johnny Grinder became so dirty that a little brown spot came on the top of his head and grew bigger and bigger. This was the beginning of Johnny Grinder's troubles.

You have heard of big, bold men called pirates who lived in the olden days, and stole ships and treasures and robbed people of their gold, which they buried in caves on unknown islands in the sea? Well, *there are tooth-pirates, too, who rob little children of their teeth!*

These tooth-pirates are not big like the men pirates; they are very tiny, so tiny that you can not see them, but they dig passageways and caves in little teeth and destroy them.

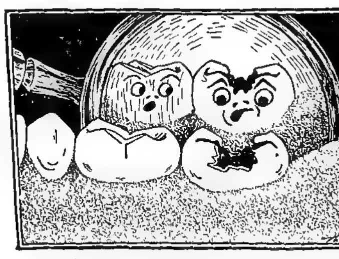


JACK NERVE AT HOME

Poor Johnny Grinder! The tiny-tooth-pirates were after him! The little brown spot on the top of his head showed where they had started to dig a cave. Deeper and deeper they dug the cave into Johnny Grinder's head, and after each meal they had a party, for food was forced down into the cave by the pressure from the teeth above.

Now, if there is anything a tiny-tooth-pirate loves it is to have a nice warm cave to live in and plenty of good things to eat, and as this careless child did not brush his teeth after each meal, the tiny tooth-pirates were well fed, so they went on digging and digging, and they dug so deep that one night old Jack Nerve, who lives in the center of every little tooth, began to realize that his house was being broken into.

As the pirates dug deeper and deeper Jack Nerve got madder and madder. Now, when old Jack Nerve is good and mad he hammers on the sides of his little house, and swells up and gets red in the face; then there is not room for him in his little house, and he feels pinched and cramped, as your little feet do in stiff, new shoes which are too small, only Jack Nerve hurts much more.



JOHNNY SEES HIMSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

How the careless child did cry until his mother placed some cotton on Johnny Grinder's head! This caused the tiny-tooth-pirates to hide themselves for the time being, and it satisfied Jack Nerve, for he knew his warning had been heeded and that help was at hand. It was not very nice to be awakened in the middle of the night by a terrible pain, so the next morning his mother took the careless child and Johnny Grinder to the dentist, the man who protects little teeth and fills up the caves made by the tiny-tooth-pirates.

The first thing Johnny Grinder knew, the dentist put a small looking-glass into the careless child's mouth, and Johnny could see himself and some of his brothers and sisters. Wasn't Johnny scared when he saw the top of his head was nearly gone!

"What is that for?" asked the careless child as the dentist picked up a small instrument. "Why, that is to fight the tiny-tooth-pirates with," said the dentist; "we will soon drive them out and fill the cave in Johnny Grinder's head."

Jack Nerve was happy when he heard this, for he knew he had nothing more to fear; and the scared look left Johnny Grinder's face, for he knew he had found a friend who would help him out of his trouble.

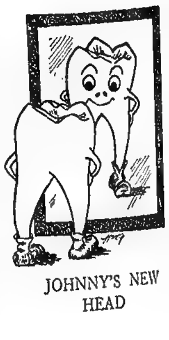
Just then Johnny and his brothers and sisters saw the funniest-looking tooth-brush coming their way. It was small and round, and twirled round and round like a top. Then it began to give them a good cleaning. It didn't hurt a bit, and they laughed to see it skip from one to the other. They just loved it, for the brushing made them feel so clean and smooth.

The dentist next cleaned the top of Johnny Grinder's head, where the tiny-tooth-pirates had dug their cave, with a little instrument that went round and round like the tooth-brush, only it was much smaller and it made a buzzing sound in Johnny's head. Then the dentist mixed some white powder with a liquid which made something that looked like white paste, but when he put this into Johnny's head to fill up the cave it became very hard, so when the little looking-glass entered the careless child's mouth again and Johnny looked at himself he was very happy, for the top of his head was white and shiny like his brother's and sister's.

Guard Johnny's Brothers

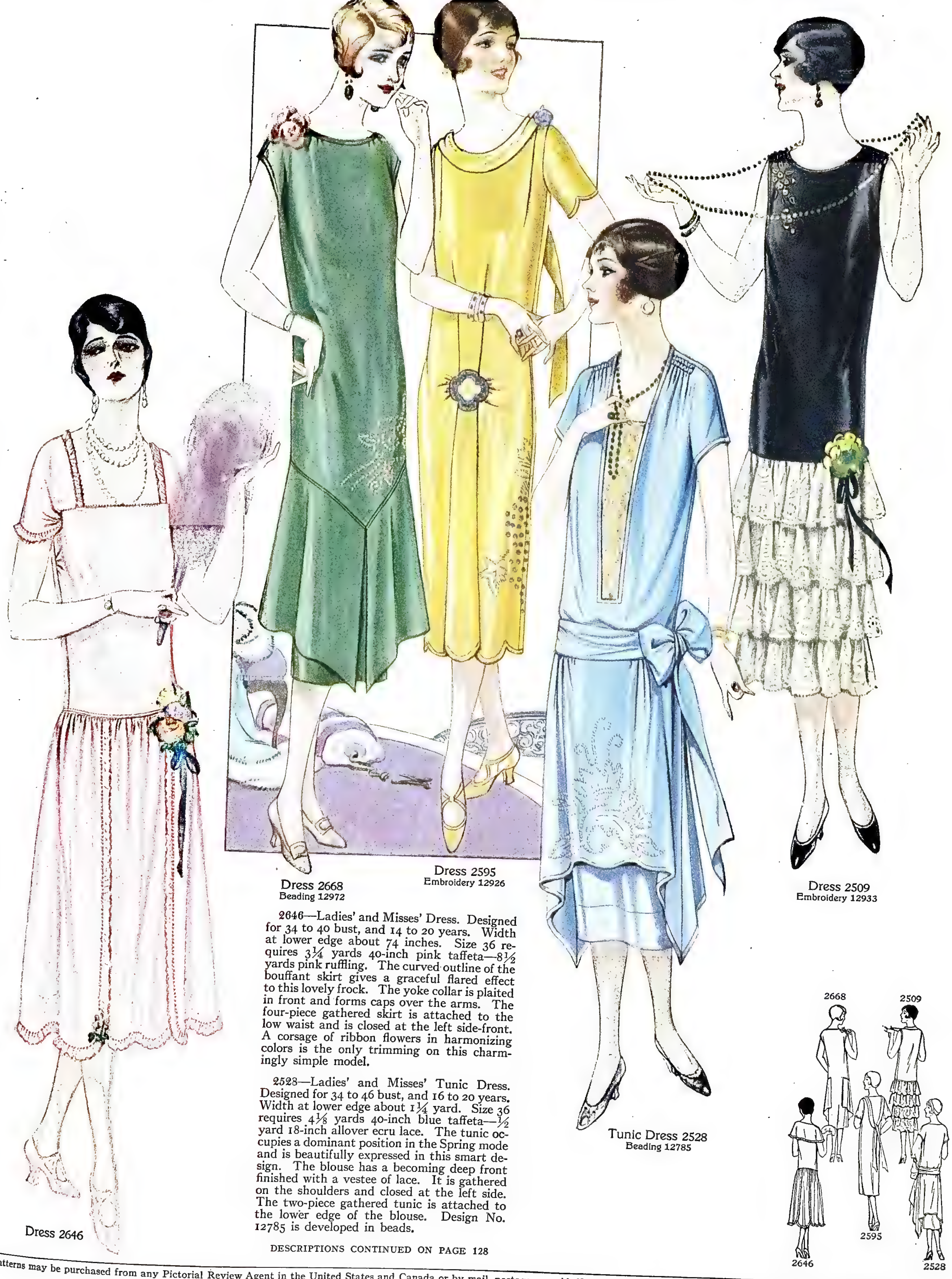
"THERE," said the dentist as he sprayed the careless child's mouth with some liquid which tasted awfully good, "we have rescued Johnny Grinder from the tiny-tooth-pirates; but it would have been much better to have guarded against them in the first place, so always brush your teeth at least twice a day or, better still, after each meal and at night before you are 'too sleepy' to do so. Let me see them every three months, and you and I together will keep the tiny-tooth-pirates away; then old Jack Nerve can rest in peace and Johnny Grinder and his brothers and sisters will have nothing more to fear."

As the dentist finished talking he handed the careless child a hand-mirror. There was Johnny Grinder looking like a new tooth with his head all whole and white again. When the child saw how white and pearly his teeth were after being cleaned by the dentist, and how happy Johnny Grinder seemed, he realized that his teeth were quite real pearls and well worth guarding.



JOHNNY'S NEW HEAD

Spring Frocks Approved by Women Who Lead the Mode



Dress 2668
Beading 12972

Dress 2595
Embroidery 12926

Dress 2509
Embroidery 12933

Tunic Dress 2528
Beading 12785

Dress 2646

2646—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 74 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch pink taffeta—8½ yards pink ruffling. The curved outline of the bouffant skirt gives a graceful flared effect to this lovely frock. The yoke collar is plaited in front and forms caps over the arms. The four-piece gathered skirt is attached to the low waist and is closed at the left side-front. A corsage of ribbon flowers in harmonizing colors is the only trimming on this charmingly simple model.

2528—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch blue taffeta—½ yard 18-inch allover ecru lace. The tunic occupies a dominant position in the Spring mode and is beautifully expressed in this smart design. The blouse has a becoming deep front finished with a vestee of lace. It is gathered on the shoulders and closed at the left side. The two-piece gathered tunic is attached to the lower edge of the blouse. Design No. 12785 is developed in beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City

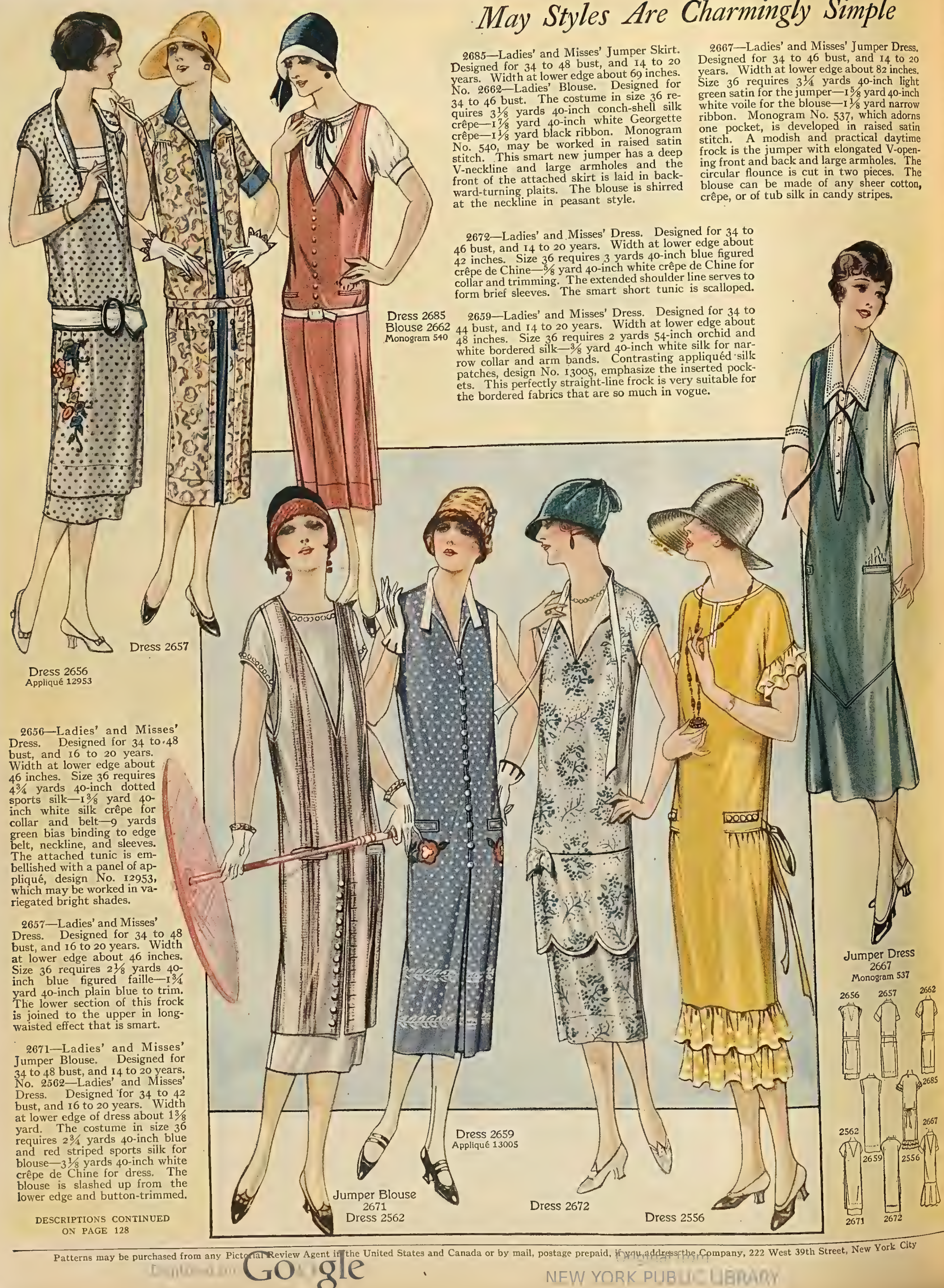
May Styles Are Charmingly Simple

2685—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 69 inches. No. 2662—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. The costume in size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch conch-shell silk crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—1⅛ yard black ribbon. Monogram No. 540, may be worked in raised satin stitch. This smart new jumper has a deep V-neckline and large armholes and the front of the attached skirt is laid in backward-turning plaits. The blouse is shirred at the neckline in peasant style.

2667—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 82 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch light green satin for the jumper—1⅝ yard 40-inch white voile for the blouse—1⅛ yard narrow ribbon. Monogram No. 537, which adorns one pocket, is developed in raised satin stitch. A modish and practical daytime frock is the jumper with elongated V-opening front and back and large armholes. The circular flounce is cut in two pieces. The blouse can be made of any sheer cotton, crêpe, or of tub silk in candy stripes.

2672—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 42 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch blue figured crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and trimming. The extended shoulder line serves to form brief sleeves. The smart short tunic is scalloped.

2659—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch orchid and white bordered silk—⅜ yard 40-inch white silk for narrow collar and arm bands. Contrasting appliquéd silk patches, design No. 13005, emphasize the inserted pockets. This perfectly straight-line frock is very suitable for the bordered fabrics that are so much in vogue.



2656—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch dotted sports silk—1⅜ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe for collar and belt—9 yards green bias binding to edge belt, neckline, and sleeves. The attached tunic is embellished with a panel of appliqué, design No. 12953, which may be worked in variegated bright shades.

2657—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch blue figured faille—1¾ yard 40-inch plain blue to trim. The lower section of this frock is joined to the upper in long-waisted effect that is smart.

2671—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. No. 2562—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch blue and red striped sports silk for blouse—3⅛ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for dress. The blouse is slashed up from the lower edge and button-trimmed.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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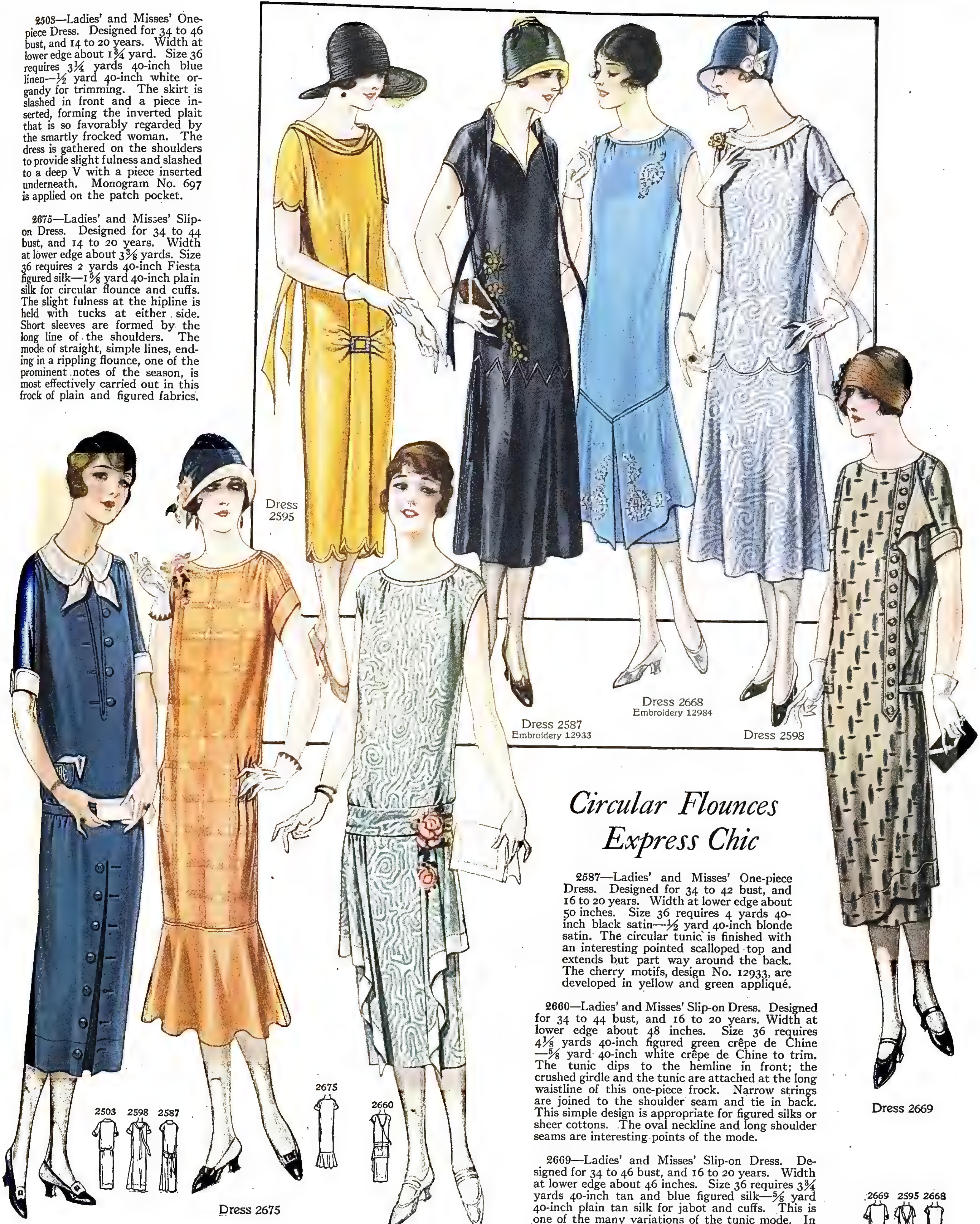
2503—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch blue linen—½ yard 40-inch white organdy for trimming. The skirt is slashed in front and a piece inserted, forming the inverted plait that is so favorably regarded by the smartly frocked woman. The dress is gathered on the shoulders to provide slight fulness and slashed to a deep V with a piece inserted underneath. Monogram No. 697 is applied on the patch pocket.

2675—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Fiesta figured silk—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain silk for circular flounce and cuffs. The slight fulness at the hipline is held with tucks at either side. Short sleeves are formed by the long line of the shoulders. The mode of straight, simple lines, ending in a rippling flounce, one of the prominent notes of the season, is most effectively carried out in this frock of plain and figured fabrics.

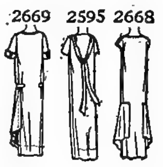


Circular Flounces Express Chic

2587—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 50 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch black satin—½ yard 40-inch blonde satin. The circular tunic is finished with an interesting pointed scalloped top and extends but part way around the back. The cherry motifs, design No. 12933, are developed in yellow and green appliqué.

2660—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch figured green crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine to trim. The tunic dips to the hemline in front; the crushed girdle and the tunic are attached at the long waistline of this one-piece frock. Narrow strings are joined to the shoulder seam and tie in back. This simple design is appropriate for figured silks or sheer cottons. The oval neckline and long shoulder seams are interesting points of the mode.

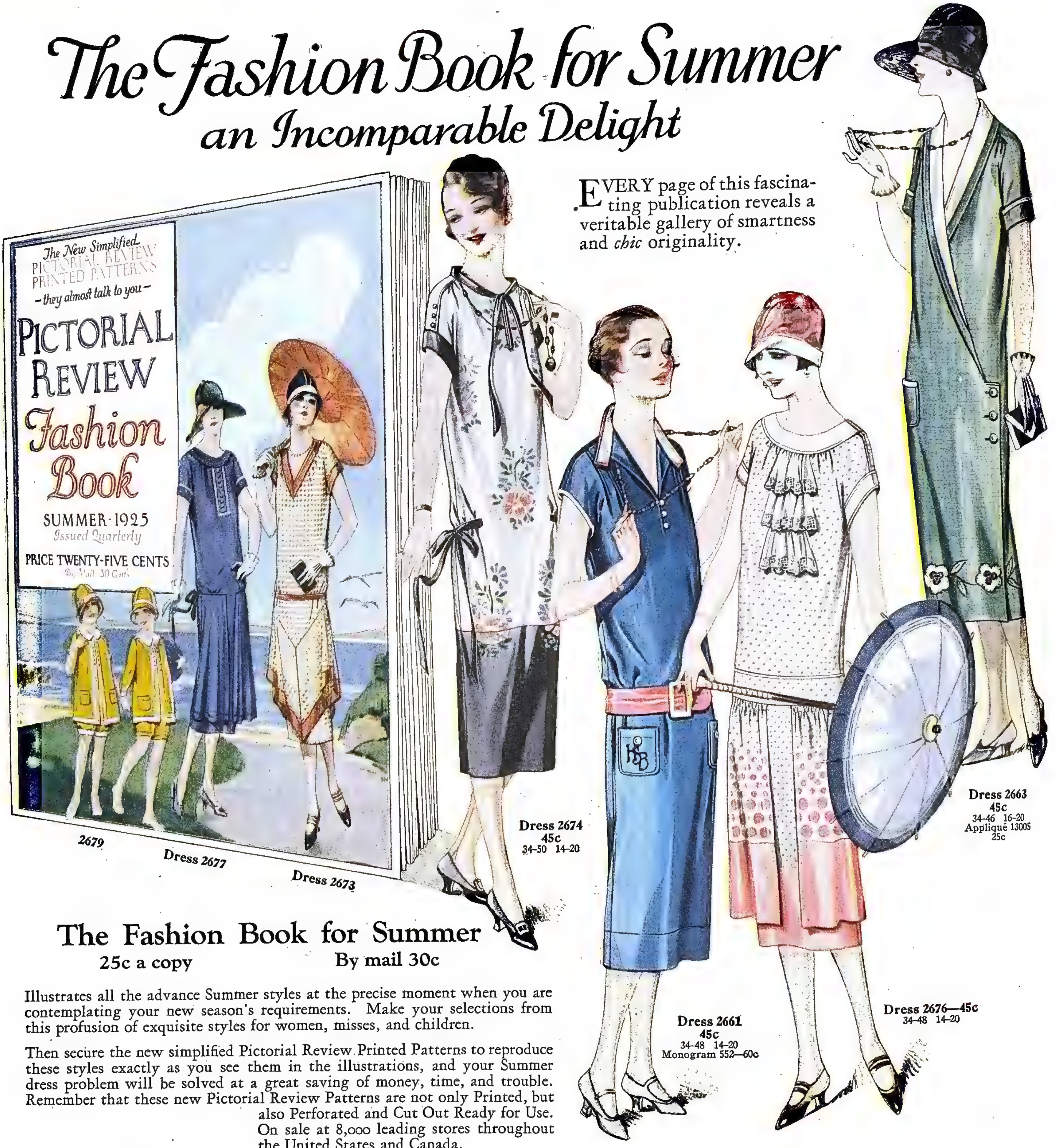
2669—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch tan and blue figured silk—⅝ yard 40-inch plain tan silk for jabot and cuffs. This is one of the many variations of the tunic mode. In this case the tunic is cut in one with the front and the frock fastens under the long front band and at the left underarm seam. Lines are long and slim.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

The Fashion Book for Summer
an Incomparable Delight

EVERY page of this fascinating publication reveals a veritable gallery of smartness and *chic* originality.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2679

Dress 2677

Dress 2673

Dress 2674
45c
34-50 14-20

Dress 2663
45c
34-46 16-20
Appliqué 13005
25c

Dress 2661
45c
34-48 14-20
Monogram 552—60c

Dress 2676—45c
34-48 14-20

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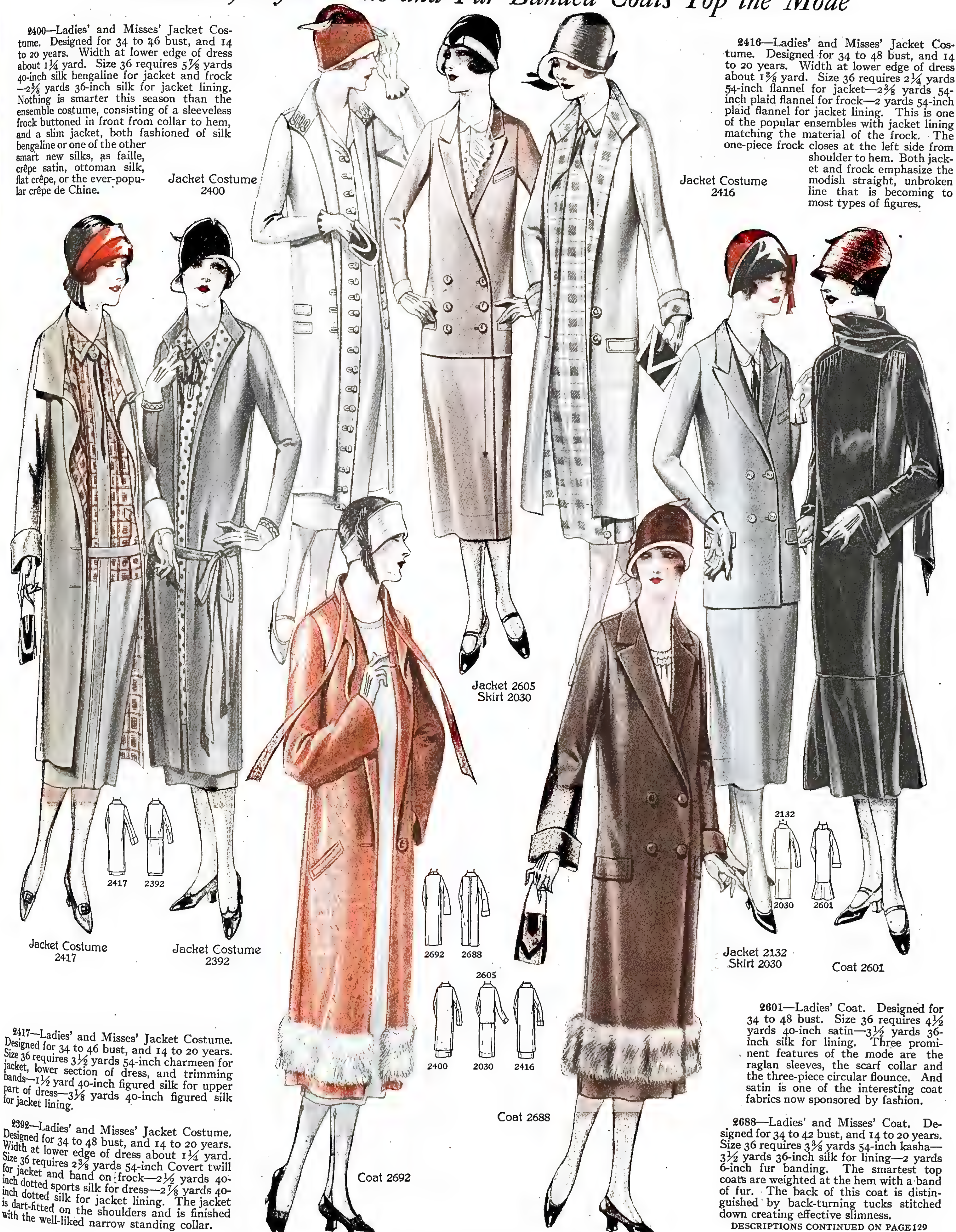
Ensembles, Boyish Suits and Fur Banded Coats Top the Mode

2400—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch silk bengaline for jacket and frock—2⅝ yards 36-inch silk for jacket lining. Nothing is smarter this season than the ensemble costume, consisting of a sleeveless frock buttoned in front from collar to hem, and a slim jacket, both fashioned of silk bengaline or one of the other smart new silks, as faille, crêpe satin, ottoman silk, flat crêpe, or the ever-popular crêpe de Chine.

2416—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel for jacket—2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid flannel for frock—2 yards 54-inch plaid flannel for jacket lining. This is one of the popular ensembles with jacket lining matching the material of the frock. The one-piece frock closes at the left side from shoulder to hem. Both jacket and frock emphasize the modish straight, unbroken line that is becoming to most types of figures.



Jacket Costume
2400

Jacket Costume
2416

Jacket Costume
2417

Jacket Costume
2392

Jacket 2605
Skirt 2030

Jacket 2132
Skirt 2030

Coat 2601

Coat 2688

Coat 2692

2417—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch charmeen for jacket, lower section of dress, and trimming bands—1½ yard 40-inch figured silk for upper part of dress—3⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk for jacket lining.

2392—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch Covert twill for jacket and band on frock—2½ yards 40-inch dotted sports silk for dress—2⅞ yards 40-inch dotted silk for jacket lining. The jacket is dart-fitted on the shoulders and is finished with the well-liked narrow standing collar.

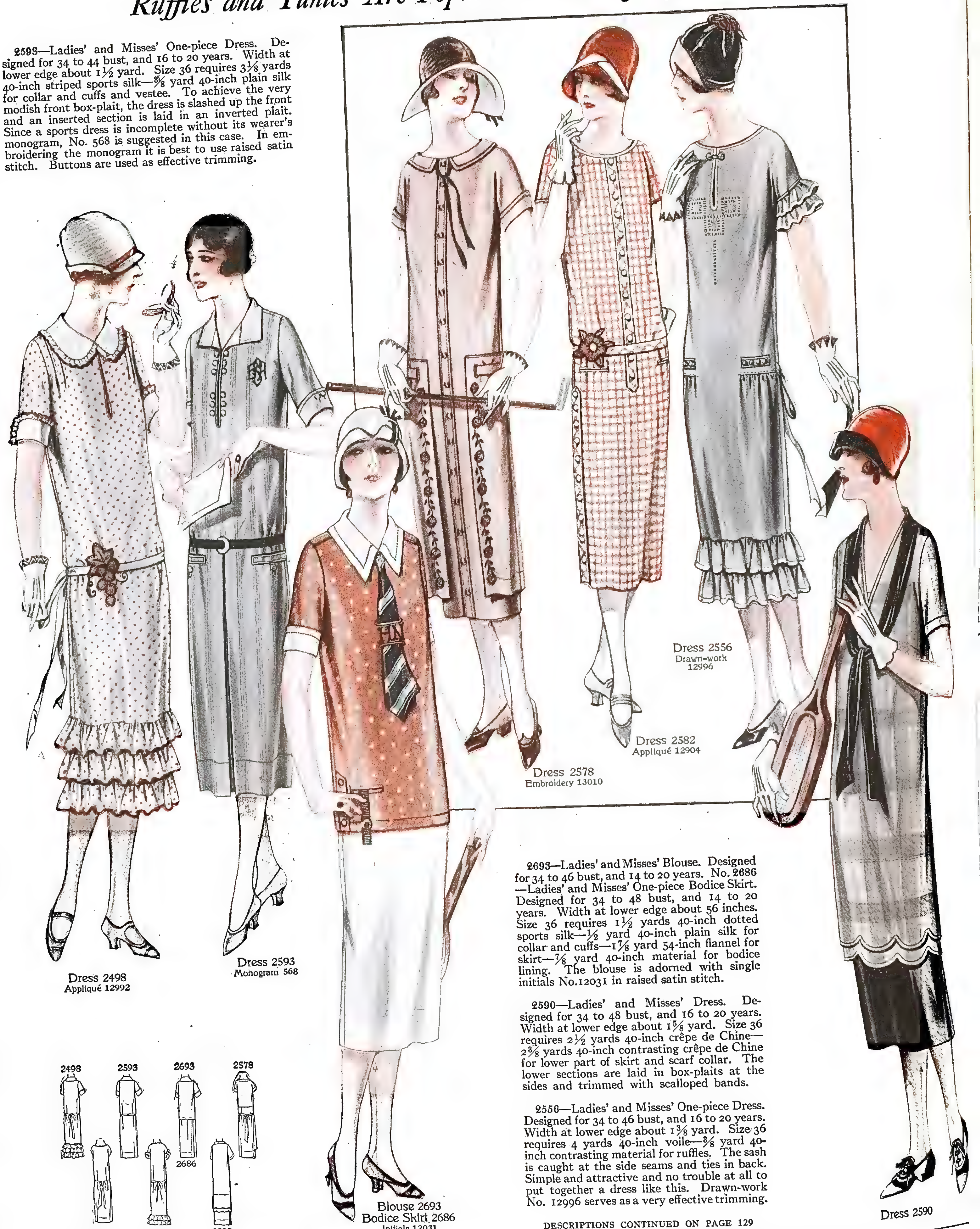
2601—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch satin—3½ yards 36-inch silk for lining. Three prominent features of the mode are the raglan sleeves, the scarf collar and the three-piece circular flounce. And satin is one of the interesting coat fabrics now sponsored by fashion.

2688—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch kasha—3½ yards 36-inch silk for lining—2 yards 6-inch fur banding. The smartest top coats are weighted at the hem with a band of fur. The back of this coat is distinguished by back-turning tucks stitched down creating effective slimness.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Ruffles and Tunics Are Popular Whims of Sports Clothes

2593—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch striped sports silk—⅜ yard 40-inch plain silk for collar and cuffs and vestee. To achieve the very modish front box-plait, the dress is slashed up the front and an inserted section is laid in an inverted plait. Since a sports dress is incomplete without its wearer's monogram, No. 568 is suggested in this case. In embroidering the monogram it is best to use raised satin stitch. Buttons are used as effective trimming.



Dress 2498
Appliqué 12992

Dress 2593
Monogram 568

Dress 2578
Embroidery 13010

Dress 2582
Appliqué 12904

Dress 2556
Drawn-work
12996

Blouse 2693
Bodice Skirt 2686
Initials 12031

Dress 2590

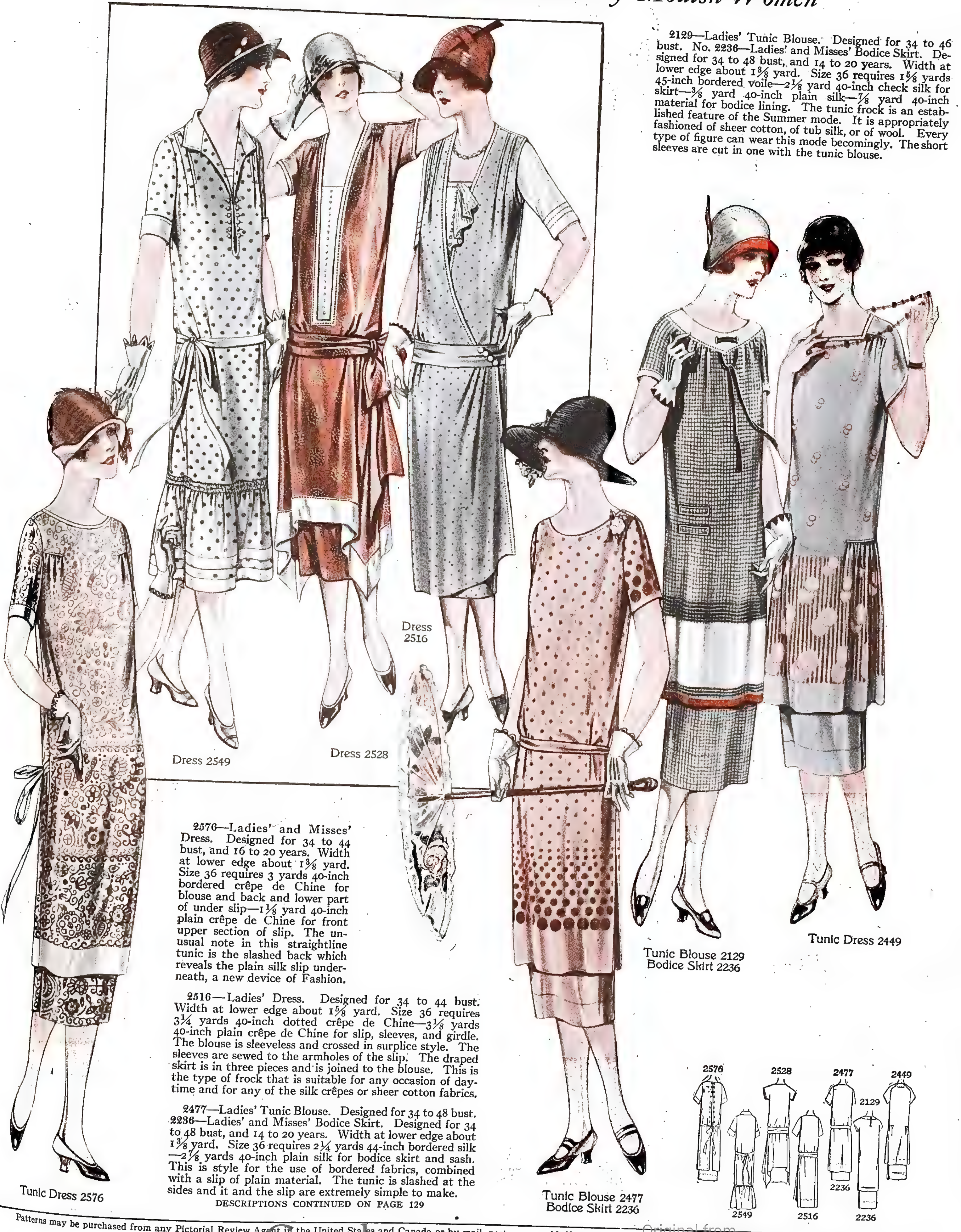
2693—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. No. 2686—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 56 inches. Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch dotted sports silk—½ yard 40-inch plain silk for collar and cuffs—1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt—⅞ yard 40-inch material for bodice lining. The blouse is adorned with single initials No. 12031 in raised satin stitch.

2590—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅜ yards 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for lower part of skirt and scarf collar. The lower sections are laid in box-plaits at the sides and trimmed with scalloped bands.

2556—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting material for ruffles. The sash is caught at the side seams and ties in back. Simple and attractive and no trouble at all to put together a dress like this. Drawn-work No. 12996 serves as a very effective trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Frocks in Bordered Fabrics Are Worn by Modish Women



2129—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 45-inch bordered voile—2⅛ yard 40-inch check silk for skirt—⅜ yard 40-inch plain silk—⅞ yard 40-inch material for bodice lining. The tunic frock is an established feature of the Summer mode. It is appropriately fashioned of sheer cotton, of tub silk, or of wool. Every type of figure can wear this mode becomingly. The short sleeves are cut in one with the tunic blouse.

Dress 2549

Dress 2528

Dress 2516

Tunic Blouse 2129
Bodice Skirt 2236

Tunic Dress 2449

Tunic Dress 2576

Tunic Blouse 2477
Bodice Skirt 2236

2576—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch bordered crêpe de Chine for blouse and back and lower part of under slip—1⅛ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for front upper section of slip. The unusual note in this straightline tunic is the slashed back which reveals the plain silk slip underneath, a new device of Fashion.

2516—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—3⅛ yards 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for slip, sleeves, and girdle. The blouse is sleeveless and crossed in surplice style. The sleeves are sewed to the armholes of the slip. The draped skirt is in three pieces and is joined to the blouse. This is the type of frock that is suitable for any occasion of daytime and for any of the silk crêpes or sheer cotton fabrics.

2477—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch bordered silk —2⅞ yards 40-inch plain silk for bodice skirt and sash. This is style for the use of bordered fabrics, combined with a slip of plain material. The tunic is slashed at the sides and it and the slip are extremely simple to make.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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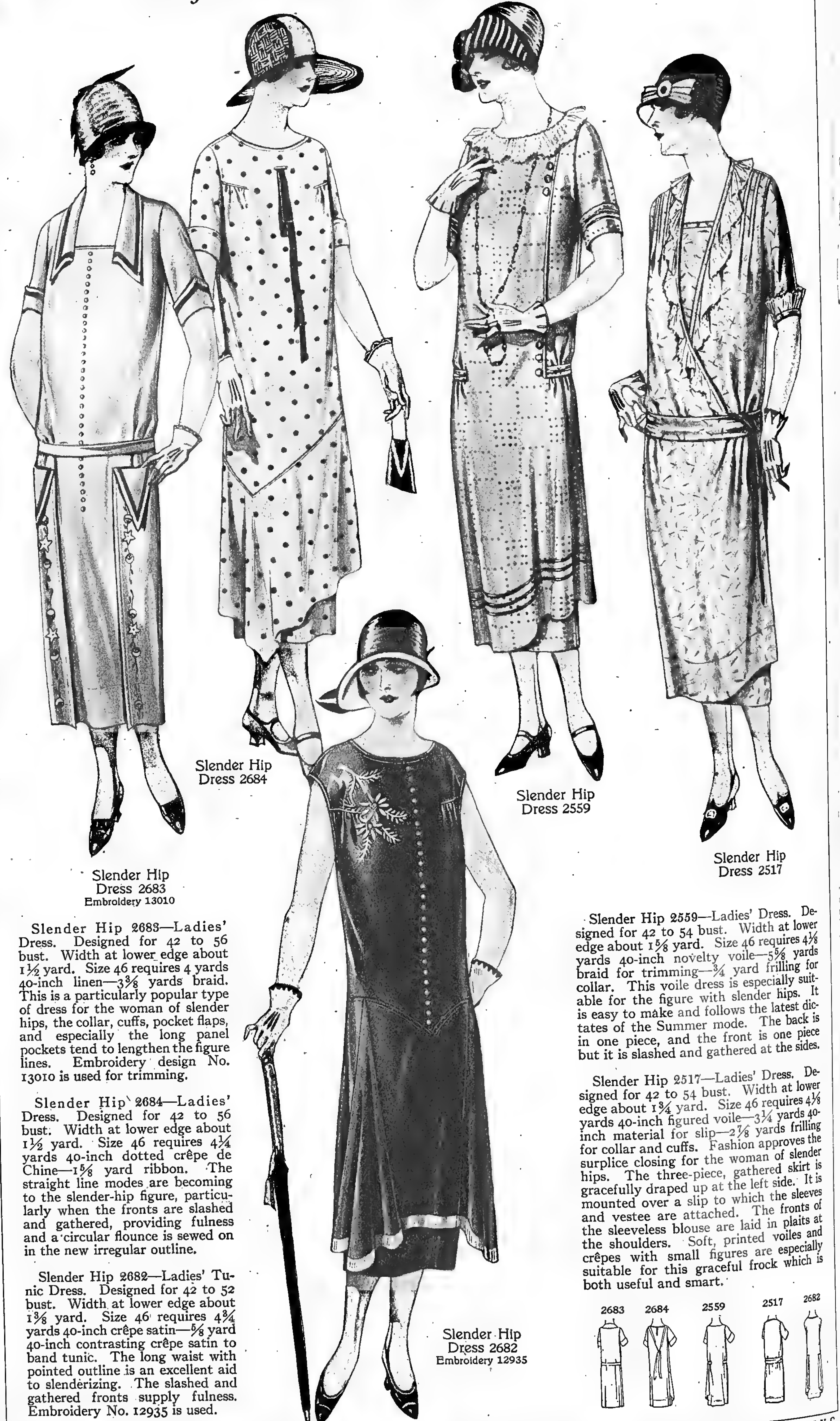
Graceful Modes for Women of Slender Hips



Slender Hip
Dress 2683
Embroidery 13010

Slender Hip
Dress 2684

Slender Hip
Dress 2559

Slender Hip
Dress 2517

Slender Hip
Dress 2682
Embroidery 12935

Slender Hip 2683—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 4 yards 40-inch linen—3⅜ yards braid. This is a particularly popular type of dress for the woman of slender hips, the collar, cuffs, pocket flaps, and especially the long panel pockets tend to lengthen the figure lines. Embroidery design No. 13010 is used for trimming.

Slender Hip 2684—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard ribbon. The straight line modes are becoming to the slender-hip figure, particularly when the fronts are slashed and gathered, providing fulness and a circular flounce is sewed on in the new irregular outline.

Slender Hip 2682—Ladies' Tunic Dress. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin to band tunic. The long waist with pointed outline is an excellent aid to slenderizing. The slashed and gathered fronts supply fulness. Embroidery No. 12935 is used.

Slender Hip 2559—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch novelty voile—5⅝ yards braid for trimming—¾ yard frilling for collar. This voile dress is especially suitable for the figure with slender hips. It is easy to make and follows the latest dictates of the Summer mode. The back is in one piece, and the front is one piece but it is slashed and gathered at the sides.

Slender Hip 2517—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch figured voile—3¼ yards 40-inch material for slip—2⅞ yards frilling for collar and cuffs. Fashion approves the surplice closing for the woman of slender hips. The three-piece, gathered skirt is gracefully draped up at the left side. It is mounted over a slip to which the sleeves and vestee are attached. The fronts of the sleeveless blouse are laid in plaits at the shoulders. Soft, printed voiles and crêpes with small figures are especially suitable for this graceful frock which is both useful and smart.

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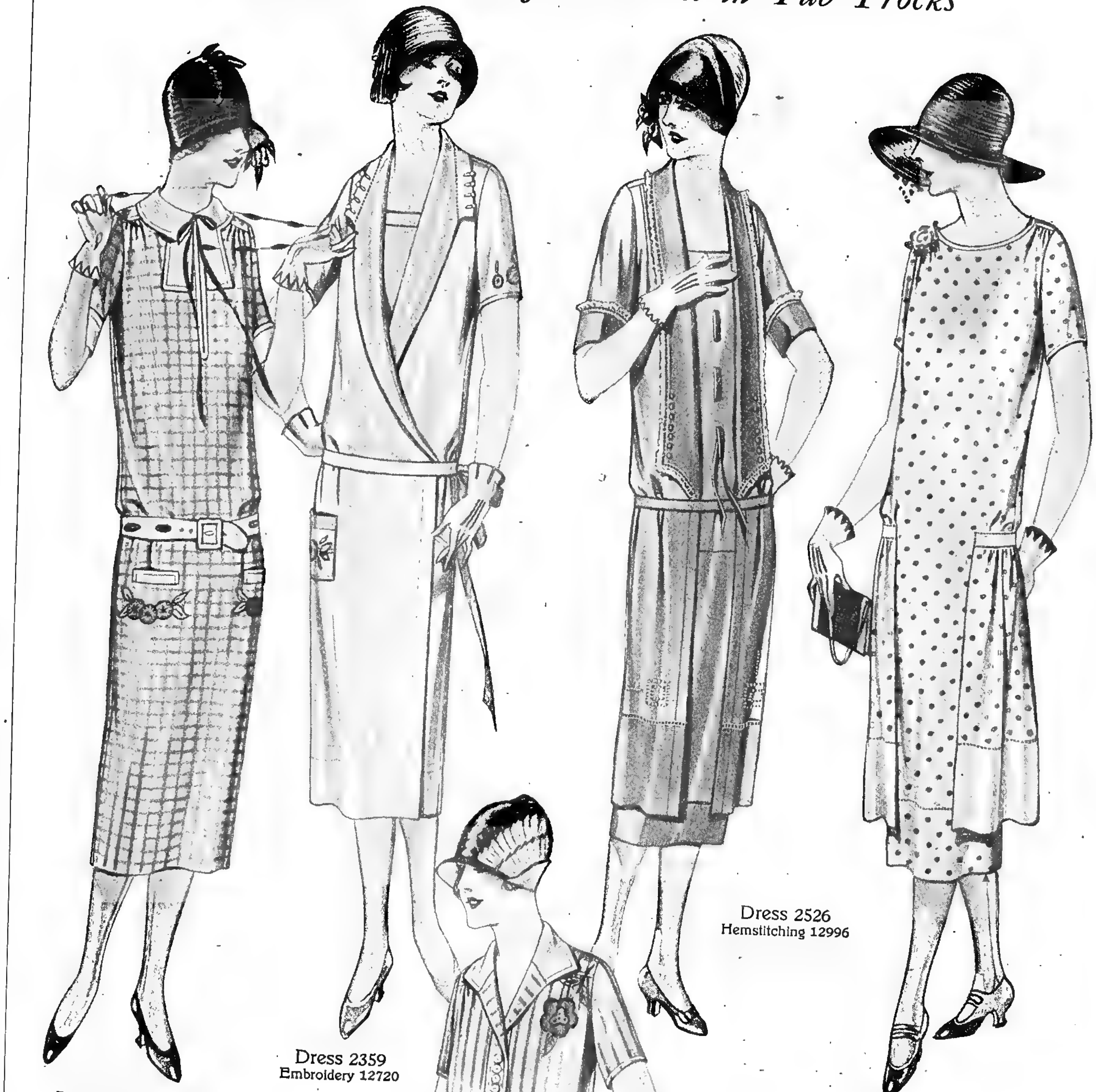
Effective Versions of the New in Tub Frocks



Dress 2574
Appliqué 12672

Dress 2359
Embroidery 12720

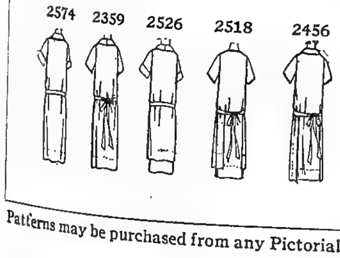
Dress 2526
Hemstitching 12996

Dress 2518

Dress 2456
Appliqué 13005

2574—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 42 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32-inch gingham—¾ yard 36-inch voile to trim. A yoke is formed by gathering the fronts to the back which extends over the shoulder. Appliqué motifs No. 12672 are placed just beneath the inserted pockets. A novelty leather belt is used.

2359—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch linen—⅛ yard 36-inch voile to trim. The enduring popularity of this type of dress, one-piece with shawl collar, closing well over at one side, is again shown in its appearance in tub fabrics for the Summer season. Embroidery design No. 12720 is appliquéd on the patch-pockets and short sleeves. These appliqué motifs may be made of linen, sateen or chambray. They may be buttonhole-stitched to the foundation material.



2526—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch voile—2 yards lace edging—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining—1 yard ribbon. This is a charming frock fashioned of voile and adorned with hemstitching No. 12996. The tunic blouse, with its interesting collar, is worn over a slip, and there is a vestee attached to it. Plaits are stitched flat on the shoulders. The long revers are particularly becoming.

2518—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy to band tunics. A simple, one-piece frock like this is given distinction by the addition of gathered side tunics, which tie in back in apron fashion. The sash is sewed to the fronts. The dress is slashed and gathered under the tunics.

2456—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch tub silk—¼ yard 40-inch plain silk. A very desirable style for washable silks. The skirt is in two pieces, the sides gathered and laid in plaits, and attached to the long waist. The back extends over the shoulders in yoke effect and the fronts are gathered to it. Appliqué No. 13005 is developed in tub silk in a contrasting color.

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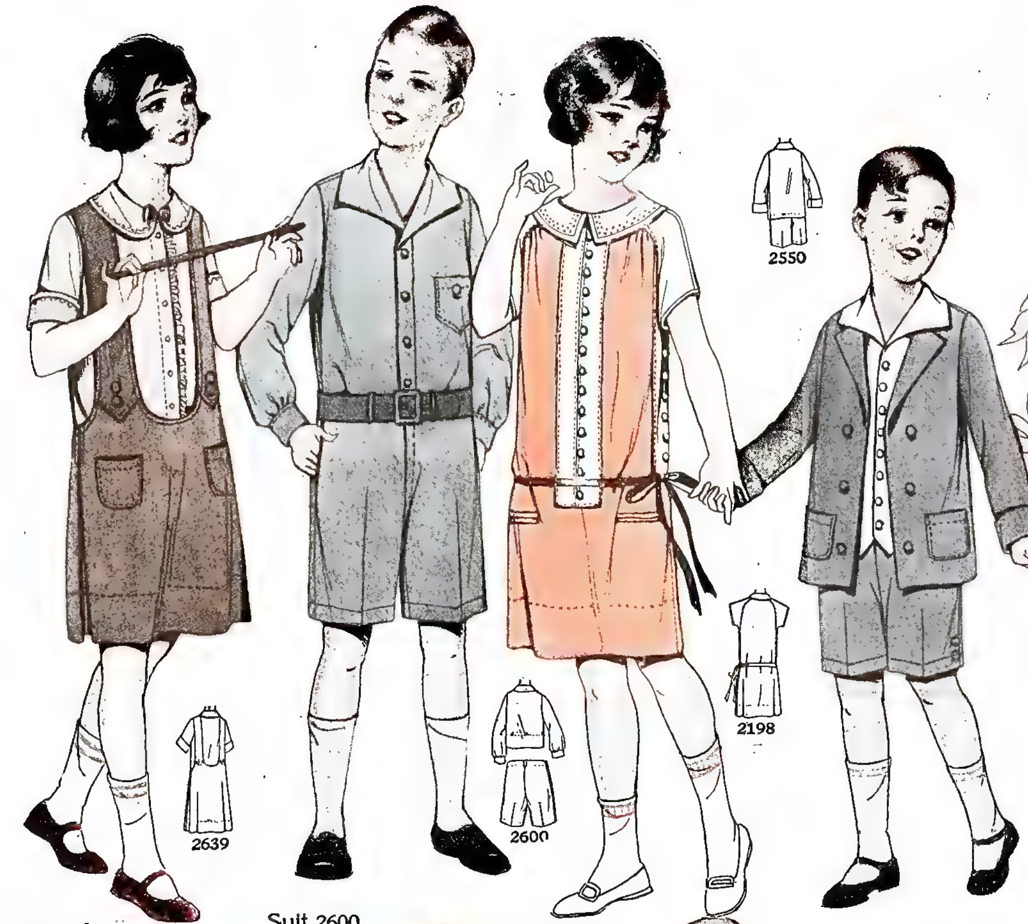
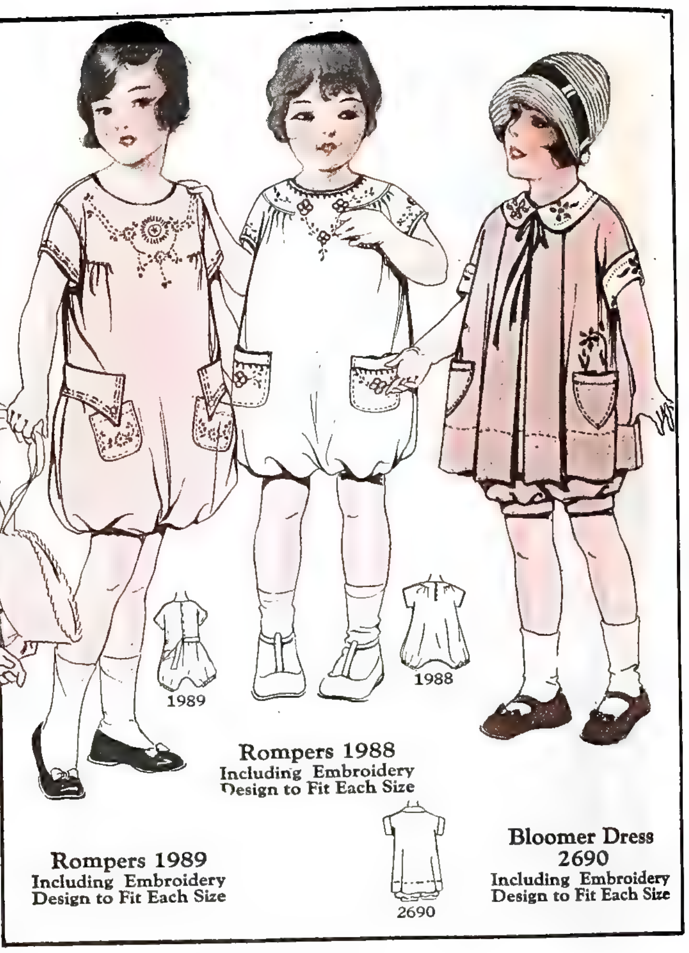


Suspender Dress 2639

Suit 2600

Dress 2198

Suit 2550



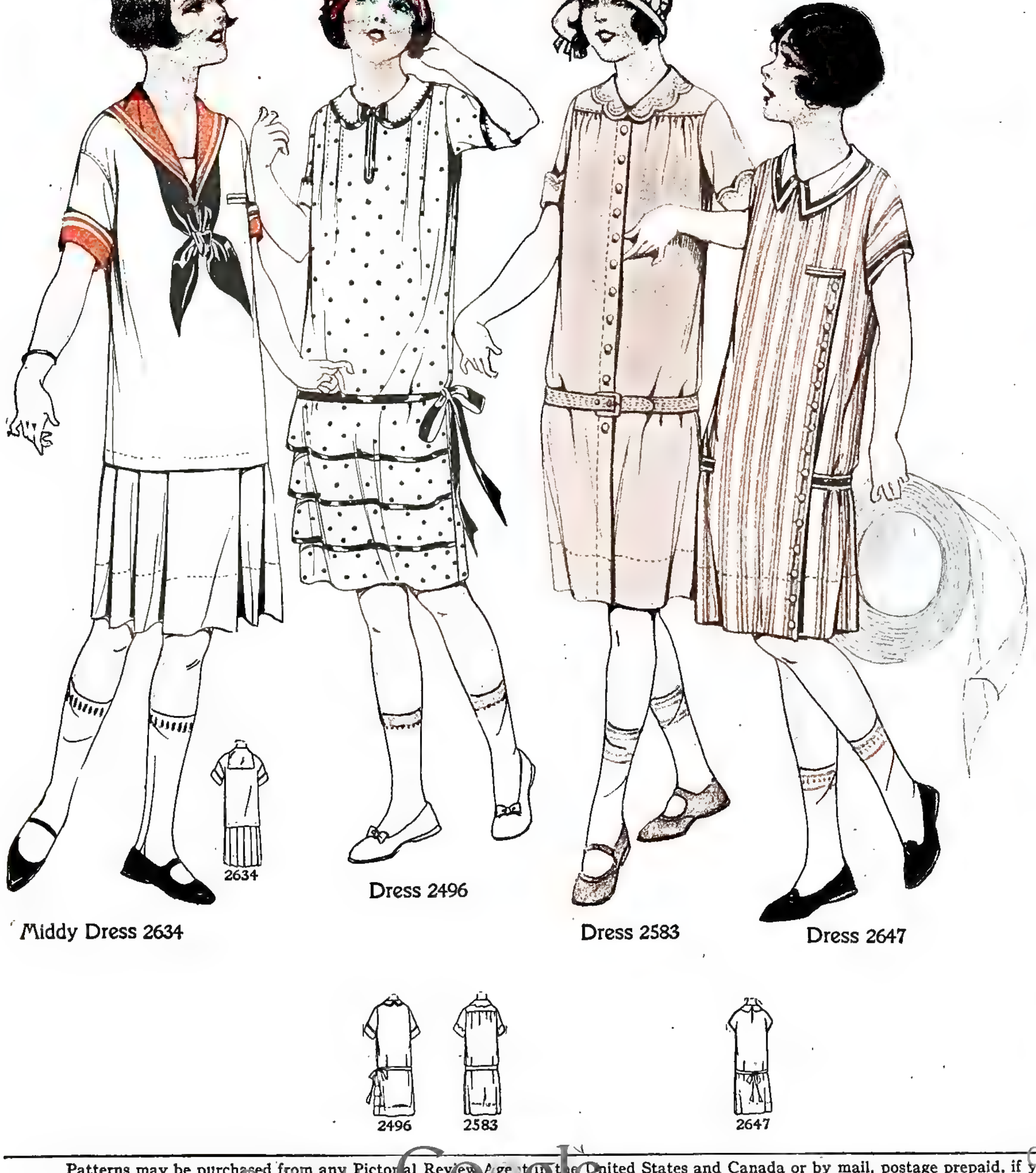
Rompers 1988
Including Embroidery
Design to Fit Each Size

Rompers 1989
Including Embroidery
Design to Fit Each Size

Bloomer Dress 2690
Including Embroidery
Design to Fit Each Size

Fashion Considers Youth

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 129

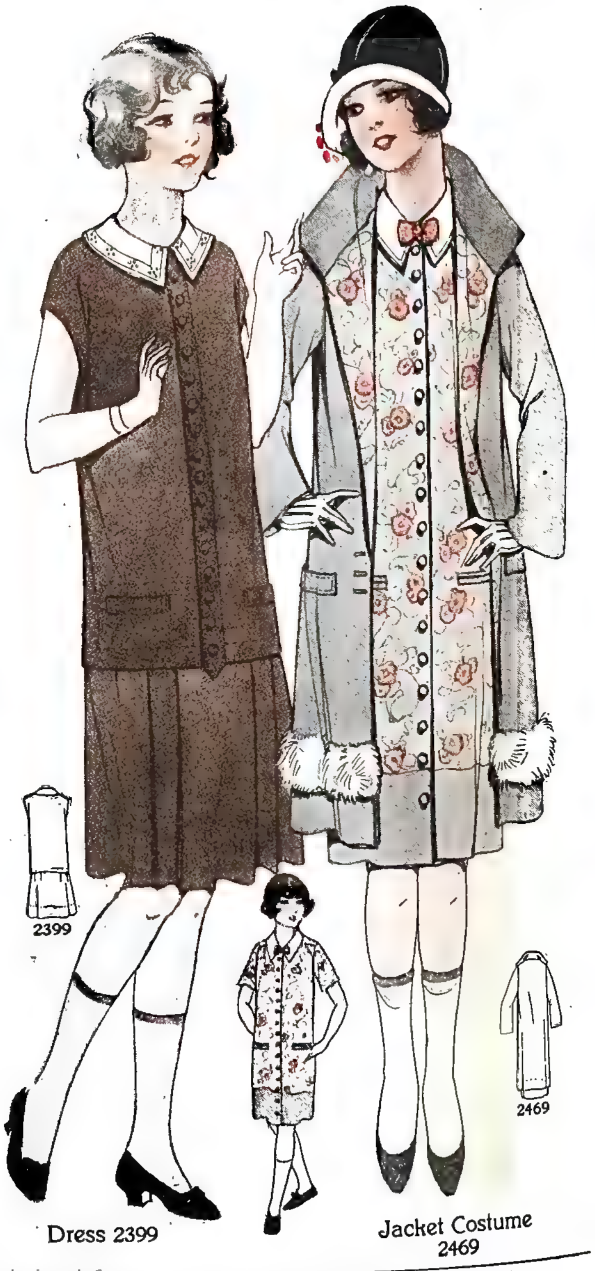


Middy Dress 2634

Dress 2496

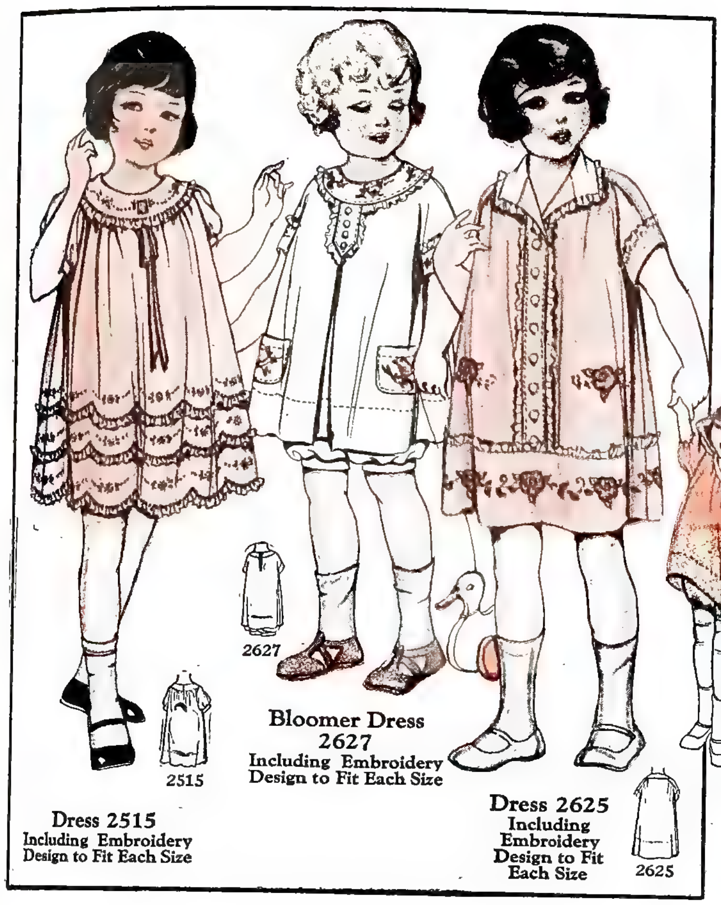
Dress 2583

Dress 2647



Dress 2399

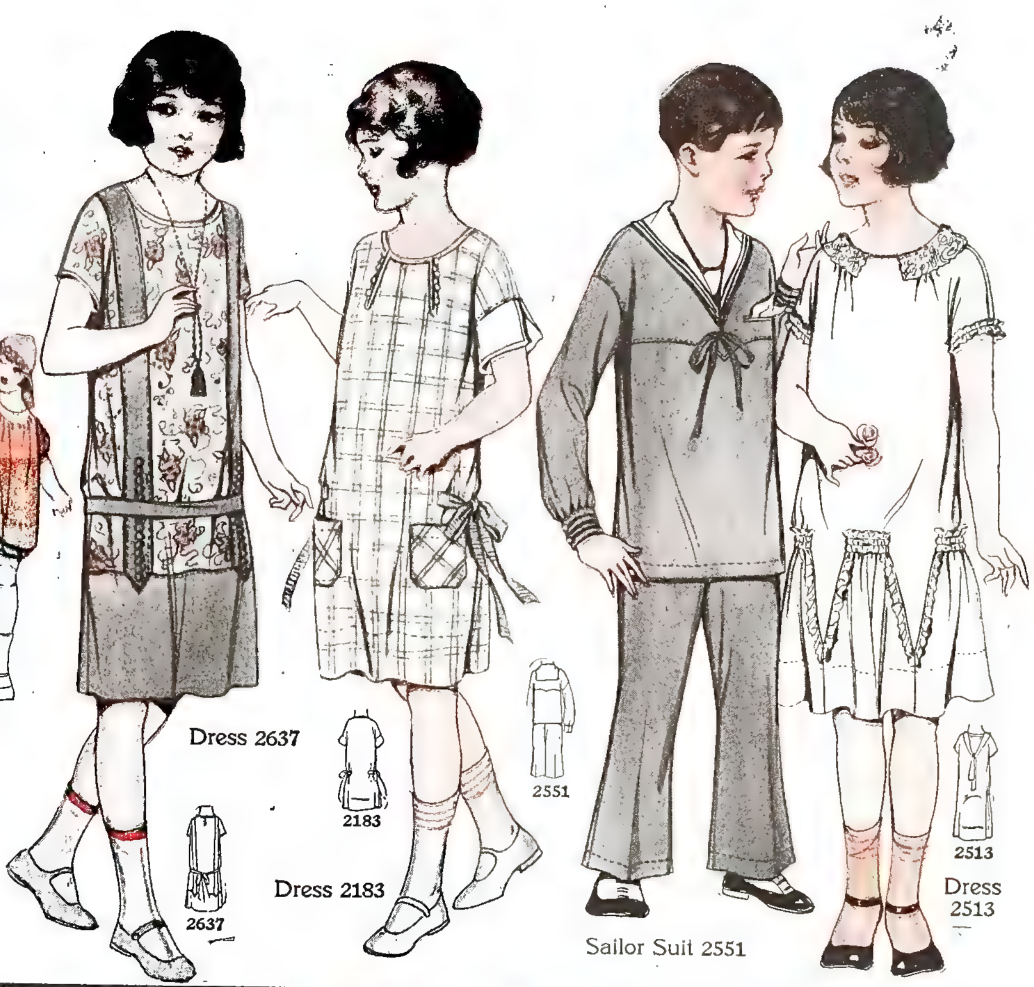
Jacket Costume 2469



Bloomer Dress 2627
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2515
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2625
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Dress 2637

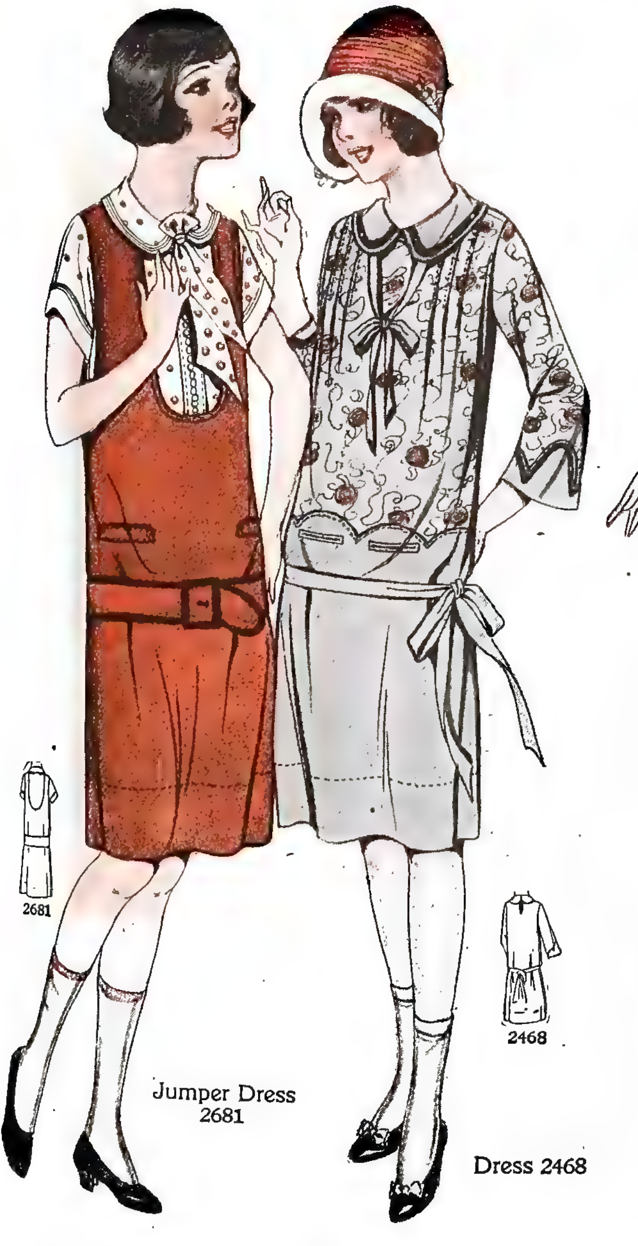
Dress 2183

Sailor Suit 2551

Dress 2513

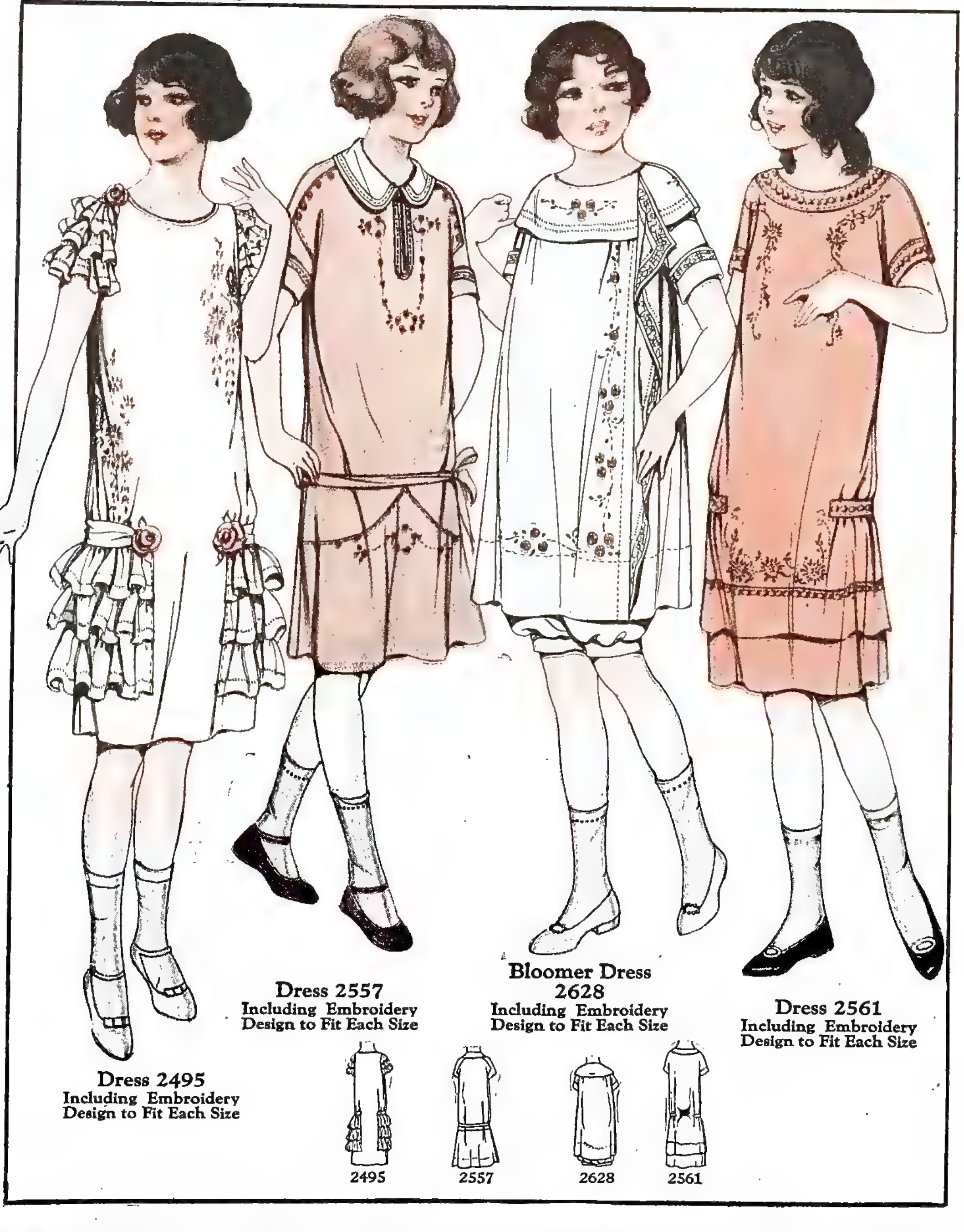
and Its Summer Style Needs

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 129



Jumper Dress 2681

Dress 2468

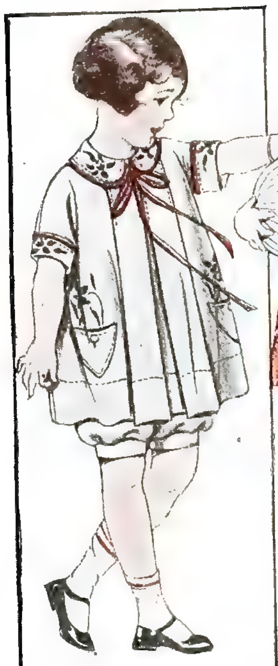


Dress 2495
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

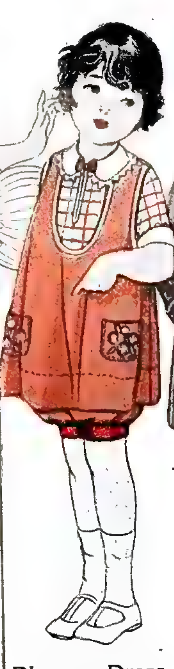
Dress 2557
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Bloomer Dress 2628
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

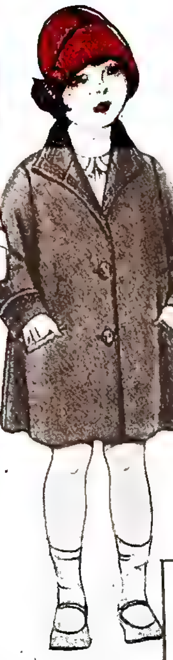
Dress 2561
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Bloomer Dress
2690
Including Transfer
Design to Fit Each Size



Bloomer Dress
2680
Appliqué 12672

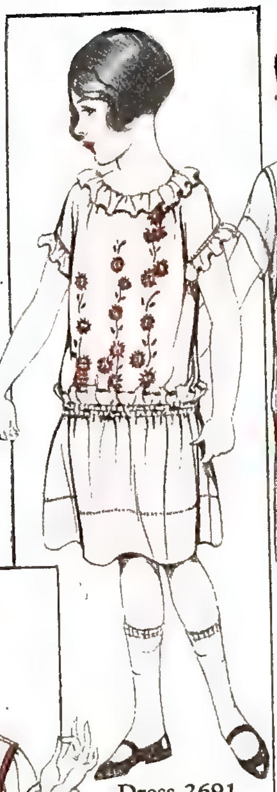


Coat 2678

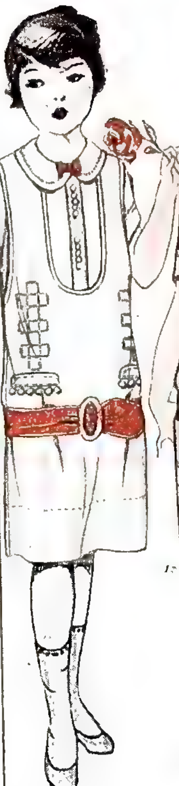
2678—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch twill—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. This chic little coat is made with long one-piece sleeves which may be made with or without the cuffs. Fronts are underfaced and rolled to form revers.

2680—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch chambray—1 yard 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch batiste for collar and binding—1 yard rick-rack braid. The patch pockets are trimmed with appliqué design No. 12672.

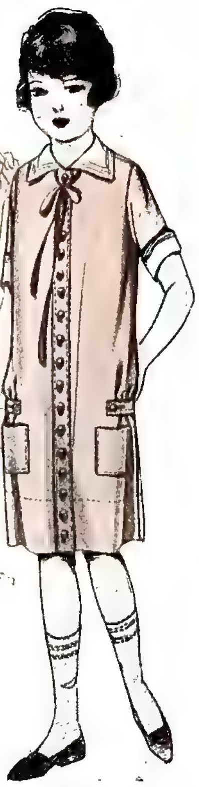
2690—Child's Bloomer Dress Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch linen—1¾ yard bias edging—1⅛ yard ribbon. Two box plaits extend down the front of this dainty frock.



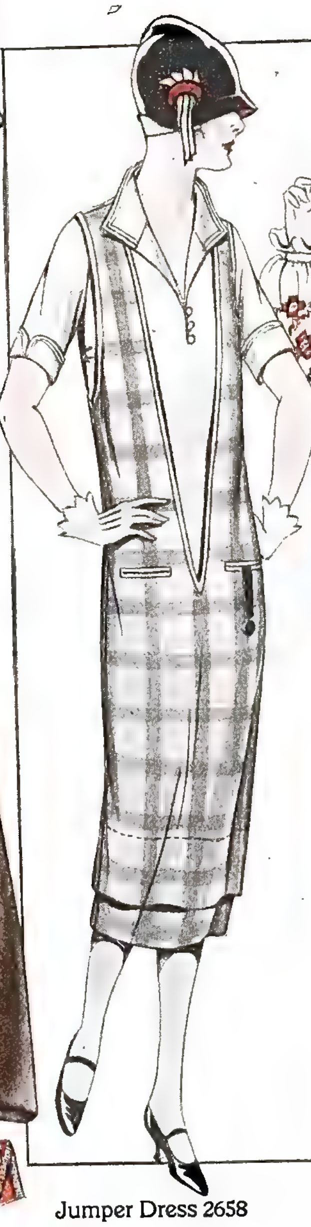
Dress 2691
Including
Transfer Design to Fit Each
Size



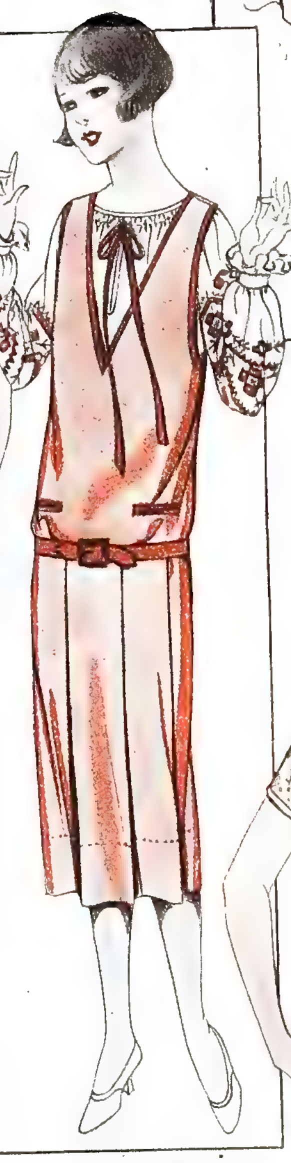
Jumper
Dress 2681
Drawn-work
12907



Dress 2689



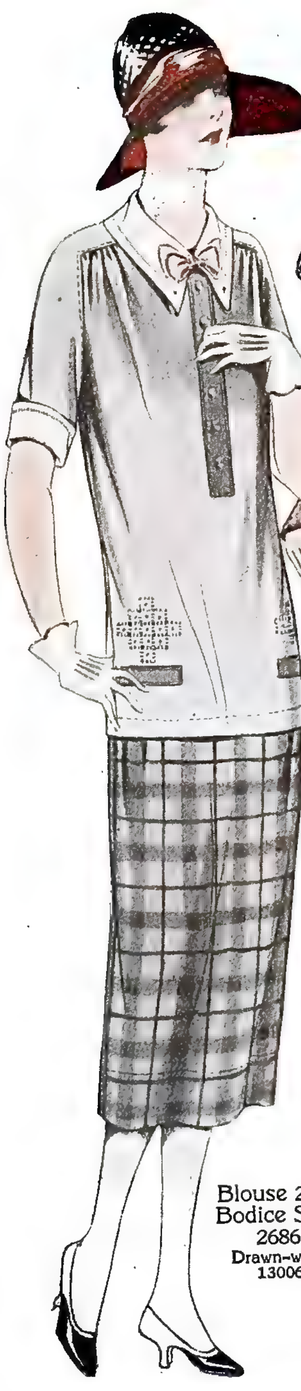
Jumper Dress 2658



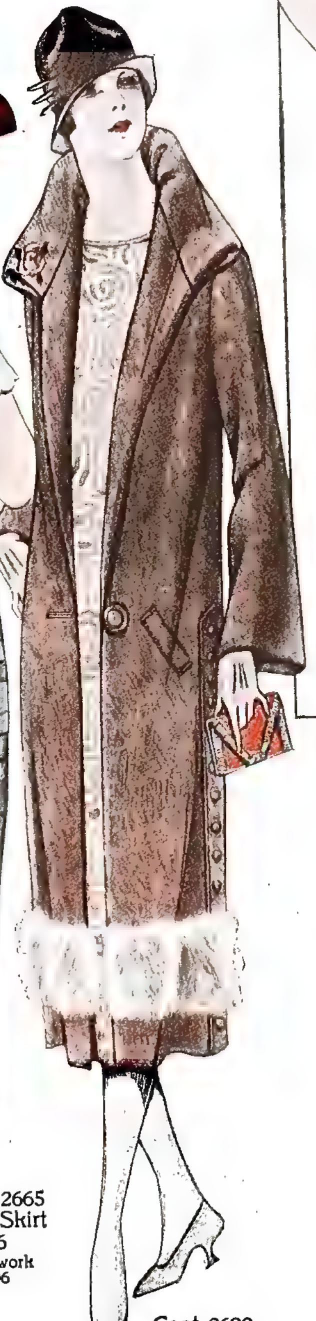
Jumper Skirt 2685
Blouse 2662
Embroidery 12715

2658—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch check flannel—1⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe—4½ yards braid. The deep V-neck and large armholes are characteristic features of the smartest new jumper frocks. Front is slashed at center-front, underfaced and rolled with the convertible collar. Sleeves may be long and gathered to wrist-bands or worn short. Inserted pockets give the frock a modish tailored appearance. The jumper frock will be included in every smart Spring wardrobe.

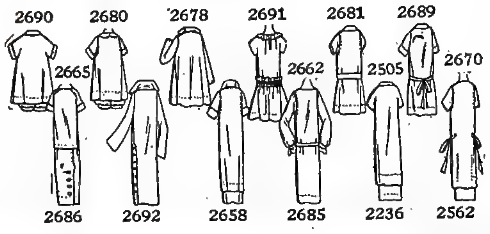
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

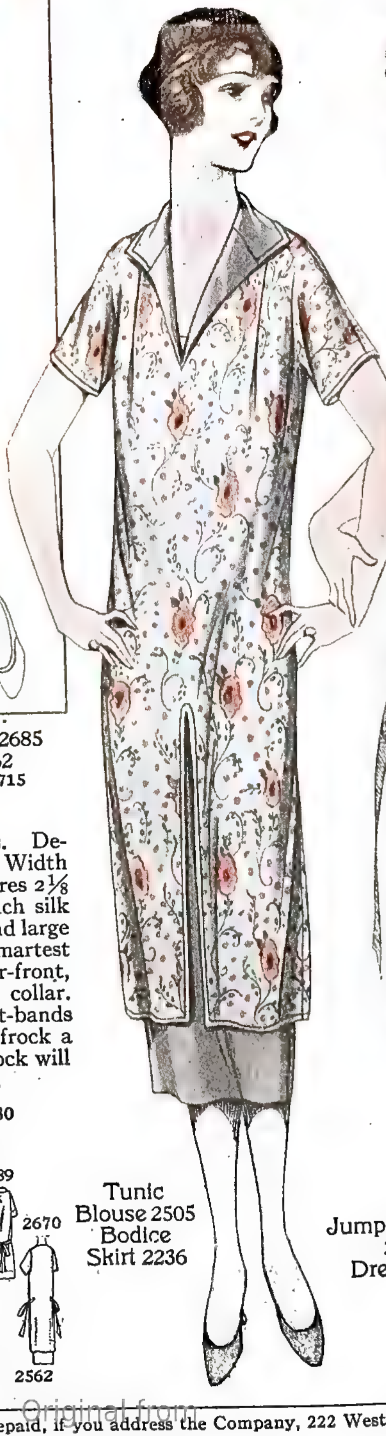


Blouse 2665
Bodice Skirt
2686
Drawn-work
13006

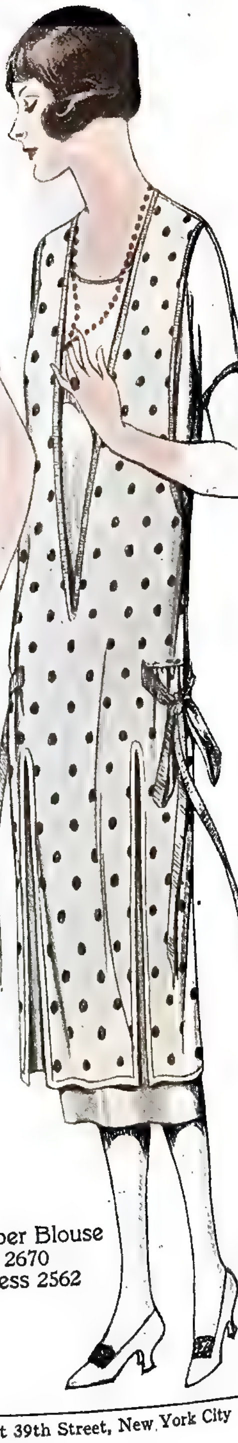


Coat 2692



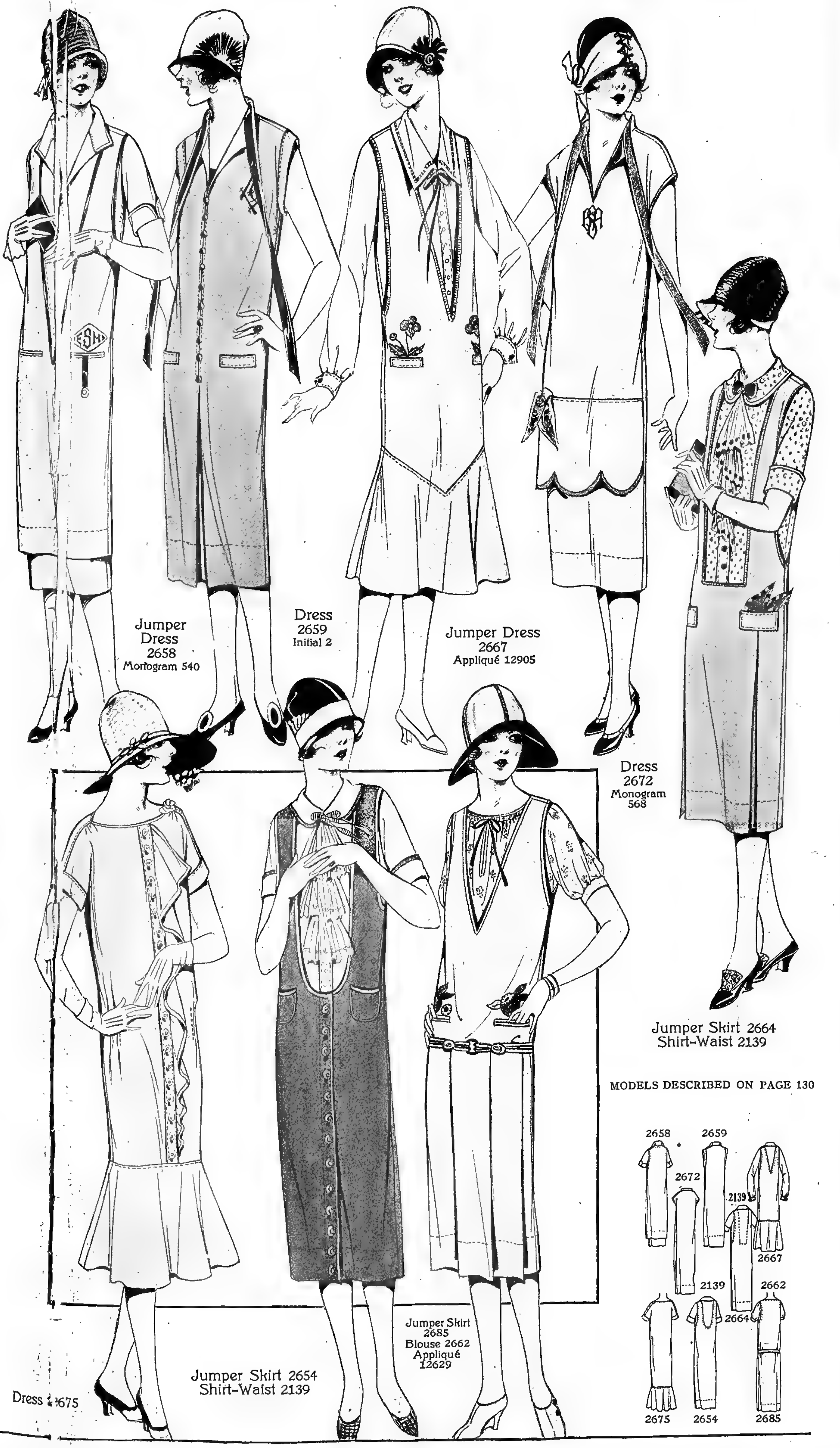


Tunic
Blouse 2505
Bodice
Skirt 2236



Jumper Blouse
2670
Dress 2562

The Jumper Frock Is the Favorite of Young Girls



Jumper Dress 2658 Monogram 540

Dress 2659 Initial 2

Jumper Dress 2667 Appliqué 12905

Dress 2672 Monogram 568

Jumper Skirt 2664 Shirt-Waist 2139

Jumper Skirt 2654 Shirt-Waist 2139

Jumper Skirt 2685 Blouse 2662 Appliqué 12629

Dress 2675

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Stay a Girl

Cultivate Your Beauty
Retain Your Youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I urge all girls and women to try the aids to youth and beauty which did so much for me. They result from 40 years of world-search for the best.

I made myself a famous beauty, gained a glorious career. I have kept that beauty to a grand old age. All by using the best helps that science could supply.

Now I offer them to you. A test is free. Whether you are girl or woman, let me show you what they do.

My Rosy Bloom

I found in France a liquid cleanser, used by famous beauties there. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. I call this product my Facial Youth. One use will give you a new conception of what a clean skin means. I use a super-cream called My Youth Cream. It contains a dozen ingredients which experts have advised for me. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. A test of Youth Cream will amaze and delight you.

White Youth Clay

Clay is the greatest help that women can employ. But not the crude and muddy clays so many have applied. I use a clay which is the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. And it combines many helps besides clay.

I call it my White Youth Clay. It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it, the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It causes a rosy afterglow by bringing the blood to the skin. Many women seem to drop ten years in one application. No girl can look her best without the use of clay.

My Envied Hair

My hair is thick, lustrous and luxuriant. The thousands who see me daily on the stage wonder at its glory. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. In fact, my hair is finer far than 40 years ago.

This I owe to my Hair Youth. It combines many helps in one. I apply it directly to the scalp with an eyedropper. There it combats all that stifles the hair roots. It stimulates and tones. I never met a woman who found anything to bring comparable results. I wish all women who love beautiful hair would learn what Hair Youth does.

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Your Choice Free

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☐ Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth

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Separate Remover for Perfect Results

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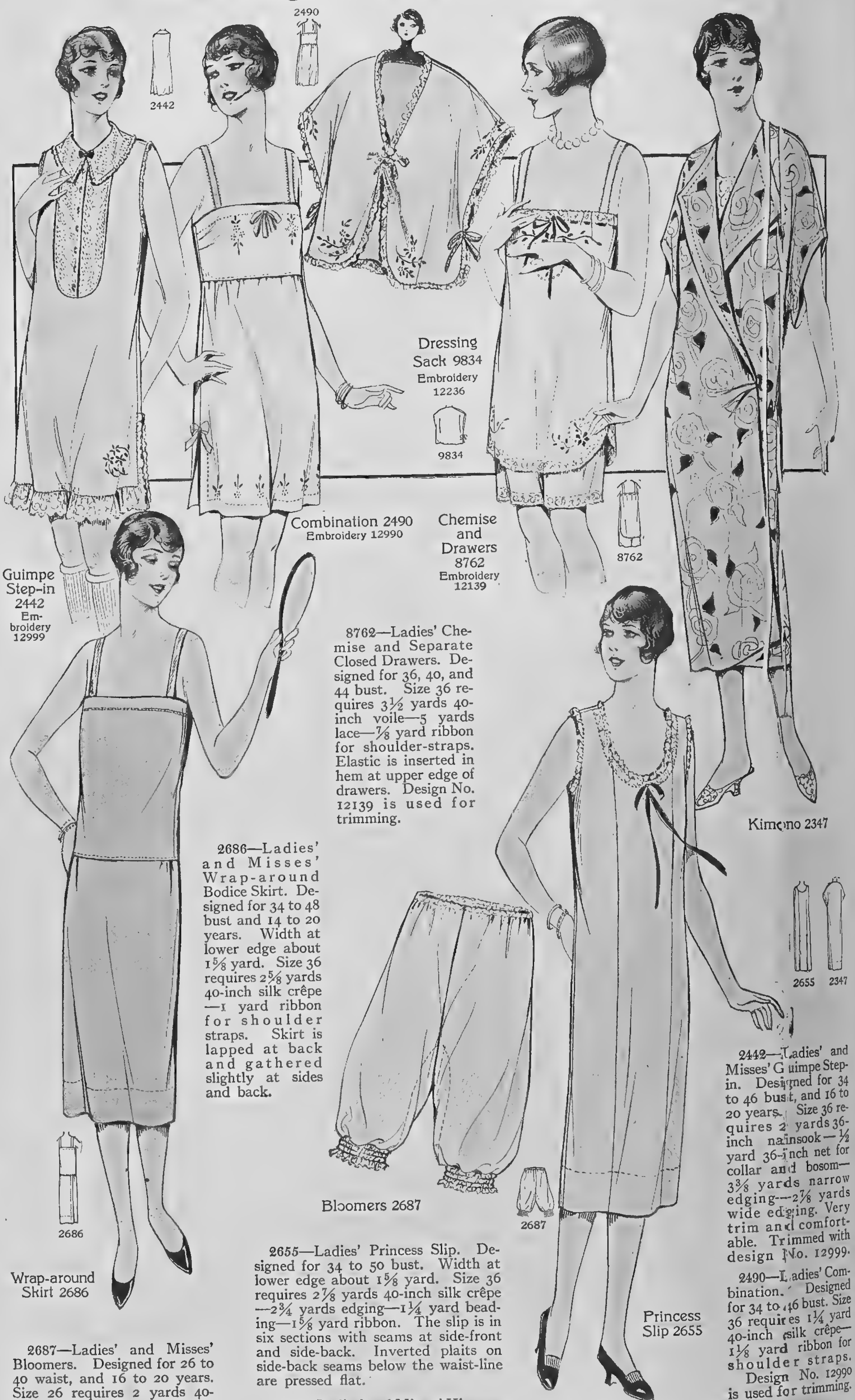

8762—Ladies' Chemise and Separate Closed Drawers. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch voile—5 yards lace—⅞ yard ribbon for shoulder-straps. Elastic is inserted in hem at upper edge of drawers. Design No. 12139 is used for trimming.

2686—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-around Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Skirt is lapped at back and gathered slightly at sides and back.

2687—Ladies' and Misses' Bloomers. Designed for 26 to 40 waist, and 16 to 20 years. Size 26 requires 2 yards 40-inch radium silk. The lower edges of the bloomers are finished with deep hems stitched to form casings through which elastic is inserted to regulate the fulness.

2655—Ladies' Princess Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—2¾ yards edging—1¼ yard beading—1⅝ yard ribbon. The slip is in six sections with seams at side-front and side-back. Inverted plaits on side-back seams below the waist-line are pressed flat.

2347—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch printed crêpe. The kimono is laid in plaits in front and closed at left side-front.

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe Step-in. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—½ yard 36-inch net for collar and bosom—3⅜ yards narrow edging—2⅞ yards wide edging. Very trim and comfortable. Trimmed with design No. 12999.

2490—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Design No. 12990 is used for trimming.

9834—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe—2¼ yards ribbon—7 yards lace edging. Design No. 12236 is used for trimming. An easily made and useful garment.

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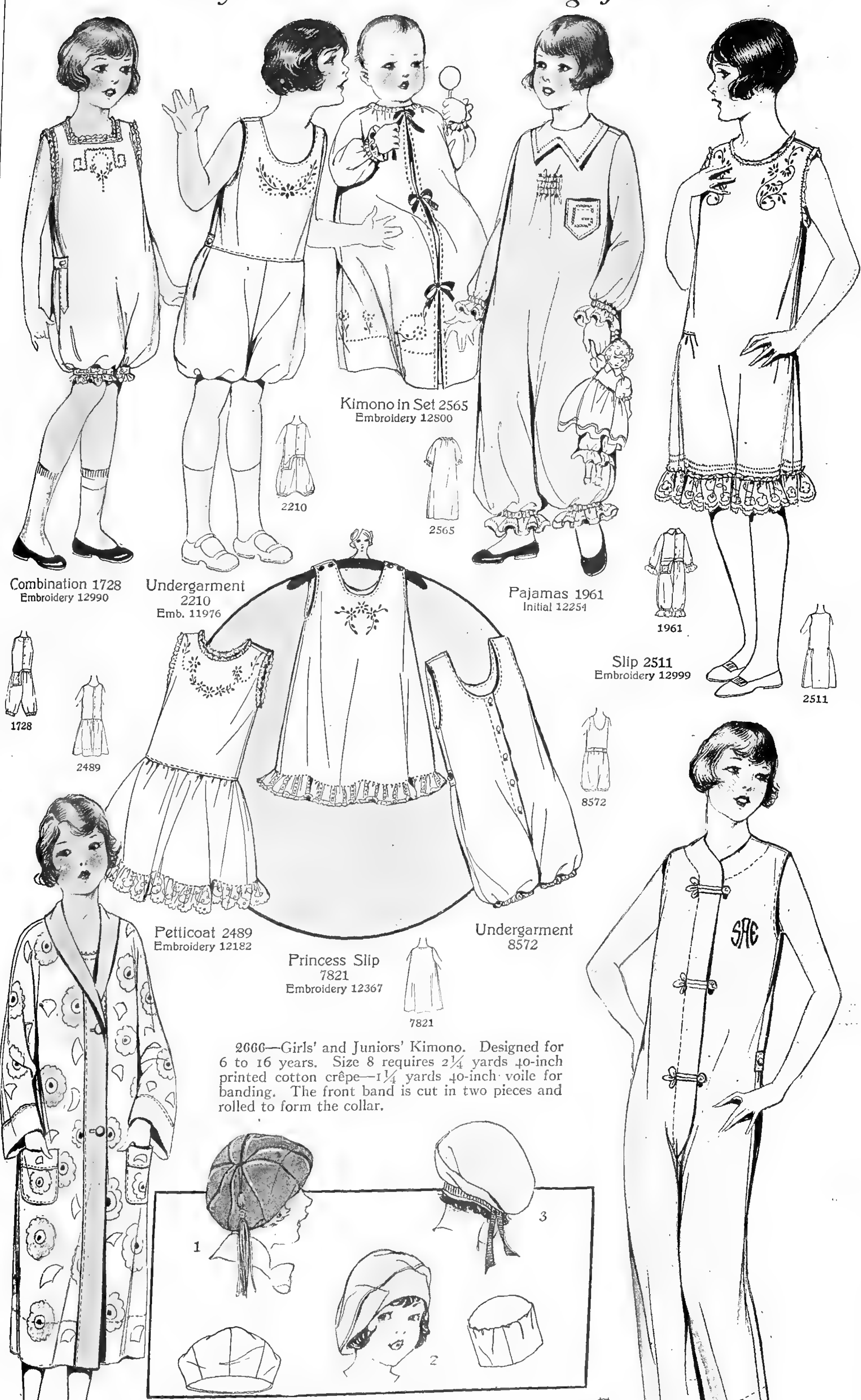
Kimono in Set 2565
Embroidery 12800
2210
2565
Combination 1728
Embroidery 12990
Undergarment
2210
Emb. 11976
Pajamas 1961
Initial 12254
1961
Slip 2511
Embroidery 12999
2511
1728
2489
8572
Petticoat 2489
Embroidery 12182
Undergarment
8572
Princess Slip
7821
Embroidery 12367
7821
1
2
3
Tam O'Shanters 2553
1856
Kimono 2666
2666
Pajamas 1856
Monogram 697

2666—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch printed cotton crêpe—1¼ yards 40-inch voile for banding. The front band is cut in two pieces and rolled to form the collar.

1856—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3½ yards 36-inch madras. The back of the drawers are gathered to a straight waistband. Only a few stitches are required to make these practical and smart-looking pajamas. Monogram No. 697 is used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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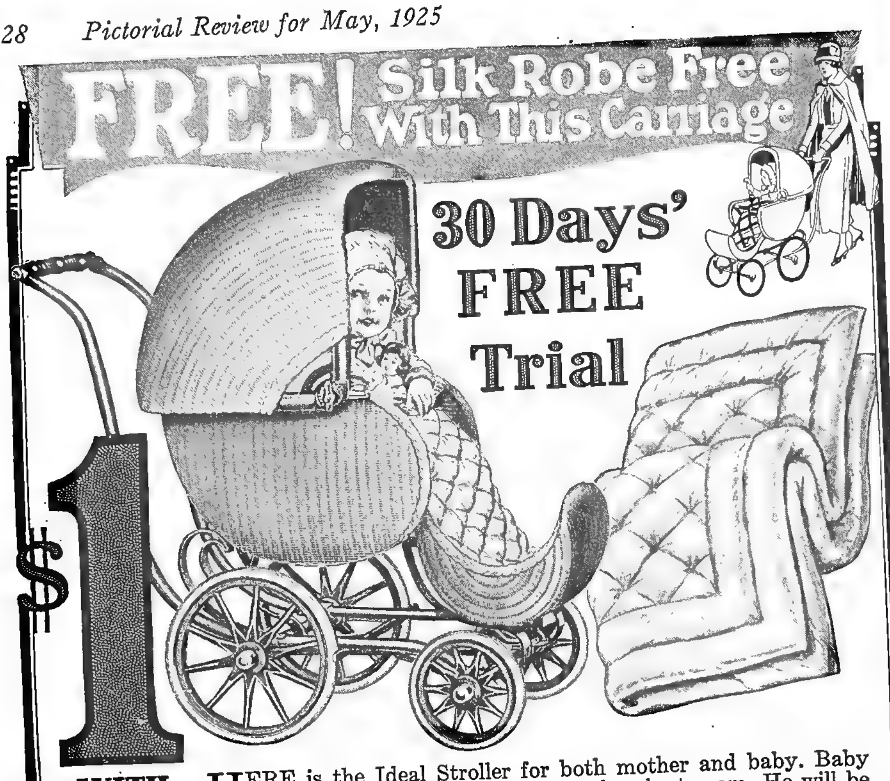
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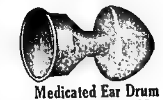

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2668—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch light green satin. Trimmed with beading design No. 12972, for which small glass beads may be used.

2595—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch yellow crêpe de Chine. Trimmed with design No. 12926.

2509—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch black satin—9⅛ yards 8-inch ecru lace flouncing—1½ yard ribbon—3⅛ yards 36-inch lining. Trimmed with embroidery design No. 12933.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

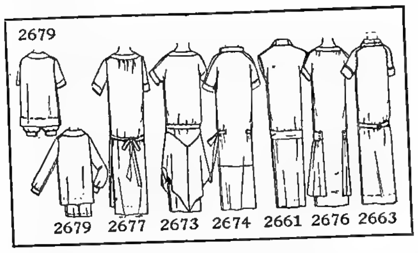
2556—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch yellow linen—1 yard 40-inch white dotted yellow voile for ruffles—8¾ yards white bias binding for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

2595—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch yellow satin—2⅜ yards bias binding for trimming.

2668—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 43 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch blue silk faille. Design No. 12984 serves as effecting trimming.

2598—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch figured lavender crêpe de Chine—1 yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine.



2679—Brother-and-Sister Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires, for dress with bloomers or trousers, 2⅞ yards 36-inch yellow linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen.

2677—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch blue silk crêpe.

2673—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch red and white bordered silk—½ yard 40-inch red silk.

2674—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch figured bordered silk—⅝ yard 40-inch black satin for trimming.

2661—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch medium blue flannel—¼ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard red bias binding. Monogram No. 552 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2676—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 44 inches. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch red and white bordered voile—¾ yard 40-inch white voile—¾ yard 40-inch red voile for lower edge of dress—2¼ yards 40-inch dotted voile.

2663—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 64 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch green linen. Appliqué design No. 13005 may be developed in contrasting colors. Long raglan sleeves are gathered to straight cuffs. Fronts of dress are gathered at the shoulders, crossed and closed at left side-front.

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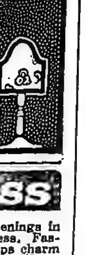

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

2692—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch kasha.

2605—Ladies' Double-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. **2030**—Ladies' Wrapped-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch cheviot.

2132—Ladies' Double-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. **2030**—Ladies' Wrapped-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool twill—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

2498—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—1 yard 40-inch dotted swiss for 5-inch ruffles. Motif No. 12992.

2578—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 49 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch handkerchief linen. Embroidery design No. 13010.

2582—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch gingham. Appliqué motif No. 12904 is used.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

2549—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine.

2528—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch figured voile.

2449—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 45-inch bordered silk for tunic blouse.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 122

2639—Girls' Suspender Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch jersey—1¼ yard 36-inch dimity.

2600—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch.

2198—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

2550—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—1⅛ yard 32-inch pongee for vest.

1989—Child's Rompers, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch pongee.

1988—Child's Rompers, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch chambray.

2690—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch chambray.

2634—Girls' Middy Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch middy twill—¼ yard 54-inch flannel to trim—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2496—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅜ yard 40-inch plain.

2583—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch linen—½ yard 36-inch voile.

2647—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 32-inch tissue gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch voile—4¼ yards braid.

2399—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel.

2469—Juniors' Jacket Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel—2¼ yards 40-inch figured silk for dress—¼ yard 40-inch plain.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 123

2515—Child's Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—8⅜ yards frilling.

2627—Child's Bloomer Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 36-inch dimity—2⅝ yards frilling.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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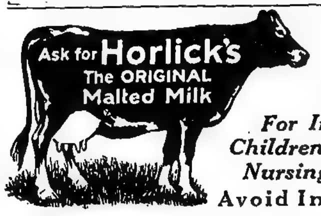

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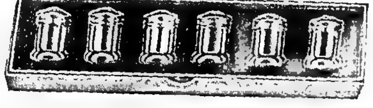

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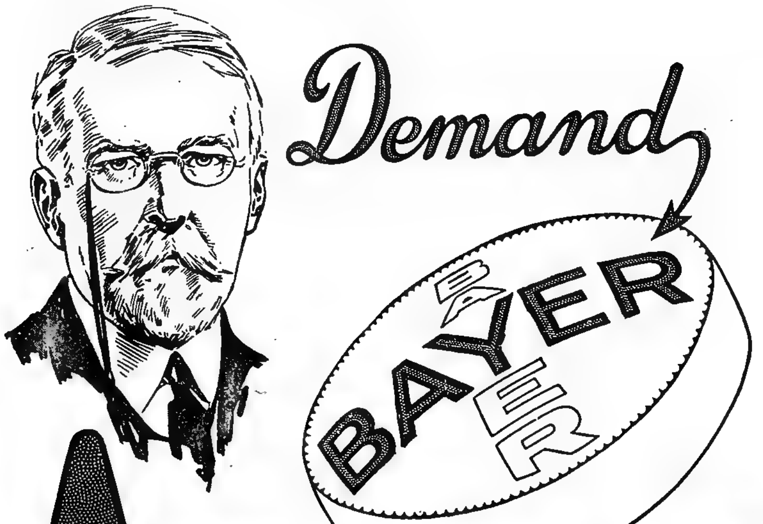

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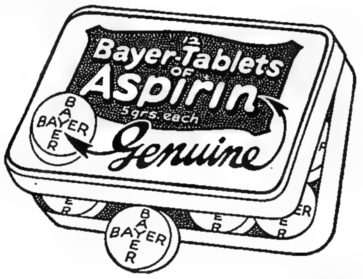

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

2625—Child's Bloomer Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch organdy—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting organdy for collar.

2637—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch figured voile—⅞ yard 40-inch plain voile.

2183—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch gingham—¼ yard 40-inch linen.

2551—Boys' Sailor Suit. Designed for 3 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel—½ yard 40-inch linen.

2513—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 40-inch organdy.

2681—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch linen for jumper—1¼ yard 40-inch polka-dot voile.

2468—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch figured voile—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile.

2495—Girls' One-piece Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch organdy.

2557—Girls' Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for collar.

2628—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 40-inch voile.

2561—Girls' One-piece Dress. Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

2685—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 69 inches. No. 2662—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. The costume, in size 36, requires 2¼ yards 54-inch kasha—2¼ yards 40-inch voile—3¼ yards binding—1 yard ribbon. Trimmed with design No. 12715.

2691—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch voile.

2681—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste for blouse. Design No. 12907.

2689—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen.

2665—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 2686—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch plaid flannel—1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen—½ yard 36-inch batiste for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Trimmed with drawn-work design No. 13006.

2692—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch charmeen.

2505—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch plain silk crêpe.

2670—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. No. 2562—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The costume, in size 36, requires 2¾ yards 40-inch polka-dot silk—3⅛ yards 40-inch plain silk.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 125

2658—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge 44 inches. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—1¾ yard 40-inch voile for blouse—3 yards binding. Trimmed with monogram No. 540.

2659—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge 48 inches. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe Initial No. 2.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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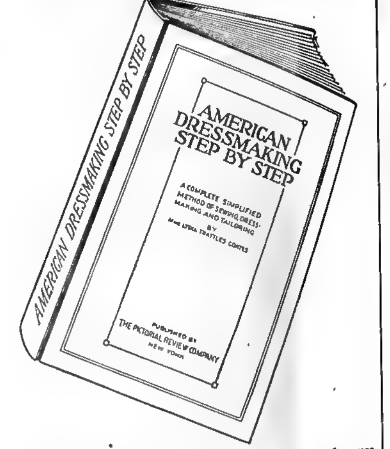
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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

2667—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen—2⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting for blouse—2½ yards binding. Design No. 12905.

2672—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge 42 inches. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Monogram 568.

2664—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 54 inches. No. 2139—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. The costume, in medium size, requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—1½ yard 40-inch polka-dot silk.

2675—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 3⅜ yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting.

2654—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. No. 2139—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. The costume, in medium size, requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—1½ yard 40-inch light contrasting.

2685—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. No. 2662—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. The costume, in medium size, requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch linen—2⅞ yards 40-inch voile for blouse—⅛ yard 36-inch voile for cuffs. Design No. 12629.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

1728—Girls' and Juniors' Combination Undergarment. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—3¼ yards lace insertion. Design 12990.

2210—Girls' and Juniors' Undergarment. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch nainsook. Emb. 11976.

2565—Baby's Kimono in Set. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Design No. 12800.

1961—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. Initial No. 12254.

2511—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste. Design No. 12999.

2489—Child's Petticoat. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1 yard 36-inch batiste. Embroidery design No. 12182.

7821—Child's and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 4-inch lace flouncing. Design No. 12367.

8572—Girls' and Juniors' Combination Undergarment. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe.

2553—Girls' Tam O'Shanter Hats. Designed for 2 to 12 years. No. 1, size 8, requires ¾ yard 27-inch velveteen—¼ yard 36-inch silk for lining. No. 2 requires ⅜ yard 54-inch flannel. No. 3 requires ⅜ yard 54-inch flannel.

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12989, blue only, furnishes a cloth and scarf.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12987, blue only, furnishes the shape and design of a cloth and scarf.

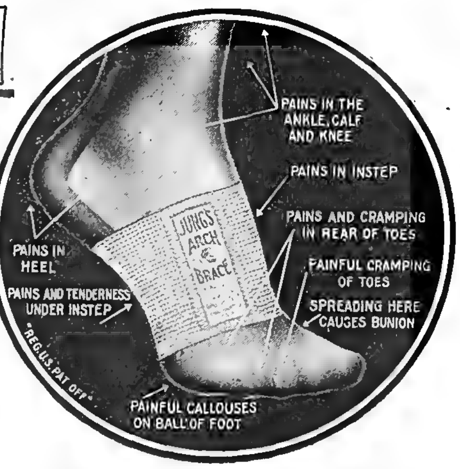
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12963, blue only, supplies the shape and design of a 3-piece buffet set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12973, blue only, provides a breakfast cloth and 6 napkins.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12988, blue only, provides 12 kitchen towel motifs and 6 yards ⅝-inch border.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12910, blue only, furnishes a basket motif for a pillow, 2 spray designs for curtains, and 2 motifs for dresser scarfs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery No. 12951, blue only, supplies a 3-piece vanity set.



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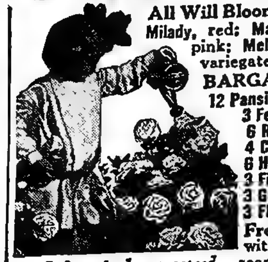

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Miss DeGraff's Geranium

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

place to spend a vacation, and only an hour's ride. Don't *you* forget my invite. I got to catch my train."

After the door had slammed behind him Miss DeGraff went back to her desk. He had left a folder. She put it aside and picked up the manuscript: ". . . *with empty hands, and let life go by them. . . . Far better . . . even if in defiance of all the conventions. . . .*"

After a while Miss DeGraff glanced at her watch.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. She took off her spectacles and cuff-protectors and put on her coat and hat. Then she went again to the window. The sun had set behind layers of lavender cloud on an indistinct horizon. Somewhere in that direction lay Bob's Suburbia. Somewhere behind the horizon lay—she didn't know what. Perhaps it was life itself.

She looked down at the sallow geranium in its tiny red pot. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. On one of the fuzzy stalks she could see, in the shine of evening, the nubbin of a pale-green bud.

TWO months later Miss DeGraff had heard nothing further from Mr. Bob Battle, but she had made her decision. The city showed indubitable signs of Spring. Taxicabs had discarded their "Heated" signs, open street-cars had appeared on the Seventh Avenue line, and drug-store windows were colorful with patented tonics. The geranium in the office window, however, seemed to miss the radiator's heat. Its bud had never matured.

Miss DeGraff rose suddenly from her desk, took off her paper-cuff protectors and her steel-rimmed spectacles, and ran her hand over her hair. Through the open window she could see the sun going down behind Mr. Bob's Suburbia. She went into Mr. Johns's private office.

"Mr. Johns," she announced, "I am going on a vacation."

Mr. Johns, who had been bending over a manuscript, took his tongue in quickly, turned and stared at her as if she had told him that she was going to jump out of the window. He sensed an unmistakable change in her. From a stenographer she had become somehow a woman. Not an unattractive woman. He examined her carefully, almost scientifically, for an explanation. He could see no difference.

She wore a gauzy blouse of pale orange and a pleated brown-silk skirt. Her short hair was jet-black—a straight line of bangs across her forehead, a straight line back across her ears. Were her eyebrows thinner? The gleam of a string of amber beads, lifted and pressed nervously against the vivid red of her lips, suggested strangeness. But no, he could see nothing different. She looked just the same to him as she had looked for fifteen years.

"It won't inconvenience you," said Miss DeGraff. "My sister will be down in the morning to take my place."

"All right," said Mr. Johns. He turned to his manuscript. The tip of his tongue tentatively emerged.

Miss DeGraff went back to where her suitcase and bird-cage lay by the side of her desk. She had written to the Suburbian Inn and reserved their least expensive room. She had enough money to last her nearly three weeks, and she certainly deserved a vacation. "That's what I am doing," she assured herself, "taking a vacation." And she looked across the roofs of the city to where the sun had gone down behind Mr. Bob's Suburbia.

Suitcase in one hand, bird-cage on one finger, and the geranium under an arm, Miss DeGraff sallied forth into the Spring evening and took a taxicab across the city to the Grand Central Station. She had left her sister the cat; but she thought a change to the country air would do the canary and the geranium good. She stuck out her feet and looked with placid enjoyment upon the spectacle of stockings in the fashionable nude shade and pointed, high-heeled black shoes.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed to herself. "I'm beginning to feel better already."

She got dinner at the station, caught a seven-thirty train, and at Bob's Suburbia took a taxicab to the inn. She had read in the papers of how women traveling alone are apt to be considered either easy prey—or birds of prey themselves. As she crossed the brown linoleum of the deserted inn lobby she wished that she hadn't dyed and bobbed her hair, plucked her eyebrows, and bought those shoes and stockings. But when she came up to the desk, carrying her suitcase and bird-cage and potted geranium, the hunched, bald-headed clerk, altho he stared a little, was really most respectful.

"Yes, yes, Miss DeGraff." She followed him up the carpeted wooden stairs to a clean room—with a bed and a washstand—on the second floor. He showed her the new bathroom across the hall, and departed.

Miss DeGraff looked around. The brass bedstead was new and the linen was spotless. A blue rag carpet covered the floor, and on the varnished yellow wood of the wall hung a beautiful enlarged photograph—a bird's-eye view of Bob's Suburbia, in almost natural colors. She put a towel over the bird-cage, so the canary could sleep, and stood the geranium on the window sill. At the back of the house was a wooded hill. Even in the dark she could see that some of the trees had round white flowers. Miss DeGraff was tired after so much excitement, and went right to bed. The air that drifted in through the open window was moist and sweet. A star was tangled like a shining blossom in the dim silhouette of the geranium.

THE next morning, after breakfast, and again after lunch, Miss DeGraff went out for a walk. She hadn't asked the clerk about Mr. Bob Battle. She hadn't come out here to see Mr. Bob Battle. She had come on a vacation. Of course, if you happen to meet people on a vacation, well, you happen to meet them—just as you might happen to meet them somewhere else.

The countryside was green and undulating. Streets and sidewalks had been gashed in the yellow clay at right angles to a winding macadam road. The streets were unpaved, but the sidewalks, altho narrow, were like those in the city, and Miss DeGraff enjoyed her walk—counting the scattered frame dwellings that were built, or being built, along the new streets. Each house represented a customer that Mr. Bob had brought out to build in his Suburbia, and no doubt represented some money in Mr. Bob's pocket.

Miss DeGraff had always held men somewhat in contempt, but now she began to have a slight feeling of awe for a person who could make a city grow where only grass and trees had grown before. With so many good qualities, why did such a man insist on bottles with golden bubbles? She was thinking something like this when she turned a corner and almost ran into Mr. Bob's arms.

He stopped, took off his hat, started on again, then looked at her closely, and once more stopped.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. The sunlight made his face very red, his curling thick hair very white. "I didn't recognize you at all!"

"Vacation," explained Miss DeGraff, and flushed.

"Oh!" He put his hands in his hip-pockets, disclosing the bevy of lodge emblems upon his well-filled vest, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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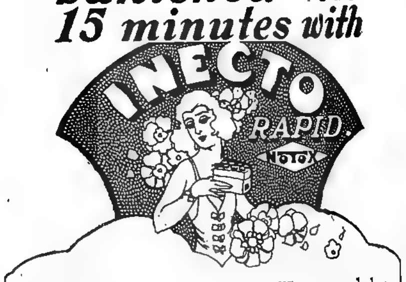

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The Home Bureau

Jack Sprat Desserts

Fruits and Gelatins for Those Who Are Trying to Reduce

By Edna Sibley Tipton

WITH luscious concoctions topped with sweetened whipped cream staring one in the face at almost every social function, beckoning to one, as it were, from every shop-window, and recommending themselves to all readers of magazines, it is a wonder that we have any type of person except the overplump individual! Of all the eating problems confronting the stout man or woman that of selecting or of preparing a dessert which will not fatten is perhaps the most complex.

THE SCALES SAY TOO MUCH RICH FOOD

When we look at the "don't's" for the fat person's diet we often wonder if there is anything left he may have for his dessert. But with this, as with all other hopeless-appearing problems that must be solved, a little experimenting will uncover possibilities we would never have thought of otherwise.

What the plump person desiring a slender figure would do without the gelatin desserts, I'm sure I don't know! And how the Jack Sprat hostess, whose ambition is to tempt the eye as well as the palate, would manage her "sweet" course without them, is one of the questions we'd rather not answer! They can be fixed in such a variety of ways, and their appearance lends such a festive atmosphere to any repast! Canned fruits are another godsend when rich ice-creams must be "passed up."

That one may not have cream in any form whatsoever as an accessory to any dessert is, of course, understood. But when the "prescribed" desserts are tastily prepared and daintily served the old longing for cream and also for rich foods will not be quite so disturbing. Gelatins, in order to be palatable without cream, must not be too solid, but should rather err on the side of being too soft. In the recipes that follow the proportions are given with this in mind. They should be thoroughly chilled, too.

Frozen fruits may be frozen hard or left in a mushy state—they are good either way. Fruits like peaches and diced melons are delicious when covered with lemon-juice. Sherbets sweetened with saccharin only, will be better if a little gelatin be added to the liquid before freezing.

Fruit Coupé

BURY a can of fruit (peaches, pears, or pineapple) in equal parts of salt and ice for four hours. Meanwhile dice fresh fruits (oranges, grapefruit, melon, pears, peaches, pineapple, apples, cherries, or any fruits in season except bananas and grapes) and let them stand in their own juices till ready to serve. Fill parfait glasses with the fresh fruit mixture and top it with the frozen fruit. Garnish with cherries.

Chilled Prunes and Lemon Slices

SOAK prunes and boil them with slices of lemon. After they have cooked for fifteen minutes put them on the back of the stove to simmer. Allow the simmering process to continue till the sirup thickens. Remove from the fire and thoroughly chill. No sweetening is necessary with this method of cooking.

Gelatin Whip

SOAK ½ package of gelatin in 1 cupful of cold water, then dissolve it in 2 cupfuls of boiling water. Add 3 grains of saccharin, then add ½ cupful of fruit-juice (canned plum-juice is particularly good). When the mixture begins to set whip with an egg-beater till light. Chill thoroughly.

Jelly Whip

DISSOLVE 1 package of flavored jelly-powder in 1½ pint of boiling water. When it begins to set add a stiffly beaten egg white and beat it into the jelly mixture. Set on ice until thoroughly chilled.

Wine Jelly Whip

DISSOLVE 1 package of prepared wine jelly in 1½ pint of boiling water. Let it cool. Add the stiffly beaten white of an egg and beat it into the jelly. If a stronger wine flavor be desired add wine-flavoring and use less water. Cool and serve in glasses set into crushed ice.

Frozen Jelly Whips

PREPARE the mixture in any of the ways described for whips and put in a freezer. Pack in salt and ice, six parts of ice to one of salt, and freeze as you would ice-cream.

Snow Pudding

TO ¼ box of gelatin add 1 cupful of cold water. Let it stand till thoroughly soaked, and add 2 cupfuls of boiling water, 5 saccharin tablets, the juice of 1 lemon, and cinnamon to taste. When slightly set add the stiffly beaten white of 1 egg and beat till the mixture becomes white. Serve very cold.

"Cream" Jelly

DISSOLVE ¼ box of gelatin in 1 cupful of cold water. Add 2 cupfuls of boiling water, 5 grains of saccharin, the juice of 2 lemons, the rind of 1, and cinnamon to taste. When slightly cooled add 1 teaspoonful of orange extract and the beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Chill till it sets, and serve.

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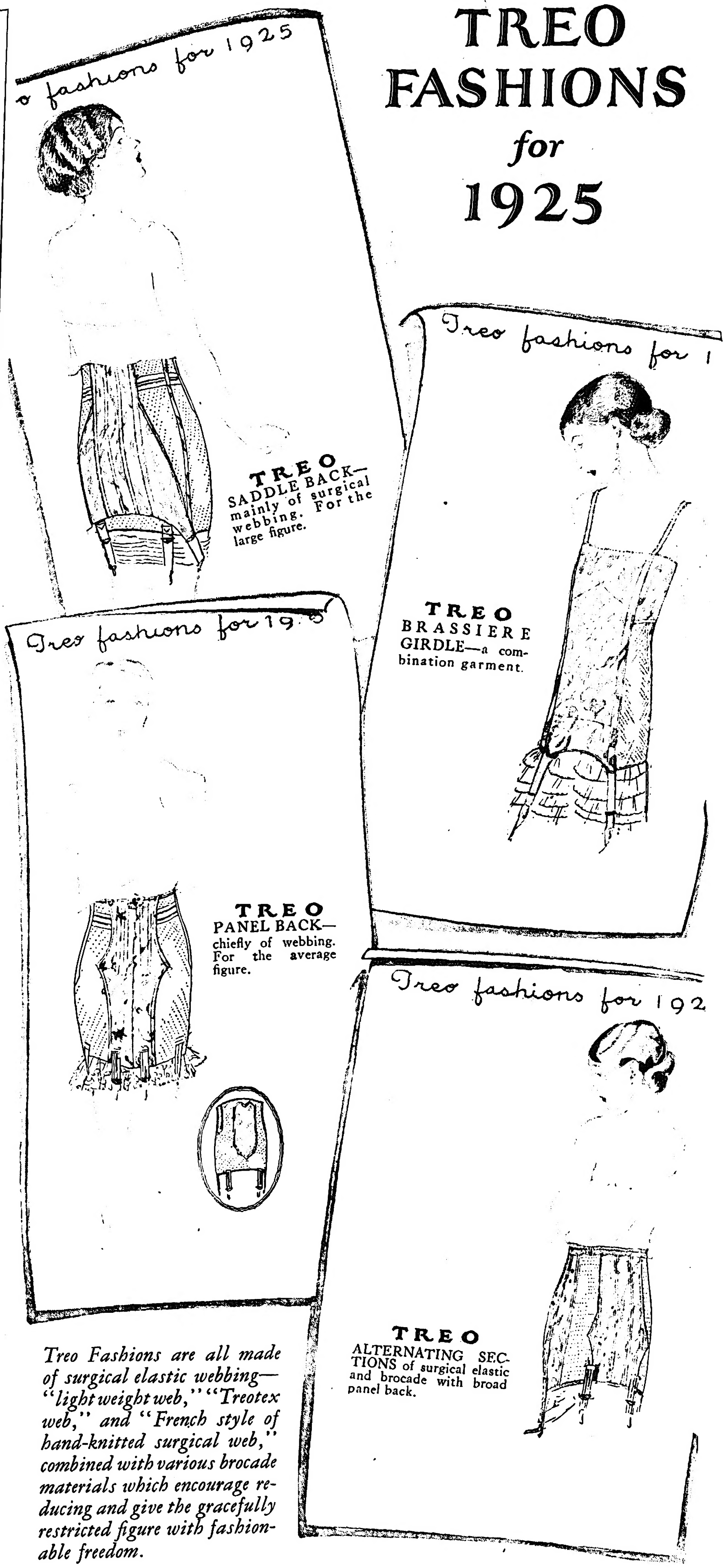
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Miss DeGraff's Geranium

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

straddled his big blue-serge figure back upon his heels. "You sure picked a good place, Sister. The people ain't started comin' yet, but give 'em time. Say," he added suddenly, "would you like to see my house?"

"Yes," said Miss DeGraff.

He led her around the corner to a tiny bungalow of tan stucco, with a red-tile roof, red porch and window-trim, and surrounded by what might some day be a lawn. "I'm showing folks that Bob's Suburbia is good enough for me," he explained. The red front door was flanked by leaded window-panes, and in its center hung a little brass knocker. He led Miss DeGraff by the arm to the parlor, which had a luxurious brown-leather sofa, a shiny talking-machine, a golden radiator, and, over the mantel, a lovely bird's-eye view of Bob's Suburbia, in almost natural colors.

"YOU need curtains at the windows," said Miss DeGraff.

"By Jove, I never thought of that! I'll buy 'em."

"I can make them," said Miss DeGraff.

"Gosh, would you do that for me?"

"You need a rug right here," said Miss DeGraff, who had been looking around. "And over there, in the sunshine, you should put a little table and a potted flower."

"Say," he exclaimed, "you remind me—well, never mind about that. Say, you think you could help me fix this place up? Most of the prospects bring their wives with 'em, and this little home would look mighty good when they've been spending their life in a flat. You know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Miss DeGraff, "I know what you mean."

"Lemme show you the rest of the joint!" he exclaimed, and took her again by the arm. "Anything it needs, you just get it. I'll give you the money. And, say—we'll make it a business proposition. You fix up the place for me, and I won't let 'em charge you anything at the inn."

"Never mind about that," said Miss DeGraff.

"Just as you say. I'll pay you back somehow. I'll give you the key, and you can fix it up just as you would like to have it for yourself. That's it. Just imagine it was yours. Here, you see, is the pantry. Look at that electric refrigerator! And here's the bedroom. It needs things, I guess."

He continued to explain as he led her from room to room by the arm, but Miss DeGraff wasn't sure she heard. There was something in the situation that sort of broke her up. And she had never had a man lead her around by the arm before.

She knew the kind of man Mr. Bob was. A bachelor, a man of the world—she hadn't forgotten the bottle with the golden bubbles. But despite all this there were things about him she couldn't help but like, even tho it frightened her to know it. He had a pleasant smell of stale tobacco. There was a frayed spot in his shirt, just below the tip of his collar and she knew how she could patch it perfectly with a piece out of the tail. The back of his thick white hair was never brushed. His pants needed pressing, and she was sure that he spent too much money on cigars.

He had his arm within hers now—he was explaining about the big gas-stove. And when she saw that his cuff was frayed she had to take a deep breath. What she had to be afraid of now was not Mr. Bob, but herself. She was glad when they were once more out in the sunlight and he had dropped her arm. He had to go in to the city; and she got her hat and coat and took the trolley to a near-by town to buy some stuff for the curtains.

When she returned to her hotel room, with her arms full of bundles, she was glad to find that the country sun and air had already begun to do the canary good. For the first time in years it was singing as if its heart would break.

THREE weeks are only three weeks, after all, and when you are happy they seem like only three days. This is what Miss DeGraff was thinking as she came over to the bungalow, at the end of her vacation, to get the canary and the geranium, which for decorative purposes she had left by the sunny front window of Mr. Bob's parlor. The bungalow was certainly changed. Hairs of grass were beginning to patch the front lawn's baldness. A trench on either side of the tiny porch was filled with nasturtiums that Miss DeGraff had planted, and their leaves were fat and green. Some sort of climbing plant was reaching up as high as Miss DeGraff's head upon the red porch pillars, and dainty muslin backed the leaded-glass windows on either side of the tiny red door.

Inside lay a pretty tan-and-green rug. Miss DeGraff made a farewell tour. Nasturtiums in the bedroom window-box, chiming with the flowered chints at the window and the embroidered dresser-cover. Blue-and-white curtains in the dining-room, hemmed with a stitch as accurate and neat as print. Miss DeGraff stopped and touched the lacy paper petticoats on the shelves in the pantry. She had fixed up the bungalow just as if it had been her own. Now her bag was packed and waiting at the inn. In twenty minutes the farewell bus would leave for the four-thirty train.

She had decided not to see Mr. Bob. It would be easier to write him a note. Swallowing the lump in her throat, she returned through the dining-room. When she parted the heavy red curtains to enter the parlor she nearly jumped out of her skin. Mr. Bob was sitting on the deep leather sofa.

"Gosh, you're quiet!" he said. "I've been looking for you. Told me at the inn you were going away."

"Yes," Miss DeGraff admitted. She sat down beside him. His thick curly white hair was newly trimmed. He seemed depressed—the business occasionally went wrong—and Miss DeGraff fancied she detected a faint smell of liquor.

"So you're leaving me?" His smile was funny.

"Yes." With a rush like that of a great wind, the things that she was going back to came flying darkly toward her in her mind. Getting up in the morning and cooking breakfast for her sister, going down-town in the crowded, stuffy subway, tapping at a typewriter all day long, going home on the subway, cooking dinner for herself and her sister. Going down-town— Miss DeGraff knew what she liked. Altho she had been tapping at a typewriter for twenty-five years, she knew now for the first time that she hated it. She hated it, and everything that went with it—hated it with her body, her mind, her soul. Anything would be better than that.

Mr. Bob leaned over and placed his large, warm hand on hers. She detected the liquor smell stronger than ever.

"I never bought you that dinner and that bottle with golden bubbles!" He had a funny look on his smooth red face.

"No," said Miss DeGraff. Suddenly she wanted to cry.

"Listen," he said. "Why do you go back? You like it here. You like me. You'd be happier here. I've got enough to buy you all the clothes you can wear. Get a flivver, too, if you like, so you could run into town. Besides, you would help me. With you living here in the bungalow it would look more than ever like a home. You remind me—well, never mind about that. Besides, you can help furnish other bungalows. Those New York cliff-dwellers will buy 'em like hot cakes. What do you say?"

WHAT she had been fearing had come at last. It did not find her afraid. Only sad. She could see, through a mist, a ragged place near the point of his collar. That would look all right if patched with a piece off of the shirt-tail. A wet cloth and very hot iron would take out the bagginess of that blue-serge knee. It would be a lot of fun to furnish those bungalows. Over the smell of the liquor she could detect the pleasant masculine smell of stale tobacco. To stay would be happiness. But, for some reason, it could not be so. There was no one to blame or criticize her if she did. Her sister was a romantic, whose only feeling would be of envy, not of blame. She really knew no one else. And yet she couldn't do it. It wasn't just because she was an old maid.

Looking into Mr. Bob's clear blue eyes, she saw the reason why. He was a man; he was different. But with her—well, it was simply a question of knowing what you like. To live there might be happiness for her, but it wouldn't be honest to herself. It would not be her dream. It would be the death of her dream. That wasn't what she wanted.

"Oh, Mr. Bob!" she said, and felt a tear plash over. "I suppose it's all my fault. A woman who bobs her hair and wears shoes like these has got to expect it, I guess. And I followed you out here. There's no use denying that. I guess it was plain to you that I—I liked you from the first. But, Mr. Bob, couldn't you have let me go—couldn't you have let me go with a memory of this dream out here, with a memory of our little house to-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

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Miss DeGraff's Geranium

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

gether, and of my having helped you, even if only a little? Couldn't you have let me go away and remember you like that, and be happy—instead of spoiling it all by suggesting that I—I live with you?" She was crying now. "Our last half-hour together—and you to be drinking, and talking like this!"

Her eyes were entirely blurred. It meant nothing to hear him talking or to feel his hands on her shoulders. The ache in her throat seemed, somehow, the only thing permanent and real. Mr. Bob was something less than a stranger—a thing to be forgotten.

"Little girl. Little girl—" It was ridiculous; he was saying it over and over. Suddenly she listened. "I didn't mean that!" he was saying. "Haven't I told you how often you reminded me of her? Answer me!" He was shaking her now.

"Of who?" Miss DeGraff rubbed her eyes with her fists.

"Why, I told you! My little mother. She kept house for me until—" He seemed to lose his breath, and ran a big red hand up through his hair. He swallowed. "It was only a year ago," he ended in half a voice.

His white curly hair was standing on end. The point of his stiff white collar

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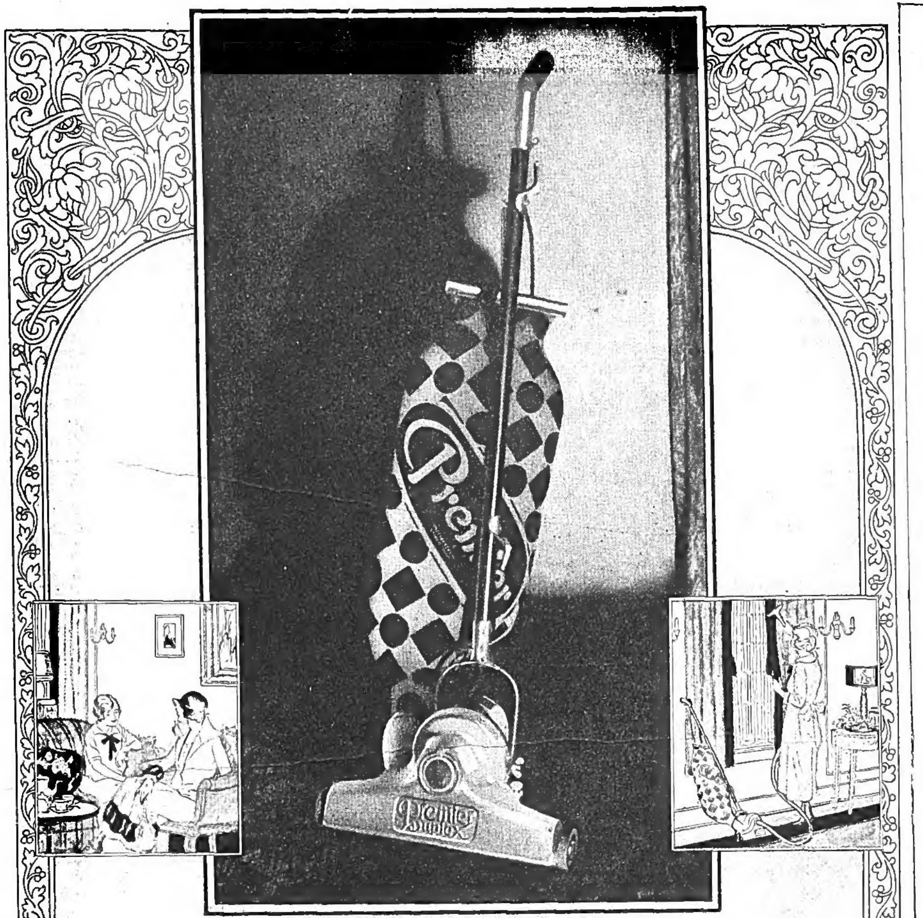

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Miss DeGraff's Geranium

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

had caught in the hole in the shirt. He was pale. Miss DeGraff saw a quiver at the corner of his nice, kind mouth.

Then something incredible occurred. Something done by Miss DeGraff, a spinster of forty-two years, who knew what she liked. Miss DeGraff leaned forward, put an arm about his shoulders, and kissed him on the mouth.

Miss DeGraff had always thought of her sturdy, thick figure as being rather large, but she felt like a child in Mr. Bob's arms. There's no telling how much time went by before she spoke.

"I—I was a little justified," she said, "because you *had* been drinking."

"Drinking!" he exclaimed. "Why, I been on the wagon for nearly eight years. You must of smelt that bay rum that there tonsorial artist put on my hair, I bet."

Miss DeGraff began suddenly to laugh; in fact, had to bury her face against his coat to dry her tears. She hadn't laughed like that since a little girl. And when she sat up her voice had something in it of the lilt that a little girl's has.

"Lookit! Lookit, Bob, there in the sunshine!" She pointed toward the table between the red-and-white chints of the parlor curtains.

"What are you talking about, sweet thing?"

"Why, on the second stalk from the top. That old geranium, Bob, has bloomed at last!"

MR. JOHNS came to the wedding, which was held two weeks later in the parlor of the tiny bungalow. After the ceremony Mr. Johns drew Miss DeGraff—no, Mrs. Battle, aside.

"I am writing a new book," he confided.

"You are?"

"Yes. I have decided that heredity is the only thing that counts in life. No one can be influenced by externals. Therefore my book, telling people how to live, couldn't possibly influence them."

"I see," said Mrs. Battle absently. She was noticing that the old geranium was full of fresh pink blooms.

"Want to show you this bungalow," boomed Mr. Bob, interrupting. "Typical of the home of homes. Selling so fast, I need some help."

THIS conversation had echoes. Mr. Johns became associated with Bob's Suburbia, and built himself a little bungalow. It can not be said that he grew radiant, but at least after a couple of years he had lost the bagginess under his eyes. He confided to Mrs. Battle that he was happier than he had ever been in his life. Because, after his day's work for the Suburbia, and his work in his garden, he still had time at night to write on his new book—a book which proves very certainly that heredity governs all things, and that no thing and no person can be influenced by the people they meet or by what they may happen to read.

Meanwhile Miss DeGraff's geranium—now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Battle—blooms healthily in season in the roomy flower-box outside the parlor window of the tiny bungalow. After two years it has a healthy little slip—cut from the mother geranium—growing beside it. The slip looks so tiny beside its mother that Mr. and Mrs. Battle have named it Bob—after little Bob, of course.

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